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SELECTED FROM THE STANDARD AUTHORS OF ALL NATIONS AND ALL TIME

EDITED, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTES, BY

AINSWORTH R. SPOFFORD, Librarian of Congress, and

CHARLES GIBBON, Author of "Robin Gray," etc.

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IN TEN VOLUMES

VOL. IV

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MOSS-SIDE.

[**John Wilson**, born in Paisley, 18th May, 1785; died in Edinburgh, 3d April, 1854. Poet, novelist, miscellaneous writer, and professor of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. Amongst the contemporaries of Scott, none hold a more enduring position than "Christopher North." He was educated at Glasgow and at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he gained the Newdigate prize of fifty guineas by a poem on *Painting, Poetry, and Architecture*. Having succeeded to a considerable fortune on the death of his father, he purchased, in 1808, Elleray, a small estate in Cumberland, where he settled for a time, with Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey for his neighbours and friends. In 1814 he became a member of the Edinburgh bar. Meanwhile he had been making some reputation as a poet; and in his lines called "The Magic Mirror," published in the *Annual Register* for 1812, he was the first to hail Scott as "the great Magician." In the same year his poem the *Isle of Palms* appeared, and Jeffrey predicted that the author would "rise to high honours in the corps of Lake poets." The *City of the Plague* was issued four years after, and Allan Cunningham characterized it as "a noble and deeply pathetic poem." In 1820 he succeeded Dr. Thomas Brown in the chair of moral philosophy. Two years later appeared his first essay as a novelist, *The Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*; "a selection from the papers of the late Arthur Austin," comprising twenty-four tales and sketches, one of which we quote here. The *Trials of Margaret Lyndsay* and the *Foresters* followed, and obtained extensive favour. Wilson's greatest popularity, however, was earned as "Christopher North," and by the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, which first appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* (1822–1835), and were subsequently collected and published in three volumes. Humour, satire, and incisive criticism of men and books render the *Noctes* one of the most notable literary productions of the century. Wilson resigned his professorship in 1852, and about the same time his name was placed on the civil list for an annuity of £300. A bronze statue of him by Steell was erected in the Princes Street Gardens in 1865.]

GILBERT AINSLIE was a poor man; and he had been a poor man all the days of his life, which were not few, for his thin hair was now waxing gray. He had been born and bred on the small moorland farm which he now occupied; and he hoped to die there, as his father and grandfather had done before him, leaving a family just above the more bitter wants of this world. Labour, hard and unremitting, had been his lot in life; but although sometimes severely tried, he had never repined; and through all the mist and gloom, and even the storms, that had assailed him, he had lived on from year to year in that calm and resigned contentment which unconsciously cheers the hearthstone of the blameless poor. With his own hands he had ploughed, sowed, and reaped his often scanty harvest, assisted, as they grew up, by three sons, who, even in boyhood, were happy to work along with their father in the fields. Out of doors or in, Gilbert Ainslie was never idle. The spade, the shears, the plough-shaft, the sickle, and the flail, all came readily to hands that grasped them well; and not a morsel of food was eaten under his roof, or a garment worn there, that was not honestly, severely, nobly earned. Gilbert Ainslie was a slave, but it was for them he loved with a sober and deep affection. The thraldom under which he lived God had imposed, and it only served to give his character a shade of silent gravity, but not austere; to make his smiles fewer, but more heartfelt; to calm his soul at grace before and after meals; and to kindle it in morning and evening prayer.

There is no need to tell the character of the wife of such a man. Meek and thoughtful, yet gladsome and gay withal, her heaven was in her house; and her gentler and weaker hands helped to bar the door against want. Of ten children that had been born to them, they had lost three; and as they had fed, clothed, and educated them respectably, so did they give them who died a respectable funeral. The living did not grudge to give up, for a while, some of their daily comforts, for the sake of the dead; and bought, with the little sums which their industry had saved, decent mournings, worn on Sabbath, and then carefully laid by. Of the seven that survived, two sons

were farm-servants in the neighbourhood, while three daughters and two sons remained at home, growing, or grown up, a small, happy, hard-working household.

Many cottages are there in Scotland like Moss-side, and many such humble and virtuous cottagers as were now beneath its roof of straw. The eye of the passing traveller may mark them or mark them not, but they stand peacefully in thousands over all the land; and most beautiful do they make it, through all its wide valleys and narrow glens,—its low holms encircled by the rocky walls of some bonnie burn, —its green mounts elated with their little crowning groves of plane-trees,—its yellow cornfields,—its bare pastoral hillsides, and all its heathy moors, on whose black bosom lie shining or concealed glades of excessive verdure, inhabited by flowers, and visited only by the far-flying bees. Moss-side was not beautiful to a careless or hasty eye; but when looked on and surveyed, it seemed a pleasant dwelling. Its roof, overgrown with grass and moss, was almost as green as the ground out of which its weather-stained walls appeared to grow. The moss behind it was separated from a little garden by a narrow slip of arable land, the dark colour of which showed that it had been won from the wild by patient industry, and by patient industry retained. It required a bright sunny day to make Moss-side fair; but then it was fair indeed; and when the little brown moorland birds were singing their short songs among the rushes and the heather, or a lark, perhaps, lured thither by some green barley-field for its undisturbed nest, rose ringing all over the enlivened solitude, the little bleak farm smiled like the paradise of poverty, sad and affecting in its lone and extreme simplicity. The boys and girls had made some plots of flowers among the vegetables that the little garden supplied for their homely meals; pinks and carnations, brought from walled gardens of rich men farther down in the cultivated strath, grew here with somewhat diminished lustre; a bright show of tulips had a strange beauty in the midst of that moorland; and the smell of roses mixed well with that of the clover—the beautiful fair clover, that loves the soil and the air of Scotland, and gives the rich and balmy milk to the poor man's lips.

In this cottage Gilbert's youngest child, a girl about nine years of age, had been lying for a week in a fever. It was now Saturday evening, and the ninth day of the disease. Was she to live or die? It seemed as if a very few hours were between the innocent creature and heaven. All the symptoms were those of approaching death. The parents knew well the change that comes over the human face, whether it be in infancy, youth, or prime, just before the departure of the spirit; and as they stood together by Margaret's bed, it seemed to them that the fatal shadow had fallen upon her features. The surgeon of the parish lived some miles distant, but they expected him now every moment, and many a wistful look was directed by tearful eyes along the moor. The daughter who was out at service came anxiously home on this night, the only one that could be allowed her, for the poor must work in their grief, and their servants must do their duty to those whose bread they eat, even when nature is sick,—sick at heart. Another of the daughters came in from the potato-field beyond the brae, with what was to be their frugal supper. The calm noiseless spirit of life was in and around the house, while death seemed dealing with one who, a few days ago, was like light upon the floor, and the sound of music, that always breathed up when most wanted; glad and joyous in common talk, —sweet, silvery, and mournful, when it joined in hymn or psalm. One after the other they all continued going up to the bedside, and then coming away sobbing or silent, to see their merry little sister, who used to keep dancing all day like a butterfly in a meadow-field, or like a butterfly with shut wings on a flower, trifling for a while in the silence of her joy, now tossing restlessly on her bed, and scarcely sensible to the words of endearment whispered around her, or the kisses dropped with tears, in spite of themselves, on her burning forehead.

Utter poverty often kills the affections; but a deep, constant, and common feeling of this world's hardships, and an equal participation in all those struggles by which they may be softened, unite husband and wife, parents and children, brothers and sisters, in thoughtful and subdued tenderness, making them happy indeed while the circle round the fire is unbroken, and yet preparing them every day to bear the separation, when some one or other is taken slowly or suddenly away. Their souls are not moved by fits and starts, although, indeed, nature sometimes will wrestle with necessity; and there is a wise moderation, both in the joy and the grief of the intelligent poor, which keeps lasting trouble away from their earthly lot, and prepares them silently and unconsciously for heaven.

"Do you think the child is dying?" said Gilbert with a calm voice to the surgeon, who, on his wearied horse, had just arrived from

another sick-bed, over the misty range of hills; and had been looking steadfastly for some minutes on the little patient. The humane man knew the family well in the midst of whom he was standing, and replied, "While there is life there is hope; but my pretty little Margaret is, I fear, in the last extremity." There was no loud lamentation at these words —all had before known, though they would not confess it to themselves, what they now were told—and though the certainty that was in the words of the skilful man made their hearts beat for a little with sicker throbbings, made their pale faces paler, and brought out from some eyes a greater gush of tears, yet death had been before in this house, and in this case he came, as he always does, in awe, but not in terror. There were wandering and wavering and dreamy delirious phantasies in the brain of the innocent child; but the few words she indistinctly uttered were affecting, not rending to the heart, for it was plain that she thought herself herding her sheep in the green silent pastures, and sitting wrapped in her plaid upon the lown and sunny side of the Birk-knowe. She was too much exhausted—there was too little life—too little breath in her heart, to frame a tune; but some of her words seemed to be from favourite old songs; and at last her mother wept, and turned aside her face, when the child, whose blue eyes were shut, and her lips almost still, breathed out these lines of the beautiful twenty-third psalm:

"The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want.
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: he leadeth me
The quiet waters by."

The child was now left with none but her mother by the bedside, for it was said to be best so; and Gilbert and his family sat down round the kitchen fire, for a while in silence. In about a quarter of an hour they began to rise calmly, and to go each to his allotted work. One of the daughters went forth with the pail to milk the cow, and another began to set out the table in the middle of the floor for supper, covering it with a white cloth. Gilbert viewed the usual household arrangements with a solemn and untroubled eye; and there was almost the faint light of a grateful smile on his cheek, as he said to the worthy surgeon, "You will partake of our fare after your day's travel and toil of humanity." In a short silent half hour the potatoes and oat-cakes, butter and milk, were on the board; and Gilbert, lifting up his toil-hardened but manly hand, with a slow motion, at which the room was as hushed as if it had been empty, closed his eyes in reverence, and asked a blessing. There was a little stool, on which no one sat, by the old man's side. It had been put there unwittingly, when the other seats were all placed in their usual order; but the golden head that was wont to rise at that part of the table was now wanting. There was silence—not a word was said—their meal was before them,—God had been thanked, and they began to eat.

While they were at their silent meal a horseman came galloping to the door, and, with a loud voice, called out that he had been sent express with a letter to Gilbert Ainslie; at the same time rudely, and with an oath, demanding a dram for his trouble. The eldest son, a lad of eighteen, fiercely seized the bridle of his horse, and turned its head away from the door. The rider, somewhat alarmed at the flushed face of the powerful stripling, threw down the letter and rode off. Gilbert took the letter from his son's hand, casting, at the same time, a half upbraiding look on his face, that was returning to its former colour. "I feared,"—said the youth, with a tear in his eye,—"I feared that the brute's voice, and the trampling of the horse's feet, would have disturbed her." Gilbert held the letter hesitatingly in his hand, as if afraid, at that moment, to read it; at length he said aloud to the surgeon: "You know that I am a poor man, and debt, if justly incurred, and punctually paid when due, is no dishonour." Both his hand and his voice shook slightly as he spoke; but he opened the letter from the lawyer, and read it in silence. At this moment his wife came from her child's bedside, and looking anxiously at her husband, told him "not to mind about the money, that no man, who knew him, would arrest his goods, or put him into prison, though, dear me, it is cruel to be put to it thus, when our bairn is dying, and when, if so it be the Lord's will, she should have a decent burial, poor innocent, like them that went before her." Gilbert continued reading the letter with a face on which no emotion could be discovered; and then, folding it up, he gave it to his wife, told her she might read it if she chose, and then put it into his desk in the room, beside the poor dear bairn. She took it from him, without reading it, and crushed it into her bosom; for she turned her ear towards her child, and, thinking she heard it stir, ran out hastily to its bedside.

Another hour of trial passed, and the child was still swimming for its life. The very dogs knew there was grief in the house, and lay without stirring, as if hiding themselves, below the long table at the window. One sister sat with an unfinished gown on her knees, that

she had been sewing for the dear child, and still continued at the hopeless work, she scarcely knew why; and often, often, putting up her hand to wipe away a tear. "What is that?" said the old man to his eldest daughter: "What is that you are laying on the shelf?" She could scarcely reply that it was a ribband and an ivory comb that she had brought for little Margaret, against the night of the dancing-school ball. And, at these words, the father could not restrain a long, deep, and bitter groan; at which the boy nearest in age to his dying sister, looked up weeping in his face, and letting the tattered book of old ballads, which he had been poring on, but not reading, fall out of his hands, he rose from his seat, and, going into his father's bosom, kissed him; for the heart of the boy was moved within him; and the old man, as he embraced him, felt that, in his innocence and simplicity, he was indeed a comforter. "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away," said the old man; "blessed be the name of the Lord."

The outer door gently opened, and he whose presence had in former years brought peace and resignation hither, when their hearts had been tried, even as they now were tried, stood before them. On the night before the Sabbath the minister of Auchindown never left his manse, except, as now, to visit the sick or dying bed. Scarcely could Gilbert reply to his first question about his child, when the surgeon came from the bed-room and said, "Margaret seems lifted up by God's hand above death and the grave: I think she will recover. She has fallen asleep; and when she wakes, I hope—I believe—that the danger will be past, and that your child will live."

They were all prepared for death; but now they were found unprepared for life. One wept that had till then locked up all her tears within her heart; another gave a short palpitating shriek; and the tender-hearted Isobel, who had nursed the child when it was a baby, fainted away. The youngest brother gave way to gladsome smiles; and, calling out his dog Hector, who used to sport with him and his little sister on the moor, he told the tidings to the dumb irrational creature, whose eyes, it is certain, sparkled with a sort of joy. The clock, for some days, had been prevented from striking the hours; but the silent fingers pointed to the hour of nine; and that, in the cottage of Gilbert Ainslie, was the stated hour of family worship. His own honoured minister took the book;

"He waled a portion with judicious care,
And Let us worship God, he said, with solemn air."

A chapter was read—a prayer said;—and so, too, was sung a psalm; but it was sung low, and with suppressed voices, lest the child's saving sleep might be broken; and now and then the female voices trembled, or some one of them ceased altogether; for there had been tribulation and anguish, and now hope and faith were tried in the joy of thanksgiving.

The child still slept; and its sleep seemed more sound and deep. It appeared almost certain that the crisis was over, and that the flower was not to fade. "Children," said Gilbert, "our happiness is in the love we bear to one another; and our duty is in submitting to and serving God. Gracious, indeed, has he been unto us. Is not the recovery of our little darling, dancing, singing Margaret, worth all the gold that ever was mined? If we had had thousands of thousands, would we not have filled up her grave with the worthless dross of gold, rather than that she should have gone down there with her sweet face and all her rosy smiles?" There was no reply; but a joyful sobbing all over the room.

"Never mind the letter, nor the debt, father," said the eldest daughter. "We have all some little thing of our own—a few pounds, and we shall be able to raise as much as will keep arrest and prison at a distance. Or if they do take our furniture out of the house, all except Margaret's bed, who cares? We will sleep on the floor; and there are potatoes in the field, and clear water in the spring."

Gilbert went into the sick room, and got the letter from his wife, who was sitting at the head of the bed, watching, with a heart blessed beyond all bliss, the calm and regular breathings of her child. "This letter," said he mildly, "is not from a hard creditor. Come with me while I read it aloud to our children." The letter was read aloud, and it was well fitted to diffuse pleasure and satisfaction through the dwelling of poverty. It was from an executor to the will of a distant relative, who had left Gilbert Ainslie £1500. "The sum," said Gilbert Ainslie, "is a large one to folks like us, but not, I hope, large enough to turn our heads, or make us think ourselves all lords and ladies. It will do more, far more, than put me fairly above the world at last. I believe, that, with it, I may buy this very farm, on which my forefathers have toiled. But God, whose providence has sent this temporal blessing, may he send us wisdom and prudence how to use it, and humble and grateful hearts to us all!"

"You will be able to send me to school all the year round now, father," said the youngest

boy. "And you may leave the flail to your sons now, father," said the eldest. "You may hold the plough still, for you draw a straighter furrow than any of us; but hard work for young sinews, and you may sit now oftener in your arm-chair by the ingle. You will not need to rise now in the dark, cold, and snowy winter mornings, and keep threshing corn in the barn for hours by candle-light, before the late dawning."

There was silence, gladness, and sorrow, and but little sleep in Moss-side, between the rising and the setting of the stars, that were now out in thousands, clear, bright, and sparkling over the unclouded sky. Those who had lain down for an hour or two in bed could scarcely be said to have slept; and when about morning little Margaret awoke, an altered creature, pale, languid, and unable to turn herself on her lowly bed, but with meaning in her eyes, memory in her mind, affection in her heart, and coolness in all her veins, a happy group were watching the first faint smile that broke over her features; and never did one who stood there forget that Sabbath morning, on which she seemed to look round upon them all with a gaze of fair and sweet bewilderment, like one half conscious of having been rescued from the power of the grave.

MAUD MÜLLER.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Maud Müller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadows sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and a merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane;

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadows across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaff'd."

He spoke of the grass, and flowers, and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her briar-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Müller looked and sighed: "Ah, me!
That I the judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broad-cloth coat:
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor;
And all should bless me who left our door."

The judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Müller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air,
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day
Like her a harvester of hay:

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
And weary lawyers with endless tongues;

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health of quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go:

And sweet Maud Müller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain:
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring-brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein:

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty, and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been!"

Alas! for Maiden, alas! for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes:

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

GRIEVE NOT FOR THE PAST.

Weep no more for what is past,
For time in motion makes such haste
He hath no leisure to descry
Those errors which he passeth by.
If we consider accident,
  And how repugnant unto sense
It pays desert with bad event,
  We shall disparage Providence.

SIR WM. DAVENANT.

A PILOT'S WIFE.

[Mrs. Harriet Elizabeth Prescott Spofford, born at Calais, Maine, U.S., 1835. She has contributed numerous tales and lyrics to the principal American magazines. Her first separate publication was *Sir Rohan's Ghost* (1859), which was followed by *The Amber Gods*, and other Stories; *Azarian, an Episode*, &c. *The North American Review* said that in her work, "large knowledge, cultivated taste, and high creative genius are equally and signally manifest."]

Of course I knew Bert was a pilot when we were married, and knew also what the duties of a pilot were; for many a time had I been down the bay in his boat, ripping up the sheet of harbour water, with its enamel of blue and silver, the sun striking out ahead of us, and the wind just swelling the sails, as if we were drawn by a pair of swift white swans. Bert would be over the side fishing when we had anchored, and presently there would be the nicest chowder that ever contented hunger, the table spread in the neatest cabin afloat as handsomely as in some great gentleman's dining-hall—for all that I know about great gentlemen's dining-halls—with every delicacy of the season on it, and duff stuffed full of plums. When we girls came on deck again, after some of us had taken our naps as comfortably as in Sleepy Hollow, and some of us had peered and pried into the tiny kitchen, and learned how the boys got along in rough weather by examining everything we could come across, and some of us had prinked in the looking-glass till we were quite satisfied with ourselves, and ready to afford somebody else satisfaction, then we would find one of the boat-keepers tuning his violin, and another wetting up his piccolo, and we would dance till sunset, just as merry and careless as the flies dance in the air; and so at last out swelled the sails again, and up we floated homeward, all of us laughing and chaffing, and lunching with insatiable sea-appetites, till the moonlight softened the sport and made us sentimental; and the songs began stealing out over the water so sweetly that all the little boats would turn about and stay to listen; and when we were at home it seemed to us to have been such a day that we could not believe in it any more than if we had stepped upon another star; and we fancied, to be sure, that a pilot's life was, after all the talk—cruising about summer waters, with spacious decks and a flute and violin—as pleasant as one perpetual picnic; or else why were gentlemen who were able to buy every delight that the land affords spending half their fortunes in

yachting round the coast from June until November?

I hardly ever gave the thing a thought, though, whether it was pleasant or not, all the time—whether it was safe as a rocking-chair or otherwise—I believed so thoroughly in Bert's skill. But I should have been a greater fool than I was if I had not known that it was really dangerous; for once I was out with Bert and his mates, and it came on to blow in the wildest manner. He brought the boat to anchor under lee of an island, took in every stitch of sail, and was for keeping me below; but I wouldn't be kept, because if I was going to be drowned at all I wanted to be drowned in the open sea, and not in the cabin; so he made me secure and comfortable, and we rode it out, the sun shining just as clear as ever an October sun shone in the bluest of blue skies—skies like burnished steel; but the screaming and roaring wind raging over us in mighty gasps, the boat plunging bowsprit under with every shudder, and throwing the water up around us in great and real rainbows. It was frightful, but the sunshine made it splendid. That was a storm, I thought. Well, Bert knew what to do, it was evident—just down with his sails and out with his anchors, and wait till it blew over. And Bert let me think I had actually been in the worst kind of danger, which it might have been, indeed, if he had been heedless or unskilful—let me think so because he knew, by that time, that I cared for him a good deal, and he didn't want me to be quivering at home with fright whenever the wind blew. But if I had seen some great ship in the distance, union down, and signalling for a pilot, and had seen Bert, in his stout boat-rig, jump with the keeper into the canoe, and fly after her like a petrel, half in, half under, the water powdering over them, uncertain should they reach the ship, unable to return, drawn up at last with bowlines tossed out to them—lines into whose noose they thrust their legs while holding on with their hands above—the canoe sinking under them, as it thumped against the ship's side, while they swung over those black gulfs of death, and were dragged up out of a watery grave into perhaps a worse one—the ship just back from a three-years' voyage, and her best bow-anchor gone, so that she would drag ashore in spite of the others, and must be taken up to still water through all the boiling channel-ways between ledges and rocks and shallows, come what might; or had it been a month later, and in the wintry weather, high seas, and every bucketful of water freezing as it fell on deck, till anchors and chains and ropes and canvas were bedded in ice, and the ship was settling two feet by the head with the weight of the frozen spray about her, so that the first thing for the pilot to do was to put her about as best he could, and run for the Gulf Stream, and melt her out, and wait for a south wind, and come up a week after, if, indeed, he ever came up at all—why, then, if I had seen such sights as these, and lived through the seeing, I might have said that I had known what danger was. Yet they were in reality the scenes of Bert's everyday life, in our climate, where half the year it is foul weather, and where, storm or shine, Bert's boat must be upon the spot. But as I never had seen anything of the kind, the upshot of it was that I didn't take heed to myself that there was anything of the kind, and thought Bert, upon the whole, had a much easier time of it than I was like to have; and if he was exposed to storm, why, I should be caught out in the rain sometimes; and I took up my life as happy as any chirruping cricket, and certainly as selfishly disposed as anybody that has been petted and cosseted all the early days is like to be.

We went to housekeeping immediately upon our marriage, for mother said she despised these boarding people; she went to housekeeping when she was married, and she meant all her children should do the same; and if their husbands weren't able to go to housekeeping, then they weren't able to be husbands, and there was an end of it; and no two people, she said, brought up in different fashions, could unite their lives into one without some jarring, and a third party was sure to turn that jar into an earthquake; and if there were fewer third parties, half the trouble would be done away with; for she believed half the divorces and separations and quarrels in the State were brought about by boarding-house intimacies with third parties. So to housekeeping, as I said, we went—though I knew that by-and-by I should just perish with loneliness, and in the very pleasantest house I am sure that the whole city had to offer, if it was the smallest—the bay-window of the sunny little parlour looking out upon the water, so that we could see everything that came up the harbour, and, from my bird's-nest of a room above, with the glass that Bert mounted there, I could sweep the bay, and see Bert's boat when it was miles away.

Bert staid up with great contentment for a week or ten days, pottering and tinkering about the house, and finding little odd jobs to attend to, where he had thought everything perfect

till experience proved the contrary, planting morning-glories and scarlet-beans round the basement to run up over the bay-window, and a prairie-rose and a basalt for the lattice of the door, setting out a cherry-tree and a dwarf-pear, and trimming up a grape-vine in the little yard, and arranging all manner of convenient contrivances in all manner of corners. Then when dark came we would light the drop-lamp, and have a little wood-fire on the hearth; for we were just beginning the cool May nights, and then we would draw round it—I with my worsteds, and he with the evening paper; and he would look at me over the paper, and lay it down, and draw a long breath of pleasure, and say that if we had been married nearly a year we could not be more comfortable. When we had been married nearly a year we were not half so comfortable.

But before a fortnight of our new life I could see that Bert began to be restless. He had been on the water ever since he was a child, and a long spell of shore always seemed to dry and warp him a little, he said. He began to grumble about being ashamed to be seen lubbering round so, and to declare that now he had a family to provide for, he must be up and doing. And so I had no business to be surprised when one day, long before the end of the regulation honey-moon, a steamer having been telegraphed from Halifax, Bert kissed me, and swung his cloak over his arm, and was off down the bay to find his boat, and be running a bee-line to meet the steamer east of the Cape, and ahead of all the other boats.

Now you may be very sure this was not particularly pleasing. Married a fortnight and tired of me already, I said to myself. I ate no dinner that day, and long before dark I shut the shutters, and locked up the house, and went to bed; and after lying awake, thinking I heard thieves, and smelled fire, and saw ghosts, and was totally deserted and dreadfully abused, at last I was crying myself to sleep, when click went a latch-key, and in stalked Bert, blazing up the gas, and tossing down his cloak in a heap, and crying out that it served him right for leaving the dearest little wife in the world. And I can't say that I was sorry one bit to hear that, coming across a miserable little dirty collier, he had been obliged to take her in, and Tom Holliday's boat got the big steamer after all.

But Bert's penitence was brief—for, you see, he wasn't the fool that I was, and knew business must be attended to—and presently he was off again. A thousand a year, you see, was far too little for people to live on and lay by anything; for, with the running expenses taken from the earnings, that was about all there was left to the men. And I ought to have had the sense to understand matters; yet when did a girl of seventeen ever have any sense? But Bert had enough for both of us; and so he kept the boat snapping, and never lost a fee for want of being on the ground—if that is what you can call it when there isn't a bit of ground to be found for fathoms.

Of course, then, I was left very much to myself. It was unavoidable. And the worst of it was that I wouldn't see that it was unavoidable. And, of course, I was miserably lonely; and, by-and-by, when I was really feeling wretched, my once-cheerful little home, still as death now from morning to night, seemed to me to be an actual grave. Mother couldn't come and visit me, for she had married again herself, a few years since, and had a young brood to attend to; and she couldn't spare me any of the children, for she wanted Netty to see after Nanny, and Neddy wouldn't go to school unless Natty went to keep off the big boys; and I didn't like to leave home and visit her, and Bert didn't like to have me, lest I should be away when he chanced to come unannounced, as he always did come—she living four miles off now, in one of the suburbs, for the sake of a garden—and so I was left to weather it out; and when Bert came up I used to cry every time, I was so glad to see him.

Bert couldn't understand that, of course—he so strong and bluff and hearty, and I so sick and childish and weak. All my nerves seemed to be on the string too. I was as petulant as a porcupine, and so fractious that I wonder the very bird and cat didn't reproach me—for Bert had brought me a mocking-bird to conquer the stillness; and a wandering cat, seeing that we were two poor young people sadly in need of a guardian, had adopted us. And when I looked over at Bert, at some time when he happened to be at home, and thought that he would be off again directly, then the tears and sobs used to burst right out, and astound him and perplex him, so that I can see his great, good, wondering eyes now, and he would be alarmed and vexed enough to make him wish he hadn't come home at all.

I hadn't any appetite when he was away, and wanted nothing to eat myself; and sometimes, if you'll believe it, I would lie in bed all day, and there wouldn't be a morsel of anything cooked in the house at all when Bert ran in, and if he hadn't been the best-tempered fellow on the bay or off of it, he certainly would have staid away altogether. I used to cry half

my time; I was afraid Bert was sick of me, and I was certainly sick of myself; I couldn't see to read, for I was so nervous that the letters danced before my eyes, and I couldn't sew, for there were always two needles and two threads; and I don't know but I really might have gone out of my mind, or have driven Bert out of his, if it hadn't occurred to him to close the house, and take me down the bay with him, as he used to do; and it was really wonderful how a fortnight's enjoyment of the cool salt summer air there braced all my nerves taut again; so that I was quite well when he brought me back, and tolerably sensible, and sat down cheerfully to the sewing I had neglected so long, and which must be done so nicely, because, I said, that if a little girl came, and her mother were to die, this sewing would be kept for her to see, and I wanted every stitch to be a moral lesson to her.

So the mocking-bird used to pour out a flood of music through the little rooms, into which there always poured a flood of sunshine, only half barred out by the pink and purple morning-glories; and the Skye, that Bert brought home from an English schooner one day, with his yellow eyes looking out like coals of fire from his tawny shag, used to bark at the bird; and my great St. Bernard, sent over from home, used to silence him with his big paw; and the little cat used to put up her back at the three; and I sat there with my sewing and my singing and my neighbours and my dumb family—no, they weren't dumb, by any means—all at once metamorphosed into the happiest little housekeeper this side the meridian. Bert came and went, too, a good deal oftener than before—for perhaps he had come to question whether he did not owe other duties to his family than the mere providing of the means to live, and whether it was just the square thing to take a young girl out from the bustle and cheer of a great family and shut her up all by herself in a cage; and he was good and kind beyond comparison, so that I learned by heart the meaning of the promise "to cherish" in the marriage ceremony.

But, of course, this couldn't last long. It would have been Eden out of date, and was heaping up the happiness of a long life into these few months. I was aware of that; I knew that either I was going to die or a change must come, since so much bliss was never meant for mortals, who must content themselves with snatches, and judge from a little what a great deal means; and I had been on the watch for the change some days before the horrid windy morning when Bert went to take the British steamer *Assyria* down the bay on her way to Liverpool.

That was a good job, as jobs go, in itself; and he said, in bidding me good-by, that he should try and be up the next day, unless business was so brisk that it seemed throwing money away to leave, and it was not to be done inside the law, moreover. The wind blew a tornado that night, and the water dashed over the sea-wall in scuds; but it had blown a great many tornadoes, and nothing had happened to Bert, and I never dreamed of regarding it. And I heard from one of the men next day that there was hardly a vessel telegraphed; so I knew he would be along presently, and I had made up my mind to have him carve me out a bracket from an old cigar-box to hang at the head of my bed, and I was looking forward to a real happy evening, with him at work opposite me, and the snapping wood-fire again between us, for we were now in the cool October nights; so I set myself at work, and made the nicest little supper ready—scrod, as brown outside and as white inside as a cocoa-nut is, and cold turkey deviled with the East Indian sauce that the captain of the *Bengal* sent me, and a charlotte russe that I had learned how to make myself, with our own little Muscat grapes whipped into it, and a cup of chocolate that was as rich as nectar. And the scrod grew brown and grew black and turned to a chip, and the deviled turkey sizzled and sizzled away to saw-dust, and the chocolate skimmed all over with a coat of cold oil at last, and the very dog grew tired of watching, and no Bert came; and I ate the charlotte russe myself, and went to bed.

And the next day no Bert, and the next day, and a week passed without him, and then all at once I remembered the tornado and the water whipping the sea-wall, and I began to be seriously uneasy. Began to be!—I was, I had been! I swept the bay, with that glass in my room, day and night, I might say, but no sign of Bert or Bert's boat could I see.

At length, one day, I thought I did make out the boat; but the little signal which it was arranged between him and me should always be visible when he was on board I could nowhere discover, and, of course, I was wild with my fancies: Bert was lost, he had been drowned in returning from the *Assyria*, he had been knocked overboard, his canoe had filled, and he had gone down like lead with all his heavy gear on; and I was working myself into agonies, and was almost down sick, when who should appear but Will Davenant, swinging his surtout over his shoulders by the sleeves, and coming

in as though he were sent. As I looked up in his face I noticed that he was pale and grave, and felt he had bad news for me beforehand.

"Well, Bert's gone this time," said he.

It gave me such a turn! If I ever have a stroke I shall feel no worse. I only wonder I didn't drop on the spot. But my will is stout, and that held out to hear the worst.

"Gone?" I gasped. "Lost? My Bert?"

"Oh, pooh! nonsense!" he returned. "Nothing of the kind. I'm a stupid. Gone to Liverpool!"

To Liverpool! Well, you may suppose what a difference that was! All the blood in my body had been gathering round my heart till I was as white as a sheet, and now it was all plunging up my face, that I was hiding with both hands as red as any rose. Bert gone to Liverpool, and without ever telling me! He had run away and left me! You see I had read so many novels. The whole world was reeling round me in a great noisy whirl, and it was all of a sudden that I grew conscious of Will Davenant's putting me into a chair and sprinkling water on me, and heard him saying to himself: "Dear me! This is rough on her, and no mistake. Look here now, Sady. Listen a moment," I could hear him exclaiming. "It's only for three weeks. He'll be back in a jiffy. Can't you hear? Don't you understand? The *Assyria* couldn't set him down in that hurricane blowing great guns; and so she had to take him on, and send him over next steamer. It's been done before, don't you see? At least that's what our reckoning is—"

"Oh, Will, then you're not certain, after all!" I cried.

"Certain as anything can be on such slippery stuff as water. Why, it's nothing out of the common course. Old Captain Johnson once was carried round Cape Horn in that way, and his family had worn out their mourning for him before the news reached them. We'd have had letters from Bert, only, as luck would have it, the *Assyria's* on the line that doesn't touch at Halifax. One week's gone," said Will, beginning to stride about the floor. "Come now, you lock up, and run over to your mother's; and in a fortnight you'll see somebody heave in sight, and put out one of his great paws to sweep you back again."

"Oh no, no!" I sobbed. "I'll stay here and wait for him—here, where I saw him last. Perhaps he'll never come! oh! perhaps he'll never come!"

"Come! I don't know what's to hinder his coming," said Will, "unless they kill him with kindness. The captain 'll have him at his table; there won't be anything in the ship too good for him; best of everything at his command; champagne just running down his throat; all the pretty women asking him about the weather—"

"Oh, Will!"

"Fact! You see now! And when he gets to Liverpool those British pilots will take him in hand, and they'll treat him so well, that I'll dare swear, he'll never be able to tell you what the house he stops at looks like. Perhaps, then, he won't come home next steamer, the very next," said that cunning fellow, trying to stave off my anxiety, if, indeed, things should prove to be worse than he fancied they were, and Bert didn't come home next steamer, nor ever afterward. "A man isn't treated like a prince more than once in his life, and he couldn't be blamed much if he made the most of that once; now could he?"

"I don't know anything about that!" I cried. "I know Bert will be back in the next steamer if he's alive."

"Of course he will! of course he will! Keep your craft sharp by the wind, Sady, and he'll hail you before you know it," said Will.

And so he did. Exactly a fortnight from that day. I had been rambling round the house like an uneasy spirit, never still in one place five minutes at a time, neither sleeping nor eating, and finding no peace except when Will Davenant, or some other of Bert's friends, came in and talked the matter over, nor then, either; and mother, who had left everything to come and stay with me, declared I would lose my wits unless I practised some sort of self-control; when, one day, after I had seen the great steamer come ploughing up the bay, and had vowed that Bert must be in her, as I had concerning every steamer arriving since Will Davenant's first call, and then had given him up at last because he hadn't the wings of the dove, and was plunged in unmitigated despair, all of a sudden in he walks, as large as life, and takes me in his arms and kisses me, while I faint dead away.

Well, that was very delightful—I was such a selfish little wretch, and I don't say that I'm any better now—to think that Bert cared so much to be home, to relieve my anxiety, and, maybe, his own, that he didn't even wait for another steamer on that same line, but caught one that was leaving the very day they made port, and was back again on American shores without having stepped on British soil. Not that Bert wouldn't have cared for it, you know; wouldn't have made the European tour, as they

call it, with as good a relish as the best; wouldn't have liked to stand inside the old cathedrals, and see the sunbeams swimming up aloft in the roof, and the doves flying in and out and building their little indifferent nests in the carvings made by fingers dust a thousand years ago; wouldn't have liked to look at the great paintings, as if he were in a vision; to have walked through the old halls were history happened—for you mustn't take it for granted that my Bert is an ignoramus because he earns his livelihood in hard work and exposure. I don't know the more finished gentleman than he, if you want the truth. There is an education better than books, and you can't learn at colleges all my Bert knows. Latin and Greek I grant you, and you're welcome—for the use of dead men's tongues, who did no good with them while they had them, and heathen barbarians at that, I've never been able to see; but whatever can be gained by the knowledge of men and of the round earth and sea and sky, the best learning that the world affords, my Bert has at his fingers' tips. A man can't bring into port a great French or British steamer, commanded by some captain next to a nobleman; or a man-of-war, commanded, maybe, by a nobleman himself, with all his courtly breeding, and a mind rich with the advantages of generations; or one of our own line-of-battle ships, with an old hero on the quarter-deck; or a merchantman from the East Indies; a fruiter from the Levant, with Portuguese and Greeks before the mast; a South American, with hides and horns; a whaler from the pole; a little schooner, creeping up the coast with lime—can't meet familiarly, as pilots do; welcomed with opened arms, and told by many a captain that they would rather see him than their wives—all these different sorts, without getting at the core of countries and races in a way that is like a liberal education. And Bert had always said that, if ever he was rich, we'd take passage for the other side, and for Vesuvius, and the Midnight Sun, and the Catacombs, and the Inquisition, and the Pyramids, and I don't know what all. But there! there's no hope of a pilot's being rich. I tell Bert that if ever they get rid of the laws that restrain them now, so that each pilot can ask his own price, and a ship in a gale refusing it, he can tell her to get in the best way she can, till she calls him back at any price, why, then he won't expose himself to being drowned and his children to being orphaned for a beggarly twenty or fifty dollars; but the great merchant princes, that own the ships and cargoes, will have to open their purses, and a pilot maybe as well off as his neighbours. But Bert says that, once change those laws, decent men would leave the calling, pilotage would be piracy, the bay would be swarming with sharks and wreckers, and he would sooner turn longshoreman and sweep a crossing.

But all this has nothing to do with Bert's return; and as I was saying, there was nobody inside of that horizon happier than I that day.

But it was that day. Two or three days afterward, when the bright edge of relief and gratitude and pleasure had worn down the least in the world, I began, of course—or else it wouldn't have been I—to question a little, to worry, and wonder why it happened that Bert couldn't leave the steamer just that time, when he'd weathered so many worse gales; and all at once it leaked out, I don't know how or where, that Will Davenant's cousin Kate was aboard that steamer, just married to a rich old fellow who was doing the fashionable thing and taking her abroad. She was a bold and handsome hussy, always making eyes at Bert. And Bert hadn't mentioned her; and Will hadn't mentioned her—it never occurred to me that Will hadn't known of it, or that Bert hadn't seen her once all the way across—and so I put two and two together, and wrought myself up to a frenzy, and there was an end of happiness. For from conjecture I crept to suspicion, and from suspicion I flew to certainty, and from certainty to desperation. I went about my work slipshod, and glowering like a wild woman, and the dishes were half cooked, and the floors half swept and everything was rough with dust; the tins and the silver were tarnished and unscoured, the little woodfire was never lit in welcome at night, and the whole house was just as gloomy and cheerless as I felt myself; so that it must have made Bert groan to set his foot inside the door. and he would hardly have been to blame if he had slipped back to Liverpool, and had his merry-making with the warm-hearted men over there, after all.

But Bert had married me for better or worse, and, though it was pretty much all worse, he was determined to make the best of it; and so he believed that this was all due to my weak nerves and ill health—which it wasn't, but only to a life of indulgence, and selfishness, and waywardness bearing fruit—and he humoured me, and waited on me, and was gentler with me than ever mother was in all her life. For mother came in one day, and found the plates not washed, and the fire gone out, and me sitting down at heel, sulking and wretched, with my hair uncombed, and no collar on; and

she declared on the spot that patience had had its perfect work with me, that all I needed was a good sound shaking, and if I wasn't too old to behave in that way, I wasn't too old to have it, and she had half the mind to give it to me; and such conduct, she said, had driven better men than Bert to drink. She was ashamed to own me for a child of hers, and I'd only have myself to thank if he went to the bad altogether. And up I flared, and said, if it wasn't gone to the bad already to have been chasing across the Atlantic after Kate Davenant, I should like to know what it was. I suppose the fact is that I must have been a little crazy. And just as mother turned round with the dishcloth suspended, and her mouth wide open, Bert, who had come in unnoticed in the high words, and had heard those high words, pushed open the door, and stood before me.

I shall never forget how Bert looked that moment. His face was as white and set as a dead man's. It would have looked like a dead man's if the awful living eyes hadn't been blazing out of it like two fires—so dark and terrible that I cowered.

"Say that again, Sady," said he.

And my heart bubbling up with anger at the tone, I said it again, and more of it too.

"I swear to you that this is the first I ever knew of her being on the steamer," said Bert then, in a great, grand voice that of itself seemed to wake me from my evil mood as if it had been a nightmare, though doubtless it was fear, calling the blood away from my brain, that waked me. He returned to my mother. "Take care of her," he said; "take good care of her. I must get down the harbour before the weather thickens. Maybe I shall never come up again. I hope I never shall!"

With that he paused and hesitated, and took a step forward and toward me; but Heaven only knows what imp of perversity caught my shoulder and twisted me round and away, and in a moment the door was closed gently, as Bert did everything in the house, and he was gone. And then you may imagine that chaos reigned in that room for an hour, with penitence and self-reproach and fear, and cries and sobs and hysterics, and sal volatile and hot shrub; and mother left off scolding and hushed me, and bathed my face, and combed my hair, afraid lest I'd do myself a mischief; and finally, as she couldn't stay, Nanny being threatened with the croup, and Neddy being just vaccinated and taking tremendously, she tied on my cloak and furs, and took a basket of things out of the bureau drawer, and locked up the doors, and slipped the key under the stone, and hailed a car at the head of the street, and shoved me in, and carried me off to her own house—all in a vague, wild, cloudy state of mind, where nothing seemed to be real but a dull and universal ache, which, whether it belonged to my body or my soul, I had not wit enough to know. "I'm going to die," I said, looking out at the purple, leaden afternoon, and the dreary branches bending in the damp and bitter wind that soughed up the street openings like the cry of lost souls. "I'm going to die," I said. "I've begun already. My mind's all dim and dying first." So at last we reached the place, just as the first snowflakes began falling out of that cold and desolate sky, and mother got me into the house. What a busy bustling little body she was then! I can hardly realize it when I see her sitting there now, so gray-haired and white and silent, and watching Netty's twins as they tumble together on the floor, just like the cool of the day. And presently I was tucked up warm in bed, and falling off into strange, wild dreams, and waking out of them in terror every now and then.

And that night my baby was born. It was a furious storm outside as midnight drew on; hardly less furious within, as, in pauses of pain, I thought of Bert—his boat lying too far out in the bay, with the gale and the sleet fierce enough to cut the eyes out of his head if he looked to windward, or maybe run down without the hearing of a cry, by some great steamer in that weather, too thick with the driving snow to see a light or your own length ahead; or else dragging her anchor somewhere, parting cable and drifting on the rocks: and I remembered the wreck on Norman's Woe, where the spouting water leaped round the sailor lashed in the shrouds till he was encased and sealed in a mass of frozen ice, and a spar swinging round with a lurch of the wreck snapped him in two like a dead branch; and I thought, in swift succession, of all the horrid chances of those dark winter seas, till my brain was raging with heat, and all my words were delirious.

It was of no use their putting the little flannel bundle up on the pillow beside me and bidding me look at it; it was of no use the four pattering night-gowned imps, all waked and peeping in, at the risk of squills and opodeldoc, whispering and on tip-toe, wondering how it came there through all that storm, chuckling over a queer little sneeze that plainly told that it took cold in coming, and which the ridiculous morsel gave with as much self-possession as if the whole atmosphere belonged to it, and scampering off to bed again with their happy

tongues subdued only till they were half out of hearing, and already quarrelling as to whether Neddy and Nanny were as much aunts and uncles as Natty and Netty; it was of no use their telling me here was the nicest baby ever born into this breathing world, and just to look at these tiny perfect fingers and that atom of an ear. What could I care for that and such as that? There were millions of babies in the world, but there was only one Bert, and I had driven him out into the whirling white tempest of that pitiless night; and every screaming blast, every push of the great shoulder of the gale against the house, made me start up and cry out.

But all at once I heard mother saying in an undertone, as if she had not said it half a dozen times before, that here was Bert's chin with all the pluck of it, if ever anything was, and she shouldn't wonder if the eyes—and, without waiting to hear her finish, it came over me, like a fresh tide of feeling and thought, that this was Bert's child after all; and if I never saw Bert again, yet, perhaps, the boy might grow up to be like his father; and I don't know what there was comforting in the idea, but I turned and laid my cheek down against his, and began to sink away quietly to sleep. And they darkened the room, and set the lamp outside in the next one, where mother went to busy herself about something or other; and presently the nurse was nodding, as I found when suddenly starting wide awake, not having really lost myself at all. What made me start wide awake then, with all my senses about me, as alert as ever I was in my life? I will tell you.

The landing of the front stairs opened directly into the room where I lay; and, as if he had just come in the door, from off the sea, there, in his great storm-clothes, stood Bert.

What a white, fixed face it was he wore! Not the face which I had seen in the afternoon, but a deathly, ghastly face, that it chilled one's marrow to look at; and the hair was hanging wet about it, and around the eyes, that had an appalling, absent, vacant gaze, such as I had never seen in Bert's shining, splendid ones. "Oh, what is it, Bert?" I cried. "Don't be frightened, dear! It's all over, and I'm very well, and it's—it's a boy." Then I remembered how we had parted, and I whispered, half choked, imploring him to forgive me.

"I went home to find you, Sady," murmured he, in as hollow a tone as the whistle of the wind, "and I've been looking for you since, my darling. And so it's a boy, is it?" And he came and laid his cold, wet, rough face down on mine, and on that little velvet cheek beside mine, and stood erect, and shuddered, and was gone—gone like the breaking of a bubble.

And with the outcry that I made the nurse sprang to her feet, and mother came running in; and they both declared what a pity I had waked, and what a sweet sleep I must have been having; and, of course, I had been dreaming; what preposterous nonsense to say I hadn't, for nobody else had seen Bert, as, indeed, where could he have come from in such a storm? And I just as stoutly maintained that they needn't try and deceive me, and Bert was in the house, for I had seen him, and they were doing me a great deal more harm by keeping him away than if they let him come in again. And then, as I detected them looking strangely at each other, I exclaimed again that I had not been asleep at all, and it was not his ghost that I had seen, for all their looks, but Bert himself; and, as they tried to soothe me, and laugh me out of the notion, and I saw they were in earnest, cold shivers began to rush over me, till they shook me as I lay. "He is drowned! he is drowned!" I sung out between my chattering teeth. "And I have done it. I have destroyed my husband!" And I raised such a ululu that presently mother took me in hand again severely, and told me that, whether I had destroyed my husband or not, I should certainly destroy my child by allowing myself to get into this condition; and if I didn't hush up at once, she would go out in the snow herself and fetch the doctor again, and give me a Dover's powder. And then, as the baby began to cry, she and the nurse made such a racket between them, with their shshshing and trotting and patting and stirring and sipping, that there was nothing for it but that I should be quiet. And, directly, their voices sounded miles away; and, thoroughly worn out, I went to sleep, and never waked till morning, when the storm had all blown up the coast, and the sun was shining brightly, and the sky was bluer than the sapphire in the high-priest's breastplate.

But I did not wake to suit the day. I opened my eyes with such wonder to see it so bright and careless, with such a load of heaviness, such vague regret that I had waked at all; and, of course, my first thought was Bert.

The storm had been a brief one, it seemed, sweeping swift and furious; possibly Bert's boat might have been beyond its belt, and have known but little of it. Yet that was hardly likely, and I tried to brace myself for the worst, and prayed—I don't know how long it was since I had said my prayers—for strength

to receive the blow I feared, and which would be a blow, come how it might, as only fit punishment for my wickedness, or, if not as punishment, at least as only the taking from me that of which I had proved unworthy. I to have thought any evil of my Bert, with his soul as white and clear as that window-pane that let my glance through into the heavens!

And so all that morning I lay there, not saying a word, never dropping into a doze, but listening, listening at every pore for a step that did not come; and, though I lay like a log in my listening, inwardly I fretted and fumed and fidgeted, and my head burned and my heart beat like a leaf in the wind. And when the doctor ran up stairs he said it would never do in the world, I was getting into a high fever; I must take a draught he mixed, and go to sleep; and so I did, with my baby in my arms. And when I woke up, there sat Bert beside me, with one cool hand grasping both my hot ones.

"Oh, Bert," I said, feebly, closing my eyes again, "is it really you this time? If you are going to go—again—go before I open my eyes, and it won't be so hard."

"Ay, my darling!" he cried, with his great, hearty voice. "Who else should it be? But it came precious near never being—"

"Oh, Bert, weren't you really here last night, then?"

"Here last night? Sady, that's just what I've been asking myself. But no—neither here nor anywhere else."

"Dear Bert, you must have had such a dreadful night!"

He didn't speak then, but he lifted my hands and kissed them—my little hard hands. It meant that I had had a dreadful night too.

Just then mother came in with some decoction; she had seen Bert before. "Now you mustn't get her all excited again with your talk, Bert, my dear," said she. "Here you can give her this gruel, while I take up my grandson. Bless his little heart—nobody taking a bit of notice of him! I suppose you've been home and found all safe, Bert?" she added.

"No, I haven't," replied he. "I knew Sady was over here—I don't know how I knew it, but I did—and I just made sail in this direction."

"Weren't you surprised when you saw that little head on the pillow?"

"Not at all," said Bert, crossing over to inspect, for the hundredth time or so, the rosy collection of fists and feet on her lap. "I knew it was there, and I knew it was a boy. I was saying it was a boy when I came to."

"Came to?" repeated mother and I together.

"Oh yes. You haven't heard, of course. Why, I came as near laying my bones where the old anchors lie last night—"

"Bert!"

"Yes, really. Now I'm safe," said he, "and, if you won't flush up and worry, I'll tell you about it."

"I'll worry a great deal more if you don't tell me," murmured I.

"Yes, Bert," said mother.

"Well, this is all, and it isn't much. There was a schooner wabbling round out there in the bay, as clearly as we could make out in the scud and snow, as if every soul on board had lost their heads; and we came to the conclusion that, whether she wanted a pilot or not, she needed one, or she'd be splinters and saw-dust on the channel islands before morning. And after a little, feeling desperate and wicked, and hardly caring what happened, I set out for her. And I think I'd have made her, for I've ridden rougher water than that in my canoe, only just at the last minute I remembered a paper in the cabin with the list of the *Assyria's* passengers in it, and my heart melted, and I thought I'd be in town in a couple of hours, and I thought if I showed that to you, Sady, and showed you that there was no such name as Kate Davenant's—"

"Why, of course there wasn't, Bert!" I interrupted. "It would have been her husband's."

"Her husband's?" asked Bert, turning on me his great brown eyes in a wondering way. "Kate married, Sady, and yet you could—"

"Oh don't, dear Bert! Don't say anything more about it!" I exclaimed in a tremor. "I was out of my head—I must have been! And you forgave me for it all last night—"

"That is it, exactly," said Bert, solemnly, while mother's eyes grew round and rounder; "I did. And you, Sady, did you forgive me, then, for having flashed off yesterday afternoon in that rage?"

"Yesterday? It seems a year ago. Oh, I never can forgive myself, Bert!"

"There, there, children," said mother.

"Well, as I was saying," continued Bert, in a moment, "I made for the paper, and found it, and sprang along up with it, and jumped into the canoe. And just then there came one of those seas that run every eighth or tenth wave in a gale, and before we could lift an oar it had roared and raced after us, and had reared and fallen, and the boat had swamped under us, crushing up like paper, and I had gone down in the icy water with it, the whole tempest

booming in my ears, and the weight of the whole ocean on my head; and when I came to the top again I could see the row of wild faces just above the lights which the men were swinging over the side, and I shouted for a line and a lantern on it, and out it flew, and I caught it just as I was washing by, and contrived to get it fast under my arms, and give the word to haul me in. And then, as they were pulling hand over hand, there came a hitch, a grasp slipped in the confusion—for everybody had a different order to give—the boat pitched, and Morris lost his footing on the wet planks, and I felt myself going, and called to them again, and then I was sucked under and under; and when they laid me on the deck at last there was no more life in me than in a log."

"Oh, Bert!" I cried, starting up, and quite forgetting for the instant that it was all over now, at any rate.

"There! lie right down again and keep still, or I'll let you guess the rest. Don't you see I'm alive?" said he, laughing. "For they lugged me down below, and worked away on me with hot blankets and rum and hartshorn and the like, and still I lay as dead as a pelt, to all appearance, and they were just giving me up, when one of them dropped the hartshorn and spilled it up my nostrils; and suddenly, with a start and a shudder, and saying over and over, 'It's a boy, it's a boy,' I opened my eyes, and presently was all right, and brought that schooner up to town after all, though I can't rightly say that I've got over the tingle of that hartshorn yet. And I was just as well aware, Sady, of having been in your mother's house—that time while they were working over my body—of having hunted for you at home, of having found you here, of having seen my child, as I am of the same at this moment. And I swear I don't understand it!" said Bert, getting up and setting down the gruel I hadn't touched, and coming back again. "It's been buzzing about my brain, the puzzle of it, all the morning. What is a drop of brandy, a sniff of vinegar, a touch of hot flannel, that they should breathe the breath of life into my nostrils? When my soul had left my body, how did hartshorn, even that whole battery of it that Ben opened at once, call it back again? Suppose I hadn't smelled it—then dead as a pelt I should have remained; and what difference does a little camphor and vinegar make to my immortal spirit, I should like to know? And I'd ask, if they can make souls out of salts, why they don't sell them over the druggists' counters—by George I would!—if it wasn't that mine crossed the water and came out here and up into this very room, and saw you, and heard you, and kissed you, Sady!"

"Bert," said mother, with great dignity, having a feeling that this was talk Deacon Kemp would have pronounced unsafe, "you are enough to drive Sady into a delirium, if you're not in one yourself—"

"Oh, Bert, I'm so glad," I said, without waiting for the rest, "to think that when your soul was free it travelled straight to me! And I'll promise, oh, I'll promise to try and be a good wife after this—"

"You are now," said he, "the best of wives."

"Oh, I will be, Bert, as long as I live!"

"And afterward," whispered Bert, over my head, "when we're ghosts together?"

"Always, Bert. For ever and ever."

A LOVER'S CHRONICLE.

BY ABRAHAM COWLEY.

Margarita first possess'd,
If I remember well, my breast,
  Margarita first of all;
But when awhile the wanton maid
With my restless heart had play'd,
  Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous Catherine.
  Beauteous Catherine gave place
(Though loath and angry she to part
With the possession of my heart)
  To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign,
Had she not evil counsels ta'en.
  Fundamental law she broke,
And still new favourites she chose,
Till up in arms my passions rose,
  And cast away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,
Both to reign at once began;
  Alternately they sway'd;
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,
  And sometimes both I obey'd.

Another Mary then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose;
  A mighty tyrant she!
Long, alas! should I have been
Under that iron-sceptred queen,
  Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
'Twas then a golden time with me:
But soon these pleasures fled;
For the gracious princess died,
In her youth and beauty's pride,
And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half-an-hour,
Judith held the sovereign power:
Wondrous beautiful her face!
But so weak and small her wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came,
Arm'd with a resistless flame,
And th' artillery of her eye;
Whilst she proudly march'd about,
Greater conquests to find out,
She beat out Susan by-the-by.

But in her place I then obey'd
Black-eyed Bess, her viceroy-maid;
To whom ensued a vacancy:
Thousand worse passions then possess'd
The interregnum of my breast;
Bless me from such an anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary, next began;
Then Joan, and Jane, and Andria;
And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Catherine,
And then a long *et cetera*.

But should I now to you relate
The strength and riches of their state;
The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
That made up all their magazines;

If I should tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts;
The letters, embassies, and spies,
The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries
(Numberless, nameless, mysteries!)

And all the little lime-twigs laid,
By Machiavel the waiting-maid;
I more voluminous should grow
(Chiefly if I like them should tell
All change of weathers that befell)
Than Holinshed or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me.
An higher and a nobler strain
My present empress does claim,
Heleonora, first o' th' name;
Whom God grant long to reign!

THE DREAM CONFIRMED.

BY JAMES HOGG.

Not very long ago, one William Laidlaw, a sturdy Borderer, went on an excursion to a remote district in the Highlands of Scotland. He was a tall and very athletic man, remarkably active, and matchless at cudgel-playing, running, wrestling, and other exercises, for which the Borderers have been noted from time immemorial. To his other accomplishments he added an excellent temper, was full of good-humour, and a most capital bottle-companion. Most of our modern travellers would have performed the greater part of the journey he undertook in a steam-boat, a stage-coach, or some such convenience; but he preferred going on foot, without any companion excepting an old oaken cudgel, which had been handed down to him from several generations, and which, by way of fancy, had been christened 'Knock-him-down.' With this trusty friend in his hand, and fifty pounds sterling in his pocket, he found himself, by the fourth day, in one of the most dismal glens of the Highlands. It was by this time nightfall, and both William's appetite and limbs told him it was high time to look about for a place of repose, having, since six in the morning, walked nearly fifty English miles.

Now, the question which employed his cogitations at this moment was, whether he should proceed, at the risk of losing his way among the bogs and morasses for which this district is famed, or remain till daybreak where he was? Both expedients were unpleasant, and it is difficult to say which he would have adopted, when, about a mile to the left, a glimmering among the darkness attracted his notice. It might have been a "Will-o'-wisp," or the light of some evil spirit at its midnight orgies; but whatever the cause might be, it decided Mr. Laidlaw as to his further operations. He did not reflect a moment upon the matter, but exercising "Knock-him-down" in its usual capacity of walking assistant, he found himself in a few minutes alongside the spot from which the light proceeded. It was a highland cottage, built after the usual fashion, partly of stone and partly of turf; but without examining too minutely the exterior of the building, he applied the stick to the door with such a degree of force as he conceived necessary to arouse the inmates.

"Wha's there?" cried a shrill voice, like that of an old woman; "what want ye at this hour of the night?"

"I want lodging, honest woman, if such a thing is to be got."

"Na, na," replied the inmate, "you can get nae lodging here. Neither gentle nor simple shall enter my house this night. Gang on your ways, you're no aboon five miles frae the clachan of Ballacher."

"Five deevils!" exclaimed the Borderer; "I tell you I have walked fifty miles already, and could as soon find out Johnny Groat's as the clachan."

"Walk fifty more, then," cried the obstinate portress; "but here you downa enter, while I can keep you out."

"If you come to that, my woman," said William, "we shall soon settle the point. In plain language, if you do not let me in wi' your gude-will, I shall enter without it," and with that he laid his shoulder to the door, with the full intention of storming the fortress. A whispering within made him pause a moment.

"And must I let him in?" murmured the old woman to some one who seemed in the interior.

"Yes," answered a half-suppressed voice; "he may enter—he is but one, and we are three—a lowland tup, I suppose."

The door was slowly opened. The person who performed this unwilling act was a woman apparently above seventy, haggard, and bent by an accumulation of infirmity and years. Her face was pale, malignant, and wrinkled, and her little sharp peering eyes seemed like those of the adder to shoot forth evil upon whomsoever she gazed. As William entered, he encountered this aged sybil, her natural hideousness exposed full to his gaze by the little rush-light she held up above her head, the better to view the tall Borderer.

"You want a night's lodging, say you? Ay, nae doubt, like many others frae the south, come to trouble honest folks."

"There's nae need to talk about troubling," said Laidlaw. "If you have trouble, you shall be paid for it; and since you are pleased, my auld lady, to talk about the south, let me say a word of the north. I have got money in my pouch to pay my way wherever I go, and this is mair than some of your bonnie Highland lairds can say. Here it lies, my lady!" and he struck with the palm of his hand the large and well-replenished pocket book, which bulged out from his side.

"I want nane of your money," said the old crone, her eyes nevertheless sparkling with a malicious joy; "walk in; you will have the company of strangers for the night."

He followed her advice, and went to the end of the cottage, near which, upon the floor, blazed a large fire of peat. There was no grate, and for chimney, a hole in the roof sufficed, through which the smoke ascended in large volumes. Here he saw the company mentioned by the sybil. It consisted of three men, of the most fierce and savage aspect. Two of them were dressed as sailors, the third in a sort of Highland garb. He had never seen any persons who had so completely the air of desperadoes. The two first were dark in their complexions, their black bushy beards apparently unshorn for many weeks. Their expressions were dark and ominous, and bespoke spirits within which had been trained up in crime. Nor were the red locks of the third, and his fiery countenance, and sharp, cruel eyes, less appalling, and less indicative of evil.

So near an intercourse with such people, and under these circumstances, would have thrown a chill over most hearts; but William Laidlaw was naturally a stranger to fear, and, at any rate, his great strength gave him a confidence which it was very difficult to shake; he had, besides, a most unbounded confidence in scientific cudgel-playing, and in the virtues of "Knock-him-down."

These three men were seated around the fire; and when our traveller came alongside of them, and saluted them, not one returned his salutation. Each sat in dogged silence. If they deigned to recognize him, it was by looks of ferocious sternness, and these looks were momentary, for they instantly relapsed into their former state of sullen apathy.

William was at this time beset by two most unfortunate inclinations. He had an incorrigible desire, first, to speak, and secondly, to eat; and never had any propensities come upon a man so *malapropos*. He sat for a few minutes absolutely nonplussed about the method of gratifying them. At length, after revolving the matter deeply in his mind, he contrived to get out with the following words:—

"I have been thinking, gudewife, that something to eat is very agreeable when a body is hungry." No answer.

"I have been thinking, mistress, that when a man is hungry he is the better of something to eat." No answer.

"Did you hear what I was saying, mistress?"

"Perfectly weel."

"And what is your opinion of the matter?"

"My opinion is, that a hungry man is the better of being fed." Such was the old dame's reply; and he thought he could perceive a smile of bitter ridicule curl up the savage lips of his three neighbours.

"Was there ever such an auld hag?" thought the yeoman to himself. "There she sits at her wheel, and cares nae mair for a fellow-creature than I would for a dead sheep."

"Mistress," continued he, "I see you will not tak' hints. I maun then tell you plainly that I am the next door to starvation, and that I will thank you for something to eat."

This produced the desired effect, for she instantly got up from her wheel, went to a cupboard, and produced a plentiful supply of cold venison, bread and cheese, together with a large bottle full of the finest whisky.

William now felt quite at his ease. Putting "Knock-him-down" beside him, and planting himself at the table, he commenced operations in a style that would have done honour to Friar Tuck himself. Venison, bread and cheese, disappeared like magic. So intently did he keep to his occupation, that he neither thought nor cared about any other object.

Everything which came under the denomination of eatable having disappeared from the table, he proceeded to discuss the contents of the black bottle which stood by. He probably indulged rather freely in this respect, for shortly after commencing he became very talkative, and seemed resolved, at all risks, to extract conversation from his mute companions.

"You will be in the smuggling trade, frien'?" said he, slapping the shoulder of one of his dark-complexioned neighbours. The fellow started from his seat, and looked upon the Borderer with an expression of anger and menace, but he was suddenly quieted by one of his companions, who whispered into his ear, "Hush, Roderick; never mind him; the time is not yet come."

"I was saying, frien'," reiterated Laidlaw, without perceiving this interruption, "that you will be in the smuggling trade?"

"Maybe I am," was the fellow's answer.

"And you are a fish of the same water?" continued William to the second, who nodded assent.

"And you, frien', wi' the red hair, what are ye?"

"Humph."

"Humph!" cried the Borderer; "that is one way of answering questions—humph, ay humph, very good: ha, ha, your health, Mr. Humph!" and he straightway swallowed another glass of the potent spirit.

These three personages, during the whole of his various harangues, preserved the same unchanged silence, replying to his broken and unconnected questions by nods and monosyllables. They even held no verbal communication with one another, but each continued apparently within himself the thread of his own gloomy meditations. The night by this time waxed late; the spirit began to riot a little in the Borderer's head; and concluding that there was no sociality among persons who would neither drink nor speak, he quaffed off a final glass, and dropped back on his chair.

How long he remained in this state cannot be known. Certain it is, he was rather suddenly awakened from it by a hand working its way cautiously and gently into his bosom. At first he did not know what to make of this: his ideas were as yet unrallied, and by a sort of instinct he merely pressed his left hand against the spot by way of resistance. The same force continuing, however, to operate as formerly, he opened his eyes, and saw himself surrounded by the three strangers. The red-haired ruffian was the person who had aroused him—the two others, one of them armed with a cutlass, stood by. William was so astonished at this scene, that he could form no opinion on the subject. His brain still rung with the strange visions that had crossed it, and with the influence of intoxication.

"I am thinking, honest man, that you are stealing my pocket-book," was the first ejaculation he got out with, gazing at the same time with a bewildered look on the plunderer.

"Down with the villain!" thundered one of these worthies at the same instant; "and you, sir," brandishing his cutlass over the Borderer's head, "resist, and I will cleave you to the collar."

This exclamation acted like magic upon Laidlaw; it seemed to sober him in an instant, and point out his perilous situation.

The trio had rushed upon him, and attempted to hold him down. Now or never was the period to put his immense strength to the trial. Collecting all his energies, he bounded from their grasp, and his herculean fist falling like a sledge-hammer upon the forehead of him who carried the cutlass, the ruffian tumbled headlong to the earth. In a moment more he stood in the centre of the cottage, whirling "Knock-him-down" around his head in the attitude of defiance. Such was now his appearance of determined courage and strength that the two ruffians opposed to him, although powerful men, and armed with bludgeons, did not dare to advance, but recoiled several paces from their single opponent. He had escaped thus far, but his situation was still very hazardous, for the men, though baffled, kept their eyes intently fixed upon him, and seemed only to wait an opportunity when they could rush

on with most advantage. Besides, the one he had floored had just got up, and with his cutlass joined the others. If they had made an attack upon him, his great skill and vigour would in all probability have brought one of them to the ground, but then he would have been assailed by the two others; and the issue of such a contest, armed as one of them was, could not but be highly dangerous.

Meanwhile the men, although none of them ventured to rush singly upon the Borderer, began to advance in a body, as if for the purpose of getting behind him. "Now," thought William, "if I can but keep you quiet till I get opposite the door, I may show you a trick that will astonish you." So planning his scheme, he continued retreating before his assailants, and holding up his cudgel in the true scientific position till he came within a foot of the door; most fortunately it stood wide open. One step aside, and the threshold was gained —another, and it was passed. In the twinkling of an eye, swift like a thunderbolt, fell "Knock-him-down" upon the head of the most forward opponent, and in another out bolted William Laidlaw from the cottage. The whole was the work of an instant. He who received the blow fell stunned and bleeding to the ground, and his companions were so confounded that they stood mute and gazing at each other for several seconds. Their resolution was soon taken, and in a mood between shame and revenge, they sallied out after the fugitive. Their speed was, however, employed in vain against the fleetest runner of the Cheviots, and they were afraid to separate, lest each might encounter singly this formidable adversary, who perhaps might have dealt with them in the same manner as Horatius did with the Curiatii of old. The pursuit continued but a short way, as the yeoman more than double distanced his pursuers in the first two minutes, and left them no chance of coming up with him.

It was by this time three in the morning. The intense darkness of midnight had worn away, and though the sun was yet beneath the horizon, a sort of reflected light so far prevailed as to render near objects visible. In the course of an hour the hill tops became exposed above the misty wreaths which hung heavily upon their sides, and which began to dissolve away and float slowly down the glen in pale columns. In a short time a hue like that of twilight rendered distinctly visible the mountain boundaries of the vale. William walked onward with his usual speed. Such at last was his prodigious rapidity of movement, that he utterly lost the use of his senses. He appeared to himself to fly rather than walk over the earth; his head became giddy, and it is difficult to say where his flight might have ended, when "Knock-him-down" was suddenly swept from his hand. This in a moment arrested his speed, for such was his sympathy with this companion that he could not possibly get on, or even live without it. "Knock-him-down, whare are ye?" was his first exclamation at the departure of his favourite. "I say, Knock-him-down—whare are ye?" Here honest William sat down upon the heath to bemoan his misfortune. Now for the first time in his life he parted with all recollection. A strange, mysterious, indescribable ringing took place in his ears—the hills reeled—his head nodded once, twice, and again—and in a few seconds he dropped into a profound sleep.

This may be considered an epoch in the yeoman's life, for here he, for the first time, according to his own account, was visited by a dream. Out of the pale mist of the glen he imagined he saw approach him the very person to whose house he was bound. The aspect of this man was melancholy—his face deadly pale —and as he stood opposite to the Borderer, and said, "William Laidlaw," the latter felt his flesh creep with an unutterable dread.

"William Laidlaw," continued he, "you are going to my house, but you will not find me at home. I have gone to a far country— Neil M'Kinnon and his two cousins sent me there. You will find my body in the pit near the Cairn of Dalgulish. The money you are bringing to me give to my poor family, and may God bless you!" Having pronounced these words the figure vanished, nor had the Borderer the power to recal it. He did not, however, awake, but lay in the same restless state till the sun, shining in all the splendour of an August morning, burst upon him.

William awoke a sober man. The morning was indeed beautiful. The sun shone in his strength, lighting up the vale with a flood of radiance. On the summits of the hills not a cloud rested—all was clear and lucid as crystal, and the untainted sky hung like a vault of pure sapphire over the thousand rocks and glens beneath. The object which first arrested our friend's attention was "Knock-him-down" stuck up in the middle of a whin bush, and his immediate impulse was to relieve it from this inglorious situation. Having done this, stretched his limbs, and examined his pocket-book, which he found "tight and well," he proceeded on his journey. He was naturally the reverse of superstitious, but somehow or other a train of unpleasant thoughts came over

him, which he could not get rid of. His mind was so unaccustomed to thinking of any kind, and, above all, to gloomy thinking, that he knew not what to make of the matter. He whistled and sung in vain to dispel the feeling. The same load hung upon his mind, and oppressed it grievously.

In this train he found himself at length in front of the clachan of Ballacher. This small village was in possession of the individual to whom he was journeying. His dwelling, a large farmhouse, was in the centre; the cottages which surrounded it were occupied by his servants and tenantry.

It was about mid-day when he entered the village. It was deserted, while a strange and subduing melancholy seemed to hang over it. He strode slowly on, but no human being made his appearance. At length a funeral procession, followed by many women and children, came silently up the middle avenue of the village. It might be a deception of his fancy, but he thought the looks of the mourners were more sad and more profoundly interesting than he had ever witnessed on any previous occasion. He followed the convoy to the cemetery, which was not far distant, and when the last shovelful of earth was thrown upon the grave, he inquired whose funeral it was.

"It is that of Allaster Wilson, our master," was the reply.

"Good Heaven! and how did he die?" cried William, deeply agitated.

"That no one knows," answered an old man who stood by; "he was found murdered; but a day will come when the Lord will cause his blood to be requited on his murderers."

"And where was his body found?" said the astonished Borderer.

"In the chalk-pit near the Cairn of Dalgulish," replied the senior, and he wiped his aged eyes and walked slowly away.

William started back with horror, and instantly recollected his dream. It was indeed the very individual to whose house he was journeying, that he now saw laid in his grave. His first duty was to go to the bereaved family of his departed friend, and to comfort the widow and the fatherless. A tear rolled from his manly eye as he entered the mansion of sorrow; and when he saw the relict and the weeping family of his friend he thought his heart would have died within him. Having paid into their hands the money he owed them, and performed various offices of kindness, he bade them for the present adieu, and went to Inverness.

He had no business to transact there; his only object was to obtain the aid of justice in pursuit of the three men whom he supposed to be the murderers. Neil M'Kinnon was apprehended at the house where Laidlaw first saw him; but though his guilt was strongly suspected, no positive proof could be adduced against him, and he was dismissed. The two other men were never heard of. It was supposed that they had gone on board a smuggling cutter which left Fort-William, and afterwards perished, with all its crew, in the Sound of Mull.

The dream still continued to agitate the yeoman's mind to a great degree, and from being the gayest farmer of the Borders, he returned as thoughtful as a philosopher.

TIME.

BY THE REV. BENJ. MARSDEN.

I ask'd an Aged Man, a man of cares,
Wrinkled, and curved, and white with hoary hairs:
"Time is the warp of life," he said, "Oh tell
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well!'

I ask'd the aged Venerable Dead,
Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled:
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flow'd,
"Time sowed the seed we reap in this abode."

I asked a Dying Sinner, ere the tide
Of life had left his veins: "Time," he replied—
"I've lost it! Ah, the treasure!"—and he died.

I asked the Golden Sun and Silver Spheres,
Those bright Chronometers of days and years:
They answer'd, "Time is but a meteor glare,
And bids us for Eternity prepare."

I asked the Seasons in their annual round,
Which beautify and desolate the ground;
And they replied (no oracle more wise),
"'Tis folly's loss, and virtue's highest prize."

I ask'd a Spirit Lost; but, oh! the shriek
That pierced my soul! I shudder while I speak.
It cried—"A particle, a speck, a mite
Of endless years, duration infinite!"

Of Things Inanimate my dial I
Consulted, and it made me this reply:
"Time is the season fair of living well,
The path of Glory, or the path of Hell.

I ask'd my Bible, and methinks it said,
"Time is the present hour, the past is fled:
Live! live to-day! To-morrow never yet
On any human being rose or set."

I ask'd Old Father Time himself at last;
But in a moment he flew quickly past;
His chariot was a cloud; the viewless wind
His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind.

I ask'd the Mighty Angel, who shall stand
One foot on sea, and one on solid land:
"By heaven," he cried, "I swear the mystery's o'er;
Time was!" he cried, "but Time shall be no more."

EHRENBREITSTEIN.

[**Mrs. Catherine Grace Gore**, born in Nottinghamshire, 1800; died 29th January, 1861. A prolific writer of novels chiefly descriptive of "fashionable life." She produced upwards of 150 volumes, besides contributing prose and verse to miscellaneous publications. Her first novel, *Marchmont, or The Maid of Honour*, appeared in 1823. *Bond*, a dramatic poem, and *Two Broken Hearts* are the most notable of her poetical efforts. Of her numerous tales the best remembered are: *The Ambassador's Wife; The Debutante; Hungarian Tales; The Money-Lender; The Soldier of Lyons; The Woman of Business; The Woman of the World*, &c. &c. They "reflect accurately enough the notions current among the upper classes respecting religion, politics, domestic morals, the social affections, and that coarse aggregate of dealing with our neighbours which is embraced by the term common honesty."—*Athenæum.*]

In the course of the campaigns immediately following the French Revolution, the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, on the banks of the Rhine, experienced, on more than one occasion, the unequal fortunes of war; and was compelled to submit to the superior force, or superior skill, of a conquering army. After the passage of the French troops under Hoche, effected at Weisse Thurm, in 1797, a blockade, which endured until the peace of Leoben, harassed its devoted garrison. It was then abandoned to the possession of the troops of the Elector of Mayence; and although the little town of Thal, situated at its base, had been sacrificed in the course of the siege, Coblentz, whose position on the opposite bank, at the confluence of the Moselle with the Rhine, derives its best security from the fortress, was thus restored to tranquillity, and a hope of happier times. The confusion of an ill-disciplined and inexperienced army had indeed rendered abortive to the Rhenish shores those local advantages by which they ought to have been secured from devastation; and the prolonged disorganization and disunion prevalent in the adjacent provinces had, by the most impolitic inconsistency, embarrassed every branch of public business, and while agriculture was driven from the ravaged plains, and commerce from the ensanguined waves of the Rhine, civil discord had embroiled the citizens of almost every town of mark along its course. But affairs were now beginning to wear a more promising aspect. The Congress of Rastadt had already opened its negotiations, and despair on one side, and exhaustion or weariness on the other, had succeeded in cooling the heat of those national feuds which had brought the ruinous footsteps of advancing and retreating armies to trample the bosom of an afflicted country. That there were some among its sons over-eager to avenge the deep scars thus inflicted, the murder of the French deputies at the very gates of Rastadt terribly attests.

It chanced that some days previous to the opening of the congress, a French noble,—the Count D'Aubigny,—with his wife and son, had been arrested, on their return to their native country, by the authorities of Coblentz; who, judging from the passports and papers in his possession that he had high influence, and an important connection with the Directory, secured him in the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein as a valuable hostage for the interests of their city. The count, who had sought safety in emigration during the short supremacy of one of the earlier and more furious factions of the republic, had been recently recalled to fill an appointment of dignity and honour under the new government. Galling as it was to his feelings to be thus thwarted and restrained upon the very threshold of France, yet his trust in the efficacy of an appeal which he had forwarded to the congress prevented him from giving way to the natural impatience of his mind. A deeper feeling, however—a feeling of horror and desperation—soon superseded his irritation and regrets: a body of French troops presented itself before the fortress, menacing its garrison and luckless inhabitants with all the horrors of a protracted siege.

It was in vain that D'Aubigny recalled to his own mind, and whispered to his fair companion, that the fortress was bomb-proof and casemated with unequal art; and still more vain were his entreaties to Colonel Faber, its brave but sturdy commandant, that his wife and child might be conveyed under a flag of truce to Coblentz. The colonel, to whom his prisoner was both nationally and individually an object of distrust, persisted that the interest of his command forbade the concession.

"Your ladies of France," said he, "God give them grace!—are too nimble-tongued to be trusted in an enemy's camp, and Moritz Faber

will scarcely be tempted to enable the fair countess to carry tidings of the nakedness of the land, and of the impoverished resources of the fort, unto a band which bears the tri-coloured rag as its ensign, and treachery as its password. No, no!—abide in the old eagle's nest. Our galleries are a surety from your friends in the valley; and when our provisions fail—which fail they shall ere I yield the charge committed to my hand unto a gang of marauding cut-throats—the countess and her son shall honourably share our fare and our famine. Perhaps the plea of a lady's sufferings may more promptly disperse your gentle countrymen yonder, who write themselves *preux chevaliers*, than falconet or culverin!"

Count D'Aubigny, finding persuasion fruitless, and knowing that resistance might even less avail him, could only pray, that either the return of his own *estafette* from Rastadt, or of that despatched by Colonel Faber, might bring a mandate of intelligence between the besieging and besieged. A few days sufficed to show him, and the expiration of several weeks tended most horribly to prove, that the fortress had been indeed surprised in an hour of security and consequent destitution; he looked tremblingly to the result, and marked the daily diminution of their apportionment of provisions, with a sense of dread he dared not reveal to his companions in misfortune.

If any woman, however, could be gifted to receive with fortitude an announcement of evil, severe as that anticipated by the count, it was Eveline—his lovely and most beloved wife: for her mind was as firm and elevated in its character, as her demeanour and disposition were femininely gentle: and her attachment to the young Eugene, the son of D'Aubigny by a former marriage, partook of a conscientious devotion to his interests, such as the mere tenderness of maternal love could not have alone suggested. It was for him—it was for that fair boy, who had loved her so fondly—that her first apprehensions of the horror of their position became terrible to her mind. Eugene was frail and delicate, and had been nurtured with the softest tending; he had attained neither the strength of body nor mind essential to the endurance of an evil from which his high condition might have seemed to secure him; and his parents, for they were equally so in affection for the child, had not courage to forewarn and inure him to the approaching calamity.

They saw him from the first reject with silent but evident loathing the coarse food tendered for his support. They marked his soft cheek grow wan under the deprivation—his little voice gradually weaken—his step bound less playfully along the rude pavement of their chamber; and they looked into each other's faces with tearful eyes as they first noted the change; but dared not interrogate the boy, or utter one audible comment. Soon, however, fatally soon, the miserable fact became too loudly a matter of comment in the garrison for even the child to remain in ignorance of their threatened destiny. Day after day passed, and brought nothing but sights of death and sounds of lamentation; and the wasting strength of the prisoners rendered their minds still more susceptible of terror and despair; but neither their wants, nor the murmurs of the soldiery, could influence by the weight of a feather the stern determination of the commandant to yield but in his hour of death.

Let those who limit their consciousness of the pangs of hunger by the loss of an occasional meal, which may have rendered restless their luxurious couch, affect to underrate the agonies of starvation, and to attemper according to Adam Smith's theory of morality their arguments for the indecency of bewailing a vulgar lack of food. But the actual sense of famine,—the gnawing, irritating sense, which confuses the ears with strange sounds—the body with sickness—the heart with perturbation—the head with dizzy bewilderment—these are sufferings which defy the mastery of mental fortitude!

D'Aubigny was the first to give utterance to his feelings, for they were solely urged by the suppressed torments he was condemned to witness. "My Eveline," said he, "my sweet, my heavenly-minded wife, could I have believed when I sought your hand, amid the lofty pomp of your high estate, that I should but win it to share in the horrors of my evil destiny—could I have dreamed, when I wept my first glad tears over this boy's cradle, that I should live to wish him unborn—to see him perish—slowly—horribly—"

"Hush! D'Aubigny, he sleeps; his head hath sunk upon my knee."

"No! mother," said the boy, very faintly, "I am not sleeping; I am listening quietly to my kind father's voice."

"It is exhaustion! by the God of mercy! it is exhaustion which hath bowed his head!" exclaimed the count, taking his son into his arms, and gazing with an indescribable thrill upon his attenuated countenance, then rushing forwards in despite of the outcry and resistance of the various sentries, he forced himself into

the presence of Colonel Faber, still straining his child to his bosom.

"Look on him!" said he, with a voice broken by sobs; "'tis my only child,—look upon him,—and if you have the heart of a man, deny not my petition. It is not yet too late,—send him from Ehrenbreitstein."

"It cannot be," answered Faber, resolutely; although the manifest condition of the lovely boy brought a deep flush even to his temples. "I will give him up my own share of provision with pleasure, Count D'Aubigny; but not a living soul must leave the fortress!—I am deeply responsible to my country: and the famishing condition of my soldiers—*my children*—might otherwise prompt me to desert a trust which the Congress of Rastadt appear so little interested to protect. My duty, sir, is one of sternness; I *cannot* grant your request."

"Do not weep, father," murmured the child, faintly, "I never saw tears of thine before; do not let them fall for Eugene. I *will* be better; I *will* feed heartily on the food we can still procure;—do not weep, father."

And with an effort mighty at his age, the child did indeed force between his lips the loathsome morsels which fell scantily to their share. Every domestic animal within the walls had been sacrificed; and the obscene flesh of dogs and horses had become a delicacy beyond the soldiers' power of purchase! and on such revolting aliments did Eveline force herself to feed, in order to entice and deceive the boy's enfeebled appetite. But all would not do;—already many of the least hardy of the garrison had fallen a sacrifice to want of wholesome food;—and the failing strength and tremulous lips of Eugene and his mother proclaimed that they were soon to follow. Yes, they were dying of starvation!

Again the count attempted to move the feelings of Faber in their behalf; but he no longer bore denial with resignation. Moved beyond his patience, he raved, threatened, and even attempted violence; and as the scene had many witnesses, the commandant felt it due to himself to punish the offender with solitary confinement. "Thus, too," thought the stanch old soldier, "I shall spare this unfortunate parent the misery of looking upon sufferings which he cannot alleviate."

The wretched chamber inhabited by the Countess D'Aubigny was situated in one of the loftiest and most secure towers of the fortress; and when the sun, which had lost its power to cheer the desponding prisoners, dawned through the arrow-slits on the day succeeding that of D'Aubigny's imprisonment, Eveline rose to drag her failing, quivering limbs towards the morning air, and resting her head beside the narrow opening, looked down upon the blue, glassy, dancing, *free* waters of the Rhine, that rippled far, far below the fortress, and prayed that they might rise and overwhelm her. But she instantly reproved the thought, as she had already done the proposal of her husband, that they should anticipate their inevitable and horrible end. "This child," she had replied, "is a sacred deposit in our hands; we have no right to leave him orphaned, to his sorrow; and you could not—no! you could not attempt *his* little life!"

"What seest thou yonder, mother?" faltered the boy, whom her movement had disturbed, but who was now too weak to approach the *soupirail* for refreshment.

"I see Heaven's mighty sunshine, dear Eugene, bright as if it shone upon no human misery. I see the white city of Coblentz, backed by its green plantations, and sending up the smoke of a thousand hearths. Beside them there is happiness, Eugene,—smiles and food, child,—and with *us* abideth nought save trust in the mercy of God. Think upon it,—think, beloved child, that we shall soon be free from pain and grief!"

"I cannot think, mother; my head swims strangely. But there is still feeling in my heart,—and it is all for thee and for my father."

"Eugene, should we survive this peril, and thou hast the strength of youth in thy favour, let this remembrance become a pledge for the tender mercies of thy future life; so that the poor and the hungry may not plead to thee in vain."

"Mother, thy words reach not my failing ears; draw nearer, mother, for I would die with my hand in thine."

On that very day the destinies of the fortress were accomplished; and the sacrifice which had been made was made in vain:—the fiat of the Congress of Rastadt commanded the brave Faber to open its gates to the enemy of his country. The noble brother of Eveline D'Aubigny, whose anxiety for her liberation had motived in a great measure the blockade of Ehrenbreitstein, was the first to rush into the chamber of the captive. No living thing stirred there. The boy had died first, for his face was covered, and his limbs composed; and Eveline —if the fair wasted thing which lay beside him might claim that name—had perished in the effort of executing that last duty!

SONGS OF ROBIN HOOD.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

ROBIN HOOD, A CHILD.

It was the pleasant season yet,
When the stones at cottage doors
Dry quickly, while the roads are wet,
After the silver showers.

The green leaves they looked greener still,
And the thrush, renewing his tune,
Shook a loud note from his gladsome bill
Into the bright blue noon.

Robin Hood's mother looked out, and said,
"It were a shame and a sin
For fear of getting a wet head
To keep such a day within,
Nor welcome up from his sick bed
Your uncle Gamelyn."

And Robin leaped, and thought so too;
And so he has grasped her gown;
And now looking back, they have lost the view
Of merry sweet Locksley town.

Robin was a gentle boy,
And therewithal as bold;
To say he was his mother's joy,
It were a phrase too cold.

His hair upon his thoughtful brow
Came smoothly clipped, and sleek,
But ran into a curl somehow
Beside his merrier cheek.

Great love to him his uncle too
The noble Gamelyn bare,
And often said, as his mother knew,
That he should be his heir.

Gamelyn's eyes, now getting dim,
Would twinkle at his sight,
And his ruddy wrinkles laugh at him
Between his locks so white;

For Robin already let him see
He should beat his playmates all
At wrestling, running, and archery;
Yet he cared not for a fall.

Merriest he was of merry boys,
And would set the old helmets bobbing;
If his uncle asked about the noise,
'Twas, "If you please, sir, Robin."

And yet if the old man wished no noise,
He'd come and sit at his knee,
And be the gravest of grave-eyed boys;
And not a word spoke he.

So whenever he and his mother came
To brave old Gamelyn Hall,
'Twas nothing there but sport and game,
And holiday folks all:
The servants never were to blame,
Though they let the physic fall.

And now the travellers turn the road,
And now they hear the rooks;
And there it is—the old abode,
With all its hearty looks.

Robin laughed, and the lady too,
And they looked at one another;
Says Robin, "I'll knock as I'm used to do,
At uncle's window, mother."

And so he picked up some peebles and ran,
And jumping higher and higher,
He reached the windows with *tan a ran tan*,
And instead of the kind old white-haired man,
There looked out a fat friar.

"How now," said the fat friar angrily,
"What is this knocking so wild?"
But when he saw young Robin's eye,
He said, "Go round, my child:

"Go round to the hall, and I'll tell you all:"
He'll tell us all! thought Robin;
And his mother and he went quietly,
Though her heart was set a throbbing.

The friar stood in the inner door,
And tenderly said, "I fear
You know not the good squire's no more,
Even Gamelyn de Vere.

"Gamelyn de Vere is dead,
He changed but yesternight:"
"Now make us way," the lady said,
"To see that doleful sight."

"Good Gamelyn de Vere is dead,
And has made us his holy heirs;"
The lady stayed not for all he said,
But went weeping up the stairs.

Robin and she went hand in hand,
Weeping all the way,
Until they came where the lord of that land
Dumb in his cold bed lay.

His hand she took, and saw his dead look,
With the lids over each eye-ball;
And Robin and she wept as plenteously,
As though he had left them all.

"I will return, Sir Abbot of Vere,
I will return as is meet,
And see my honoured brother dear
Laid in his winding-sheet.

"And I will stay, for to go were a sin,
For all a woman's tears,
And see the noble Gamelyn
Laid low with the De Veres."

The lady went with a sick heart out
Into the kind fresh air,
And told her Robin all about
The abbot whom he saw there:

And how his uncle must have been
Disturbed in his failing sense,
To leave his wealth to these artful men
At hers and Robin's expense.

Sad was the stately day for all
But the Vere Abbey friars,
When the coffin was stript of its hiding pall,
Amidst the hushing choirs.

Sad was the earth-dropping "dust to dust,"
And "our dear brother here departed;"
The lady shook at them, as shake we must;
And Robin he felt strange-hearted.

That self-same evening, nevertheless,
They returned to Locksley town,
The lady in a dumb distress,
And Robin looking down.

They went, and went, and Robin took
Long steps by his mother's side,
Till she asked him with a sad sweet look
What made him so thoughtful-eyed.

"I was thinking, mother," said little Robin,
And with his own voice so true,
He spoke right out, "that if I was a king,
I'd see what those friars do."

His mother stooped with a tear of joy,
And she kissed him again and again,
And said, "My own little Robin boy,
Thou wilt be a King of Men!"

ROBIN HOOD'S FLIGHT.

Robin Hood's mother, these twelve years now,
Has been gone from her earthly home;
And Robin has paid, he scarce knew how,
A sum for a noble tomb.

The church-yard lies on a woody hill,
But open to sun and air;
It seems as if the heavens still
Were looking and smiling there.

Often when Robin looked that way,
He looked through a sweet thin tear,
But he looked in a different manner, they say,
Towards the Abbey of Vere.

He cared not for its ill-got wealth,
He felt not for its pride;
He had youth, and strength, and health,
And enough for one beside.

But he thought of his gentle mother's cheek,
How it had sunk away,
And how she used to grow more weak
And weary every day.

And how when trying a hymn, her voice
At evening would expire,
How unlike it was the arrogant noise
Of the hard throats in the quire.

And Robin thought too of the poor,
How they toiled without their share,
And how the alms at the abbey-door
But kept them as they were:

And he thought him then of the friars again,
Who rode jingling up and down
With their trappings and things as fine as the kings,
Though they wore but a shaven crown.

And then bold Robin he thought of the king,
How he got all his forests and deer,
And how he made the hungry swing
If they killed but one in a year.

And thinking thus, as Robin stood
Digging his bow in the ground,
He was aware in Gamelyn wood
Of one who looked around.

"And what is Will doing," said Robin then,
"That he looks so fearful and wan?"
"Oh my dear master that should have been,
I am a weary man,—

"A weary man," said Will Scarlet, "am I;
For unless I pilfer this wood
To sell to the fleshers, for want I shall die
Here in this forest so good,—

"Here in this forest where I have been,
So happy and so stout,
And like a palfrey on the green
Have carried you about."

"And why, Will Scarlet, not come to me?
Why not to Robin, Will?
For I remember thy love and thy glee,
And the scar that marks thee still.

"And not a soul of my uncle's men
To such a pass should come,
While Robin can find in his pocket or bin
A penny or a crumb.

"Stay thee, Will Scarlet, stay awhile,
And kindle a fire for me;"
And into the wood for half a mile
He has vanished instantly.

Robin Hood with his cheek on fire
Has drawn his bow so stern,
And a leaping deer with one leap higher
Lies motionless in the fern.

Robin, like a proper knight
As he should have been,
Carved a part of the shoulder right,
And bore off a portion clean.

"Oh what hast thou done, dear master mine!
What hast thou done for me?"
"Roast it, Will, for excepting wine
Thou shalt feast thee royally."

And Scarlet took and half-roasted it,
Blubbering with blinding tears,
And ere he had eaten a second bit,
A trampling came to their ears.

They heard the tramp of a horse's feet,
And they listened and kept still,
For Will was feeble and knelt by the meat;
And Robin he stood by Will.

"Seize him, seize him!" the abbot cried,
With his fat voice through the trees;
Robin a smooth arrow felt and eyed,
And Will jumped stout with his knees.

"Seize him, seize him!" and now they appear,
The abbot and foresters three.
"'Twas I," cried Will Scarlet, "that killed the deer."
Says Robin, "Now let not a man come near,
Or he's dead as dead can be."

But on they came, and with an embrace,
The first one the arrow met,
And he came pitching forward and fell on his face
Like a stumbler in the street.

The others turned to that abbot vain,
But "Seize him!" still he cried,
And as the second turned again,
An arrow was in *his* side.

"Seize him, seize him still, I say,"
Cried the abbot in furious chafe,
"Or these dogs will grow so bold some day,
Even priests will not be safe."

A fatal word! for as he sat
Urging the sword to cut,
An arrow stuck in his paunch so fat
As in a leathern butt,
As in a leathern butt of wine;
Or dough, a household lump;
Or a pumpkin, or a good beef chine,
Stuck that arrow with a dump.

"Truly," said Robin without fear,
Smiling there as he stood,
"Never was slain so fat a deer
In good old Gamelyn wood.

"Pardon, pardon, Sir Robin stout,"
Said he that stood apart,
"As soon as I knew thee, I wished thee out
Of the forest with all my heart.

"And I pray thee let me follow thee,
Anywhere under the sky,
For thou wilt never stay here without me,
Nor without thee can I."

Robin smiled, and suddenly fell
Into a little thought;
And then into a leafy dell
The three slain men they brought.

Ankle-deep in leaves so red,
Which autumn there had cast,
When going to her winter-bed
She had undrest her last.

And there in a hollow, side by side,
They buried them under the treen;
The abbot's belly, for all its pride,
Made not the grave be seen.

Robin Hood, and the forester,
And Scarlet the good Will,
Struck off among the green trees there
Up a pathless hill;

And Robin caught a sudden sight
Of merry sweet Locksley town,
Reddening in the sunset bright:
And the gentle tears came down.

Robin looked at the town and land
And the church-yard where it lay;
And poor Will Scarlet kissed his hand,
And turned his head away.

Then Robin turned him with a grasp of Will's,
And clapped him on the shoulder,
And said with one of his pleasant smiles,
"Now show us three men bolder."

And so they took their march away
As firm as if to fiddle,
To journey that night and all next day
With Robin Hood in the middle.

ROBIN HOOD, AN OUTLAW.

Robin Hood is an outlaw bold
  Under the greenwood tree:
Bird, nor stag, nor morning air
  Is more at large than he.

They sent against him twenty men,
  Who joined him laughing-eyed;
They sent against him thirty more,
  And they remained beside.

All the stoutest of the train,
  That grew in Gamelyn wood,
Whether they came with these or not,
  Are now with Robin Hood.

And not a soul in Locksley town
  Would speak him an ill word;
The friars raged; but no man's tongue,
  Nor even feature, stirred:

Except among a very few
  Who dined in the Abbey halls;
And then with a sigh bold Robin knew
  His true friends from his false.

There was Roger the monk, that used to make
  All monkery his glee;
And Midge, on whom Robin had never turn'd
  His face but tenderly:

With one or two, they say, besides,
  Lord! that in this life's dream
Men should abandon one true thing
  That would remain with them.

We cannot bid our strength remain,
  Our cheeks continue round;
We cannot say to an aged back,
  Stoop not towards the ground:

We cannot bid our dim eyes see
  Things as bright as ever;
Nor tell our friends, though friends from youth,
  That they'll forsake us never:

But we can say, I never will,
  Friendship, fall off from thee;
And, oh, sound truth and old regard,
  Nothing shall part us three.

HOW ROBIN AND HIS OUTLAWS LIVED IN THE WOODS.

Robin and his merry men
  Lived just like the birds,
They had almost as many tracks as thoughts,
  And whistles and songs as words.

Up they were with the earliest sign
  Of the sun's up-looking eye;
But not an archer breakfasted
  Till he twinkled from the sky.

All the morning they were wont
  To fly their gray-goose quills
At butts, or wands, or trees, or twigs,
  Till theirs was the skill of skills.

With swords too they played lustily,
  And at quarter-staff;
Many a hit would have made some cry,
  Which only made them laugh.

The horn was then their dinner-bell;
  When like princes of the wood,
Under the glimmering summer trees,
  Pure venison was their food.

Pure venison and a little wine,
  Except when the skies were rough,
Or when they had a feasting day;
  For their blood was wine enough.

And story then, and joke, and song,
  And Harry's harp went round;
And sometimes they'd get up and dance,
  For pleasure of the sound.

Tingle, tangle! said the harp,
  As they footed in and out:
Good lord! it was a sight to see
  Their feathers float about;—

A pleasant sight, especially
  If Margery was there,
Or little Ciss, or laughing Bess,
  Or Moll with the clumps of hair.

Or any other merry lass
  From the neighbouring villages,
Who came with milk and eggs, or fruit,
  A-singing through the trees.

For all the country round about
  Was fond of Robin Hood,
With whom they got a share of more
  Than the acorns in the wood;

Nor ever would he suffer harm
  To woman, above all;
No plunder, were she ne'er so great,
  No fright to great or small;

No,—not a single kiss unliked,
  Nor one look-saddening clip;
Accurst be he, said Robin Hood,
  Makes pale a woman's lip.

Only on the haughty rich,
And on their unjust store,
He'd lay his fines of equity
For his merry men and the poor.

And special was his joy no doubt
(Which made the dish to curse)
To light upon a good fat friar,
And carve him of his purse.

A monk to him was a toad in the hole,
And an abbot a pig in grain,
But a bishop was a baron of beef
With cut and come again.

Never poor man came for help
And went away denied;
Never woman for redress,
And went away wet-eyed.

Says Robin to the poor who came
To ask of him relief,
You do but get your goods again
That were altered by the thief;

There, ploughman, is a sheaf of yours
Turned to yellow gold;
And, miller, there's your last year's rent,
'Twill wrap thee from the cold:

And you there, Wat of Lancashire,
Who such a way have come,
Get upon your land-tax, man,
And ride it merrily home.

THE HOUR IS COME.

The hour is come—too soon it came—
When you and I, fair girl, must sever;
But though as yet be strange thy name,
Thy memory will be loved for ever.
We met as pilgrims on the way,
Thy smiles made bright the gloomiest weather,
Yet who is there can name the day
When we shall meet again together!

Be that as 'twill, if ne'er to meet,
At least we've had one day of gladness;
And oh! a glimpse of joy's more sweet
That it is seen through clouds of sadness.
Thus did the sun—half-hid to-day—
Seem lovelier in its hour of gleaming,
Than had we mark'd its fervid ray
Through one untired day of beaming.

THOMAS ATKINSON.

ETHICAL AND ARTISTIC NOTES.

[John Ruskin, LL.D., born in London, February, 1819. He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, where he gained the Newdigate prize for poetry in 1839. He was appointed Rede Lecturer at Cambridge in 1867, and Slade Professor of Art in the University of Oxford in 1869. In 1871 he gave to the latter university £5000, for the endowment of a mastership of drawing in the Taylor Galleries. As an art critic he has exercised an important influence upon modern art, although many of his opinions have been vigorously opposed. His chief work is *Modern Painters*, the first volume of which appeared in 1843, the fifth and last in 1860. The preface to the last volume explains the delay in the completion of the book, and contains the following characteristic sentences, which give the key-note of all the author's work:—"In the main aim and principle of the book there is no variation from its first syllable to its last. It declares the perfectness and eternal beauty of the Work of God, and tests all work of man by concurrence with, or subjection to, that. And it differs from most books, and has a chance of being in some respects better for the difference, that it has not been written either for fame or for money, or for conscience' sake, but of necessity." In the course of an active and earnest life, Mr. Ruskin has produced numerous works, of which we may note: *The Seven Lamps of Architecture; The Stones of Venice; Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds; Pre-Raphaelitism; The King of the Golden River; Lectures on Architecture and Painting; Giotto and his Works in Padua; The Two Paths*, being Lectures on Art and its Application to Decoration and Manufacture; a series of essays or addresses appearing from time to time under the title of *Fors Clavigera*; &c. &c. A selection from his writings has been published by Smith, Elder, & Co.]

THE SACREDNESS OF HOME.

I cannot but think it an evil sign of a people when their houses are built to last for one generation only. There is a sanctity in a good man's house which cannot be renewed in every tenement that rises on its ruins: and I believe that good men would generally feel this; and that having spent their lives happily and honourably, they would be grieved at the close of them to think that the place of their earthly abode, which had seen, and seemed almost to sympathize in, all their honour, their gladness, or their suffering,—that this, with all the record it bare of them, and all of material things that they had loved and ruled over, and set the stamp of themselves upon—was to be swept away as soon as there was room made for them in the grave; that no respect was to be shown to it, no affection felt for it, no good to be drawn from it by their children; that though there was a monument in the church, there was no warm monument in the hearth and house to them: that all that they ever treasured

was despised, and the places that had sheltered and comforted them were dragged down to the dust. I say that a good man would fear this; and that, far more, a good son, a noble descendant, would fear doing it to his father's house. I say that if men lived like men indeed, their houses would be temples—temples which we should hardly dare to injure, and in which it would make us holy to be permitted to live; and there must be a strange dissolution of natural affection, a strange unthankfulness for all that homes have given and parents taught, a strange consciousness that we have been unfaithful to our father's honour, or that our own lives are not such as would make our dwellings sacred to our children, when each man would fain build to himself, and build for the little revolution of his own life only. And I look upon those pitiful concretions of lime and clay which spring up in mildewed forwardness out of the kneaded fields about our capital—upon those thin, tottering, foundationless shells of splintered wood and imitated stone—upon those gloomy rows of formalized minuteness, alike without difference and without fellowship, as solitary as similar—not merely with the careless disgust of an offended eye, not merely with sorrow for a desecrated landscape, but with a painful foreboding that the roots of our national greatness must be deeply cankered when they are thus loosely struck in their native ground; that those comfortless and unhonoured dwellings are the signs of a great and spreading spirit of popular discontent; that they mark the time when every man's aim is to be in some more elevated sphere than his natural one, and every man's past life is his habitual scorn; when men build in the hope of leaving the places they have built, and live in the hope of forgetting the years that they have lived; when the comfort, the peace, the religion of home have ceased to be felt; and the crowded tenements of a struggling and restless population differ only from the tents of the Arab or the Gipsy by their less healthy openness to the air of heaven, and less happy choice of their spot of earth; by their sacrifice of liberty without the gain of rest, and of stability without the luxury of change.

This is no slight, no consequenceless evil; it is ominous, infectious, and fecund of other fault and misfortune. When men do not love their hearths, nor reverence their thresholds, it is a sign that they have dishonoured both, and that they have never acknowledged the true universality of that Christian worship which was indeed to supersede the idolatry, but not the piety, of the pagan. Our God is a household God, as well as a heavenly one; He has an altar in every man's dwelling; let men look to it when they rend it lightly and pour out its ashes. It is not a question of mere ocular delight, it is no question of intellectual pride, or of cultivated and critical fancy, how and with what aspect of durability and of completeness the domestic buildings of a nation shall be raised. It is one of those moral duties, not with more impunity to be neglected because the perception of them depends on a finely toned and balanced conscientiousness, to build our dwellings with care, and patience, and fondness, and diligent completion, and with a view to their duration at least for such a period as, in the ordinary course of national revolutions, might be supposed likely to extend to the entire alteration of the direction of local interests. This at the least; but it would be better if, in every possible instance, men built their own houses on a scale commensurate rather with their condition at the commencement than their attainments at the termination of their worldly career; and built them to stand as long as human work at its strongest can be hoped to stand; recording to their children what they had been, and from what, if so it had been permitted them, they had risen. And when houses are thus built, we may have that true domestic architecture, the beginning of all other, which does not disdain to treat with respect and thoughtfulness the small habitation as well as the large, and which invests with the dignity of contented manhood the narrowness of worldly circumstance.

I look to this spirit of honourable, proud, peaceful self-possession, this abiding wisdom of contented life, as probably one of the chief sources of great intellectual power in all ages, and beyond dispute as the very primal source of the great architecture of old Italy and France. To this day, the interest of their fairest cities depends, not on the isolated richness of palaces, but on the cherished and exquisite decoration of even the smallest tenements, of their proud periods. The most elaborate piece of architecture in Venice is a small house at the head of the Grand Canal, consisting of a ground-floor with two stories above, three windows in the first and two in the second. Many of the most exquisite buildings are on the narrower canals, and of no larger dimensions. One of the most interesting pieces of fifteenth-century architecture in North Italy is a small house in a back street, behind the market-place of Vicenza. It bears date 1481, and the motto, *Il. n'est. rose. sans. épine;* it has also only a ground-floor and two stories,

with three windows in each, separated by rich flower-work, and with balconies, supported, the central one by an eagle with open wings, the lateral ones by winged griffins standing on cornucopiæ. The idea that a house must be large in order to be well built, is altogether of modern growth, and is parallel with the idea that no picture can be historical except of a size admitting figures larger than life.

I would have, then, our ordinary dwelling-houses built to last, and built to be lovely: as rich and full of pleasantness as may be, within and without; with what degree of likeness to each other in style and manner I will say under another head; but, at all events, with such differences as might suit and express each man's character and occupation, and partly his history. This right over the house, I conceive, belongs to its first builder, and is to be respected by his children; and it would be well that blank stones should be left in places, to be inscribed with a summary of his life and of its experience, raising thus the habitation into a kind of monument, and developing, into more systematic instructiveness, that good custom which was of old universal, and which still remains among some of the Swiss and Germans, of acknowledging the grace of God's permission to build and possess a quiet resting-place.—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

PASTORAL POETRY.

Exactly as hoops, and starch, and false hair, and all that in mind and heart these things typify and betray, as these, I say, gained upon men, there was a necessary reaction in favour of the *natural*. Men had never lived so utterly in defiance of the laws of nature before; but they could not do this without feeling a strange charm in that which they defied; and, accordingly, we find this reactionary sentiment expressing itself in a base school of what was called *pastoral* poetry; that is to say, poetry written in praise of the country, by men who lived in coffee-houses and on the Mall. The essence of pastoral poetry is the sense of strange delightfulness in grass which is occasionally felt by a man who has seldom set his foot on it; it is essentially the poetry of the cockney, and for the most part corresponds in its aim and rank, as compared with other literature, to the porcelain shepherds and shepherdesses on a chimney-piece, as compared with great works of sculpture.

Of course, all good poetry descriptive of rural life is essentially pastoral, or has the effect of the pastoral on the minds of men living in cities; but the class of poetry which I mean, and which you probably understand, by the term pastoral, is that in which a farmer's girl is spoken of as a "nymph," and a farmer's boy as a "swain," and in which, throughout, a ridiculous and unnatural refinement is supposed to exist in rural life, merely because the poet himself has neither had the courage to endure its hardships, nor the wit to conceive its realities. If you examine the literature of the 17th and 18th centuries, you will find that nearly all its expressions having reference to the country show something of this kind; either a foolish sentimentality or a morbid fear, both of course coupled with the most curious ignorance. You will find all its descriptive expressions at once vague and monotonous. Brooks are always "purling;" birds always "warbling;" mountains always "lift their horrid peaks above the clouds;" vales always "are lost in the shadow of gloomy woods;" a few more distinct ideas about hay-making and curds and cream, acquired in the neighbourhood of Richmond Bridge, serving to give an occasional appearance of freshness to the catalogue of the sublime and beautiful which descended from poet to poet; while a few true pieces of pastoral, like the *Vicar of Wakefield* and Walton's *Angler*, relieved the general waste of dulness. Even in these better productions nothing is more remarkable than the general conception of the country merely as a series of green fields, and the combined ignorance and dread of more sublime scenery, of which the mysteries and dangers were enhanced by the difficulties of travelling at the period. Thus in Walton's *Angler* you have a meeting of two friends, one a Derbyshire man, the other a lowland traveller, who is as much alarmed, and uses nearly as many expressions of astonishment, at having to go down a steep hill and ford a brook, as a traveller uses now at crossing the glacier of the Col de Géant. I am not sure whether the difficulties which, until late years, have lain in the way of peaceful and convenient travelling, ought not to have great weight assigned to them among the other causes of the temper of the century; but be that as it may, if you will examine the whole range of its literature—keeping this point in view—I am well persuaded that you will be struck most forcibly by the strange deadness to the higher sources of landscape sublimity which is mingled with the morbid pastoralism. The love of fresh air and green grass forced itself upon the animal natures of men; but that of the sublimer features of scenery had no

place in minds whose chief powers had been repressed by the formalisms of the age. And although in the second-rate writers continually, and in the first-rate ones occasionally, you find an affectation of interest in mountains, clouds, and forests, yet whenever they write from their heart you will find an utter absence of feeling respecting anything beyond gardens and grass. Examine, for instance, the novels of Smollett, Fielding, and Sterne, the comedies of Molière, and the writings of Johnson and Addison, and I do not think you will find a single expression of true delight in sublime nature in any one of them. Perhaps Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, in its total absence of sentiment on any subject but humanity, and its entire want of notice of anything at Geneva which might not as well have been seen at Coxwold, is the most striking instance I could give you; and if you compare with this negation of feeling on one side, the interludes of Molière, in which shepherds and shepherdesses are introduced in court-dress, you will have a very accurate conception of the general spirit of the age.

It was in such a state of society that the landscape of Claude, Gaspar Poussin, and Salvator Rosa attained its reputation. It is the complete expression on canvas of the spirit of the time. Claude embodies the foolish pastoralism, Salvator the ignorant terror, and Gaspar the dull and affected erudition.—*Lectures on Architecture and Painting.*

ROMANCE.

The real and proper use of the word romantic is simply to characterize an improbable or unaccustomed degree of beauty, sublimity, or virtue. For instance, in matters of history, is not the Retreat of the Ten Thousand romantic? Is not the death of Leonidas? of the Horatii? On the other hand, you find nothing romantic, though much that is monstrous, in the excesses of Tiberius or Commodus. So again, the battle of Agincourt is romantic, and of Bannockburn, simply because there was an extraordinary display of human virtue in both those battles. But there is no romance in the battles of the last Italian campaign, in which mere feebleness and distrust were on one side, mere physical force on the other. And even in fiction, the opponents of virtue, in order to be romantic, must have sublimity mingled with their vice. It is not the knave, not the ruffian, that are romantic, but the giant and the dragon; and these, not because they are false, but because they are majestic. So again as to beauty. You feel that armour is romantic, because it is a beautiful dress, and you are not used to it. You do not feel there is anything romantic in the paint and shells of a Sandwich Islander, for these are not beautiful.

So, then, observe, this feeling which you are accustomed to despise—this secret and poetical enthusiasm in all your hearts, which, as practical men, you try to restrain—is indeed one of the holiest parts of your being, It is the instinctive delight in, and admiration for, sublimity, beauty, and virtue, unusually manifested. And so far from being a dangerous guide, it is the truest part of your being. It is even truer than your consciences. A man's conscience may be utterly perverted and led astray; but so long as the feelings of romance endure within us, they are unerring,—they are as true to what is right and lovely as the needle to the north; and all that you have to do is to add to the enthusiastic sentiment, the majestic judgment—to mingle prudence and foresight with imagination and admiration, and you have the perfect human soul. But the great evil of these days is that we try to destroy the romantic feeling, instead of bridling and directing it. Mark what Young says of the men of the world—

> "They, who think nought so strong of the romance,
> So rank knight-errant, as a real friend."

And they are right. True friendship is romantic, to the men of the world—true affection is romantic—true religion is romantic.—*Lectures on Architecture and Sculpture.*

THE LOVER'S IDEAL.

If I freely may discover
What would please me in my lover,
I would have her fair and witty,
Savouring more of court than city;
A little proud, but full of pity;
Light and humorous in her toying;
Oft building hopes, and soon destroying;
Long, but sweet in the enjoying;
Neither too easy nor too hard,
All extremes I would have barred.

She should be allowed her passions,
So they were but used as fashions;
Sometimes froward, and then frowning,
Sometimes sickish, and then swooning,
Every fit with change still crowning.
Purely jealous I would have her,
Then only constant when I crave her;
'Tis a virtue should not save her.
Thus, nor her delicates would cloy me,
Nor her peevishness annoy me.

BEN JONSON (1601).

SAPPHO.

Look on this brow!—the laurel wreath
Beam'd on it, like a wreath of fire;
For passion gave the living breath,
That shook the chords of Sappho's lyre!

Look on this brow!—the lowest slave,
The veriest wretch of want and care,
Might shudder at the lot that gave
Her genius, glory, and despair.

For, from these lips were utter'd sighs,
That, more than fever, scorch'd the frame;
And tears were rain'd from these bright eyes,
That from the heart, like life-blood, came.

She loved—she felt the lightning-gleam,
That keenest strikes the loftiest mind;
Life quenched in one ecstatic dream,
The world a waste before—behind.

And she had hope, the treacherous hope,
The last, deep poison of the bowl,
That makes us drain it, drop by drop,
Nor lose one misery of soul.

Then all gave way—mind, passion, pride!
She cast one weeping glance above,
And buried in her bed, the tide,
The whole concentred strife of Love!

REV. GEORGE CROLY.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

Child, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze of eve,
Called thy harvest work to leave,—
Pray! ere yet the dark hours be:
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of voice from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea,—
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Warrior, that from battle won,
Breathest now at set of sun;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain,
Weeping on his burial plain:
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,—
Heaven's first star alike ye see,
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

MRS. HEMANS.

MRS. MALAPROP.

BY R. BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

CHARACTERS.

MRS. MALAPROP.

LYDIA LANGUISH, *her ward, a sentimental girl, too fond of romances.*

SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE, *his son, who, under the name of* BEVERLEY, *has won* LYDIA'S *affections.*

SCENE: *A Room in* MRS. MALAPROP'S *Lodgings at Bath.* LYDIA, MRS. MALAPROP, *and* SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.

Mrs. Mal. There, Sir Anthony, there sits the deliberate simpleton who wants to disgrace her family, and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling.

Lyd. Madam, I thought you once——

Mrs. Mal. You thought, miss! I don't know any business you have to think at all—thought does not become a young woman. But the point we would request of you is, that you will promise to forget this fellow—to illiterate him, I say, quite from your memory.

Lyd. Ah, madam! our memories are independent of our wills. It is not so easy to forget.

Mrs. Mal. But I say it is, miss; there is nothing on earth so easy as to forget, if a person chooses to set about it. I'm sure I have as much forgot your poor dear uncle as if he had never existed—and I thought it my duty so to do; and let me tell you, Lydia, these violent memories don't become a young woman.

Sir Anth. Why, sure she won't pretend to remember what she's ordered not!—ay, this comes of her reading.

Lyd. What crime, madam, have I committed, to be treated thus?

Mrs. Mal. Now don't attempt to extirpate yourself from the matter; you know I have proof controvertible of it.—But tell me, will you promise to do as you're bid? Will you take a husband of your friends' choosing?

Lyd. Madam, I must tell you plainly, that had I no preference for any one else, the choice you have made would be my aversion.

Mrs. Mal. What business have you, miss, with preference and aversion? They don't become a young woman; and you ought to know, that as both always wear off, 'tis safest in matrimony to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle before marriage as if he'd been a blackamoor—and yet, miss, you are sensible what a wife I made!—and when it pleased Heaven to release me from him, 'tis unknown what tears I shed!—But

suppose we were going to give you another choice, will you promise us to give up this Beverley?

Lyd. Could I belie my thoughts so far as to give that promise, my actions would certainly as far belie my words.

Mrs. Mal. Take yourself to your room.—You are fit company for nothing but your own ill-humours.

Lyd. Willingly, ma'am—I cannot change for the worse. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Mal. There's a little intricate hussy for you.

Sir Anth. It is not to be wondered at, ma'am,—all this is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read. Had I a thousand daughters, by Heaven! I'd as soon have them taught the black art as their alphabet!

Mrs. Mal. Nay, nay, Sir Anthony, you are an absolute misanthropy.

Sir Anth. In my way hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library!—She had a book in each hand—they were half-bound volumes, with marble covers!—From that moment I guessed how full of duty I should see her mistress!

Mrs. Mal. Those are vile places, indeed!

Sir Anth. Madam, a circulating library in a town is as an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge! It blossoms through the year!—And depend on it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves, will long for the fruit at last.

Mrs. Mal. Fy, fy, Sir Anthony, you surely speak laconically.

Sir Anth. Why, Mrs. Malaprop, in moderation now, what would you have a woman know?

Mrs. Mal. Observe me, Sir Anthony. I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman; for instance, I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or algebra, or simony, or fluxions, or paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning—neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments.—But, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding-school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts;—and as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries;—but, above all, Sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not misspell and mispronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do: and likewise that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know;—and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

Sir Anth. Well, well, Mrs. Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you; though I must confess, that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say is on my side of the question. But, Mrs. Malaprop, to the more important point in debate—you say you have no objection to my proposal?

Mrs. Mal. None, I assure you. I am under no positive engagement with Mr. Acres, and as Lydia is so obstinate against him, perhaps your son may have better success.

Sir Anth. Well, madam, I will write for the boy directly. He knows not a syllable of this yet, though I have for some time had the proposal in my head. He is at present with his regiment.

Mrs. Mal. We have never seen your son, Sir Anthony; but I hope no objection on his side.

Sir Anth. Objection!—let him object if he dare!—No, no, Mrs. Malaprop, Jack knows that the least demur puts me in a frenzy directly. My process was always very simple—in their younger days, 'twas "Jack, do this;"—if he demurred, I knocked him down—and if he grumbled at that, I always sent him out of the room.

Mrs. Mal. Ay, and the properest way, o' my conscience!—nothing is so conciliating to young people, as severity.—Well, Sir Anthony, I shall give Mr. Acres his discharge, and prepare Lydia to receive your son's invocations;—and I hope you will represent her to the captain as an object not altogether illegible.

Sir Anth. Madam, I will handle the subject prudently.—Well, I must leave you; and let me beg you, Mrs. Malaprop, to enforce this matter roundly to the girl.—Take my advice—keep a tight hand: if she rejects this proposal, clap her under lock and key; and if you were just to let the servants forget to bring her dinner for three or four days, you can't conceive how she'd come about.

. . . . . .

SCENE AS BEFORE.

MRS. MALAPROP, *with a letter in her hand, and* CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Mrs. Mal. Your being Sir Anthony's son, captain, would itself be a sufficient accommodation; but from the ingenuity of your appearance, I am convinced you deserve the character here given of you.

Abs. Permit me to say, madam, that as I never yet have had the pleasure of seeing Miss

Languish, my principal inducement in this affair at present, is the honour of being allied to Mrs. Malaprop; of whose intellectual accomplishments, elegant manners, and unaffected learning, no tongue is silent.

Mrs. Mal. Sir, you do me infinite honour! I beg, captain, you'll be seated.—[*They sit.*] Ah! few gentlemen, now-a-days, know how to value the ineffectual qualities in a woman! few think how a little knowledge becomes a gentlewoman!—Men have no sense now but for the worthless flower of beauty!

Abs. It is but too true, indeed, ma'am;—yet I fear our ladies should share the blame—they think our admiration of beauty so great, that knowledge in them would be superfluous. Thus, like garden-trees, they seldom show fruit, till time has robbed them of the more specious blossom.—Few, like Mrs. Malaprop and the orange-tree, are rich in both at once!

Mrs. Mal. Sir, you overpower me with good breeding.—He is the very pine-apple of politeness! [*Aside.*]—You are not ignorant, captain, that this giddy girl has somehow contrived to fix her affections on a beggarly, strolling, eavesdropping ensign, whom none of us have seen, and nobody knows anything of.

Abs. Oh, I have heard the silly affair before.—I'm not at all prejudiced against her on that account.

Mrs. Mal. You are very good and very considerate, captain. I am sure I have done everything in my power since I exploded the affair; long ago I laid my positive conjunctions on her, never to think on the fellow again;—I have since laid Sir Anthony's preposition before her; but, I am sorry to say, she seems resolved to decline every particle that I enjoin her.

Abs. It must be very distressing, indeed, ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. Oh! it gives me the hydrostatics to such a degree.—I thought she had persisted from corresponding with him; but, behold this very day, I have interceded another letter from the fellow; I believe I have it in my pocket.

Abs. Oh, the devil! my last note. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Mal. Ay, here it is.

Abs. Ay, my note indeed! O the little traitress Lucy. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Mal. There, perhaps you may know the writing. [*Gives him the letter.*

Abs. I think I have seen the hand before—yes, I certainly must have seen this hand before—

Mrs. Mal. Nay, but read it, captain.

Abs. [Reads.] *My soul's idol, my adored Lydia!*—Very tender indeed!

Mrs. Mal. Tender! ay, and profane too, o' my conscience.

Abs. [Reads.] *I am excessively alarmed at the intelligence you send me, the more so as my new rival*——

Mrs. Mal. That's you, sir.

Abs. [Reads.] *Has universally the character of being an accomplished gentleman, and a man of honour.*—Well, that's handsome enough.

Mrs. Mal. Oh, the fellow has some design in writing so.

Abs. That he had, I'll answer for him, ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. But go on, sir—you'll see presently.

Abs. [Reads.] *As for the old weather-beaten she-dragon who guards you*—Who can he mean by that?

Mrs. Mal. Me, sir!—me!—he means me!—There—what do you think now?—but go on a little further.

Abs. Impudent scoundrel!—[Reads.] *it shall go hard but I will elude her vigilance, as I am told that the same ridiculous vanity which makes her dress up her coarse features, and deck her dull chat with hard words which she don't understand*——

Mrs. Mal. There, sir, an attack upon my language! what do you think of that?—an aspersion upon my parts of speech! was ever such a brute! Sure, if I reprehend anything in this world, it is the use of my oracular tongue, and a nice derangement of epitaphs.

Abs. He deserves to be hanged and quartered! let me see—[Reads.] *same ridiculous vanity*——

Mrs. Mal. You need not read it again, sir.

Abs. I beg pardon, ma'am.—[Reads.] *does also lay her open to the grossest deceptions from flattery and pretended admiration*—an impudent coxcomb!—*so that I have a scheme to see you shortly with the old harridan's consent, and even to make her a go-between in our interview.*—Was ever such assurance!

Mrs. Mal. Did you ever hear anything like it?—he'll elude my vigilance, will he—yes, yes! ha! ha! he's very likely to enter these doors;—we'll try who can plot best!

Abs. So we will, ma'am—so we will! Ha! ha! ha! a conceited puppy, ha! ha! ha!—Well, but Mrs. Malaprop, as the girl seems so infatuated by this fellow, suppose you were to wink at her corresponding with him for a little time—let her even plot an elopement with him—then do you connive at her escape—while I, just in the nick, will have the fellow laid by the heels, and fairly contrive to carry her off in his stead.

Mrs. Mal. I am delighted with the scheme; never was anything better perpetrated!

Abs. But, pray, could not I see the lady for a few minutes now?—I should like to try her temper a little.

Mrs. Mal. Why, I don't know—I doubt she is not prepared for a visit of this kind. There is a decorum in these matters.

Abs. O Lord! she won't mind me—only tell her Beverley——

Mrs. Mal. Sir!

Abs. Gently, good tongue. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Mal. What did you say of Beverley?

Abs. Oh, I was going to propose that you should tell her, by way of jest, that it was Beverley who was below; she'd come down fast enough then—ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Mal. 'Twould be a trick she well deserves; besides you know the fellow tells her he'll get my consent to see her—ha! ha! Let him if he can, I say again. Lydia, come down here!—[*Calling.*] He'll make me a go-between in their interviews!—ha! ha! ha! Come down, I say, Lydia! I don't wonder at your laughing, ha! ha! ha! his impudence is truly ridiculous.

Abs. 'Tis very ridiculous, upon my soul, ma'am, ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Mal. The little hussy won't hear. Well, I'll go and tell her at once who it is—she shall know that Captain Absolute is come to wait on her. And I'll make her behave as becomes a young woman.

Abs. As you please, ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. For the present, captain, your servant. Ah! you've not done laughing yet, I see—elude my vigilance; yes, yes; ha! ha! ha! [*Exit.*

Abs. Ha! ha! ha! one would think now that I might throw off all disguise at once, and seize my prize with security; but such is Lydia's caprice, that to undeceive were probably to lose her. I'll see whether she knows me.

[*Walks aside, and seems engaged in looking at the pictures.*

Enter LYDIA.

Lyd. What a scene am I now to go through! surely nothing can be more dreadful than to be obliged to listen to the loathsome addresses of a stranger to one's heart. I have heard of girls persecuted as I am, who have appealed in behalf of their favoured lover to the generosity of his rival; suppose I were to try it—there stands the hated rival—an officer too!—but oh, how unlike my Beverley! I wonder he don't begin—truly he seems a very negligent wooer!—quite at his ease, upon my word!—I'll speak first—Mr. Absolute.

Abs. Ma'am. [*Turns round.*

Lyd. O Heavens! Beverley!

Abs. Hush! hush, my life! softly! be not surprised!

Lyd. I am so astonished! and so terrified! and so overjoyed!—for Heaven's sake! how came you here?

Abs. Briefly, I have deceived your aunt—I was informed that my new rival was to visit here this evening, and contriving to have him kept away, have passed myself on her for Captain Absolute.

Lyd. O charming! And she really takes you for young Absolute?

Abs. Oh, she's convinced of it.

Lyd. Ha! ha! ha! I can't forbear laughing to think how her sagacity is overreached.

Abs. But we trifle with our precious moments—such another opportunity may not occur; then let me now conjure my kind, my condescending angel, to fix the time when I may rescue her from undeserving persecution, and with a licensed warmth plead for my reward.

Lyd. Will you then, Beverley, consent to forfeit that portion of my paltry wealth?—that burden on the wings of love?

Abs. Oh, come to me—rich only thus—in loveliness! Bring no portion to me but thy love—'twill be generous in you, Lydia—for well you know, it is the only dower your poor Beverley can repay.

Lyd. How persuasive are his words!—how charming will poverty be with him! [*Aside.*

Abs. Ah! my soul, what a life will we then live! Love shall be our idol and support! we will worship him with a monastic strictness; abjuring all worldly toys, to centre every thought and action there. Proud of calamity, we will enjoy the wreck of wealth; while the surrounding gloom of adversity shall make the flame of our pure love show doubly bright. By Heavens! I would fling all goods of fortune from me with a prodigal hand, to enjoy the scene where I might clasp my Lydia to my bosom, and say, the world affords no smile to me but here—[*Embracing her.*] If she holds out now, the devil is in it! [*Aside.*

Lyd. Now could I fly with him to the antipodes! but my persecution is not yet come to a crisis. [*Aside.*

Re-enter MRS. MALAPROP, *listening.*

Mrs. Mal. I am impatient to know how the little hussy deports herself. [*Aside.*

Abs. So pensive, Lydia!—is then your warmth abated?

Mrs. Mal. Warmth abated!—so!—she has been in a passion, I suppose. [*Aside.*

Lyd. No—nor ever can while I have life.

Mrs. Mal. An ill-tempered little devil! She'll be in a passion all her life—will she? [*Aside.*

Lyd. Think not the idle threats of my ridiculous aunt can ever have any weight with me.

Mrs. Mal. Very dutiful, upon my word! [*Aside.*

Lyd. Let her choice be Captain Absolute, but Beverley is mine.

Mrs. Mal. I am astonished at her assurance!—to his face—this is to his face! [*Aside.*

Abs. Thus then let me enforce my suit. [*Kneeling.*

Mrs. Mal. [*Aside.*] Ay, poor young man! —down on his knees entreating for pity!—I can contain no longer.—[*Coming forward.*] Why, thou vixen!—I have overheard you.

Abs. Oh, confound her vigilance. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Mal. Captain Absolute, I know not how to apologize for her shocking rudeness.

Abs. [*Aside.*] So all's safe, I find.—[*Aloud.*] I have hopes, madam, that time will bring the young lady——

Mrs. Mal. Oh, there's nothing to be hoped for from her! she's as headstrong as an allegory on the banks of Nile.

Lyd. Nay, madam, what do you charge me with now?

Mrs. Mal. Why, thou unblushing rebel—didn't you tell this gentleman to his face that you loved another better?—didn't you say you never would be his?

Lyd. No, madam—I did not.

Mrs. Mal. Good Heavens! what assurance! —Lydia, Lydia, you ought to know that lying don't become a young woman!—Didn't you boast that Beverley, that stroller Beverley, possessed your heart?—Tell me that, I say.

Lyd. 'Tis true, ma'am, and none but Beverley——

Mrs. Mal. Hold!—hold, Assurance!—you shall not be so rude.

Abs. Nay, pray, Mrs. Malaprop, don't stop the young lady's speech: she's very welcome to talk thus—it does not hurt me in the least, I assure you.

Mrs. Mal. You are too good, captain—too amiably patient—but come with me, miss.—Let us see you again, soon, captain—remember what we have fixed.

Abs. I shall, ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. Come, take a graceful leave of the gentleman.

Lyd. May every blessing wait on my Beverley, my loved Bev——

Mrs. Mal. Hussy! I'll choke the word in your throat!—come along—come along.

[*Exeunt severally;* CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE *kissing his hand to* LYDIA—MRS. MALAPROP *stopping her from speaking.*

. . . . . .

SCENE AS BEFORE.

MRS. MALAPROP *and* LYDIA.

Mrs. Mal. Why, thou perverse one!—tell me what you can object to him? Isn't he a handsome man?—tell me that. A genteel man? a pretty figure of a man?

Lyd. [*Aside.*] She little thinks whom she is praising!—[*Aloud.*] So is Beverley, ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. No caparisons, miss, if you please. Caparisons don't become a young woman. No! Captain Absolute is indeed a fine gentleman!

Lyd. Ay, the Captain Absolute you have seen. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Mal. Then he's so well bred;—so full of alacrity, and adulation!—and has so much to say for himself:—in such good language too! His physiognomy so grammatical! Then his presence is so noble! I protest, when I saw him, I thought of what Hamlet says in the play:—

"Hesperian curls—the front of Job himself!—
An eye, like March, to threaten at command!—
A station, like Harry Mercury, new—"

Something about kissing—on a hill—however, the similitude struck me directly.

Lyd. How enraged she'll be presently, when she discovers her mistake! [*Aside.*

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Sir Anthony and Captain Absolute are below, ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. Show them up here.—[*Exit* SERVANT.] Now, Lydia, I insist on your behaving as becomes a young woman. Show your good breeding, at least, though you have forgot your duty.

Lyd. Madam, I have told you my resolution! —I shall not only give him no encouragement, but I won't even speak to, or look at him.

[*Flings herself into a chair, with her face from the door.*

Enter SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE *and* CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Sir Anth. Here we are, Mrs. Malaprop; come to mitigate the frowns of unrelenting beauty,—and difficulty enough I had to bring this fellow.—I don't know what's the matter; but if I had not held him by force, he'd have given me the slip.

Mrs. Mal. You have infinite trouble, Sir Anthony, in the affair. I am ashamed for the cause!—[*Aside to* LYDIA.] Lydia, Lydia, rise, I beseech you!—pay your respects!

Sir Anth. I hope, madam, that Miss

Languish has reflected on the worth of this gentleman, and the regard due to her aunt's choice, and my alliance.—[*Aside to* CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.] Now, Jack, speak to her.

Abs. [*Aside.*] What the devil shall I do!—[*Aside to* SIR ANTHONY.] You see, sir, she won't even look at me whilst you are here. I knew she wouldn't! I told you so. Let me entreat you, sir, to leave us together!

[*Seems to expostulate with his father.*

Lyd. [*Aside.*] I wonder I ha'n't heard my aunt exclaim yet! sure she can't have looked at him!—perhaps their regimentals are alike, and she is something blind.

Sir Anth. I say, sir, I won't stir a foot yet!

Mrs. Mal. I am sorry to say, Sir Anthony, that my affluence over my niece is very small.—[*Aside to* LYDIA.] Turn round, Lydia: I blush for you!

Sir Anth. May I not flatter myself, that Miss Languish will assign what cause of dislike she can have to my son!—[*Aside to* CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.] Why don't you begin, Jack?—Speak, you puppy—speak!

Mrs. Mal. It is impossible, Sir Anthony, she can have any. She will not say she has.—[*Aside to* LYDIA.] Answer, hussy! why don't you answer?

Sir Anth. Then, madam, I trust that a childish and hasty predilection will be no bar to Jack's happiness.—[*Aside to* CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.] Zounds! sirrah! why don't you speak?

Lyd. [*Aside.*] I think my lover seems as little inclined to conversation as myself.—How strangely blind my aunt must be!

Abs. Hem! hem! madam—hem!—[*Attempts to speak, then returns to* SIR ANTHONY.] Faith! sir, I am so confounded!—and—so—so—confused!—I told you I should be so, sir—I knew it.—The—the—tremor of my passion entirely takes away my presence of mind.

Sir Anth. But it don't take away your voice, fool, does it?—Go up, and speak to her directly!

[CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE *makes signs to* MRS. MALAPROP *to leave them together.*

Mrs. Mal. Sir Anthony, shall we leave them together?—[*Aside to* LYDIA.] Ah! you stubborn little vixen!

Sir Anth. Not yet, ma'am, not yet!—[*Aside to* CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.] What the devil are you at? unlock your jaws, sirrah, or——

Abs. [*Aside.*] Now Heaven send she may be too sullen to look round!—I must disguise my voice.—[*Draws near* LYDIA, *and speaks in a low hoarse tone.*] Will not Miss Languish lend an ear to the mild accents of true love? Will not——

Sir Anth. What the devil ails the fellow? Why don't you speak out?—not stand croaking like a frog in a quinsy!

Abs. The—the—excess of my awe, and—my—my—my modesty, quite choke me!

Sir Anth. Ah! your modesty again!—I'll tell you what, Jack; if you don't speak out directly, and glibly too, I shall be in such a rage!—Mrs. Malaprop, I wish the lady would favour us with something more than a side-front.

[MRS. MALAPROP *seems to chide* LYDIA.

Abs. [*Aside.*] So all will out, I see!—[*Goes up to* LYDIA, *speaks softly.*] Be not surprised, my Lydia, suppress all surprise at present.

Lyd. [*Aside.*] Heavens! 'tis Beverley's voice! Sure he can't have imposed on Sir Anthony too?—[*Looks round by degrees, then starts up.*] Is this possible!—my Beverley!—how can this be?—my Beverley?

Abs. Ah! 'tis all over. [*Aside.*

Sir Anth. Beverley!—the devil!—Beverley!—What can the girl mean?—This is my son, Jack Absolute.

Mrs. Mal. For shame, hussy! for shame! your head runs so on that fellow, that you have him always in your eyes!—beg Captain Absolute's pardon directly.

Lyd. I see no Captain Absolute, but my loved Beverley!

Sir Anth. Zounds! the girl's mad!—her brain's turned by reading.

Mrs. Mal. O' my conscience, I believe so!—What do you mean by Beverley, hussy?—You saw Captain Absolute before to-day; there he is—your husband that shall be.

Lyd. With all my soul, ma'am—when I refuse my Beverley——

Sir Anth. Oh! she's as mad as Bedlam!—or has this fellow been playing us a rogue's trick!—Come here, sirrah, who the devil are you?

Abs. Faith, sir, I am not quite clear myself; but I'll endeavour to recollect.

Sir Anth. Are you my son or not?—answer for your mother, you dog, if you won't for me.

Mrs. Mal. Ay, sir, who are you? O mercy! I begin to suspect!—

Abs. [*Aside.*] Ye powers of impudence, befriend me!—[*Aloud.*] Sir Anthony, most assuredly I am your wife's son, and that I sincerely believe myself to be yours also, I hope my duty has always shown.—Mrs. Malaprop, I am your most respectful admirer, and shall be proud to add affectionate nephew.—I need not tell my Lydia that she sees her faithful Beverley, who, knowing the singular generosity of her temper, assumed that name and station, which has proved a test of the most disinterested

love, which he now hopes to enjoy in a more elevated character.

Lyd. So!—there will be no elopement after all!

Mrs. Mal. O Lud! Sir Anthony!—a new light breaks in upon me!—hey!—how! what! captain, did you write the letters then?—What—am I to thank you for the elegant compilation of *an old weather-beaten she-dragon*—hey!—O mercy!—was it you that reflected on my parts of speech?

Abs. Dear sir! my modesty will be overpowered at last, if you don't assist me—I shall certainly not be able to stand it!

Sir Anth. Come, come, Mrs. Malaprop, we must forget and forgive;—odds life! matters have taken so clever a turn all of a sudden, that I could find in my heart to be so good-humoured! and so gallant! hey! Mrs. Malaprop!

Mrs. Mal. Well, Sir Anthony, since you desire it, we will not anticipate the past!—so mind, young people—our retrospection will be all to the future.

From the Rivals, a Comedy.

ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

Higher, higher will we climb
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live througn time
In our country's story;
Happy, when our welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper let us toil
In the mines of knowledge;
Nature's wealth, and learning's spoil,
Win from school or college;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward may we press
Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty.
Minds are of celestial birth,
Make we then a heaven on earth.

Closer, closer let us knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside comforts sit,
In the wildest weather:
Oh! they wander wide who roam
For the joys of life from home.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

[Thomas Gray, born in Cornhill, London, 26th December, 1716; died 30th July, 1771. Educated at Eton and at Cambridge. In 1757 he declined the office of poet-laureate, which had become vacant by the death of Cibber. He resided in Cambridge during the greater part of his life, and in 1768 he was appointed professor of modern history in the University there. His most popular poems are the odes *On a Distant Prospect of Eton College*, and *To Spring*, the *Hymn to Adversity*, and *The Elegy*. Of the latter Beattie wrote:—"It is a poem which is universally understood and admired, not only for its poetical beauties, but also, and perhaps chiefly, for its expressing sentiments in which every man thinks himself interested, and which at certain times are familiar to all men." Byron said: "Gray's elegy pleased instantly and eternally." The MS. of this poem was sold in 1845 for £100.]

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The peeling anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,—
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
Another came—nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

"The next, with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne:—
Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to mis'ry (all he had) a tear,
He gain'd from heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THE BEGGAR'S MARRIAGE GIFT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF F. KIND.

Otto von D—, after an absence of several years, two of which he had spent in the luxurious capital of France, was recalled to his native Germany by the unexpected death of his father. He found the family estate involved in difficulties, chiefly occasioned by extravagance and mismanagement, which would have appeared inextricable to a mind possessing less energy than his own; but by at once adopting a system of curtailment and method he soon succeeded in bringing matters into such a train, as not only enabled him to discharge the accumulated arrears of interest, but also gradually to reduce the principal debt with which his property had been improvidently burdened.

It was not until his mind was relieved of this first care, and he could uninterruptedly form his plans for the future, that Otto thought of choosing a companion who might share with him the sweets of life, and assist him in combating its toils. He had left Adelaide, the youngest daughter of his neighbour Von Z—, an interesting girl of fourteen; on his return he found her blooming in all the charms of youthful innocence; and he was not slow in observing, as well in the hearty welcome of her parents, as in the tell-tale blush of the maiden herself, that his addresses would not be unacceptable. He therefore embraced an early opportunity to declare his sentiments; and, after the preliminaries usual on such occasions, the happy day was fixed, arrived, and was observed with all those ceremonies which the country people in some parts of Germany still religiously keep up, according to the good old custom of their forefathers.

First came the wedding guests, conducting the bride, modestly clad in white, with a veil covering her face, and who were met on the lawn by the peasantry, preceded by the village musicians. The married women brought their offering of a cradle and fine baby linen, spun by themselves; the lads presented a handsome plough and harness; the maidens a snow-white lamb; and the children doves and flowers. Adelaide gave her hand to all in silence; Otto spoke few, but impressive words, and on concluding, invited the whole party, in the name of the bride's father, to a collation and dance on the green, for which preparations had already been made.

The lamps were now lighted up, and fiddle and pipe were sounding merrily under the sweet-scented linden-trees, when a foreign livery-servant, whose coat was rather the worse for wear, made his appearance on the dancing place. His singular tones and strange gesticulations soon collected around him a troop of laughing villagers; but it was not without considerable difficulty gathered from the broken German of the orator (whose hands and feet were equally eloquent with his tongue), that his master's carriage had been overturned in the neighbourhood, and that a wheel was broken to pieces, which he was anxious to have put to rights, in order that he might prosecute his journey.

"Who talks of mending wheels, or going further to-day?" hiccupped the bride's father, whose satisfaction at his daughter's good fortune had displayed itself at table in copious libations. "To-day," added he, patting his ample sides, "let all wheels go in shivers; no man shall pass this house to-day; you may tell your master so; but stay, you may as well take me to him." So saying, and attended by a crowd of followers, he proceeded to the highway, where they soon perceived a small wax-cloth-covered carriage lying upset on the road, one of its hinder-wheels being as effectually demolished as if an axe had been used in the operation. A tall thin figure, dressed in a plain blue frock-coat, having his right arm in a sling, a patch over his left eye, and whose woebegone looks imparted to his general appearance no distant resemblance to the knight of the rueful countenance, stood near the vehicle, holding a jaded rosinante by the bridle. No sooner did he perceive the party approaching than, hastening towards them, he addressed their leader in French, with much politeness of manner and fluency of utterance. Unfortunately, however, old Z—'s court language had lain too long rusty, and the state of his ideas was too muddled to enable him to brush it up at the moment, so that he was obliged to make the stranger understand, more by signs than words, that he must not think of continuing his journey that day at least, but must remain with them as a wedding guest.

The invitation was accepted with many thanks; and the stranger, having caused his Sancho to wipe the dust from his hat and boots, put his collar to rights, and opened his surtout, under which a sort of uniform modestly peeped out. Thus prepared, he set himself in motion, by the help of a stout crutch-stick; and it then further appeared that his left foot was also disabled, though there was something not ungraceful in its hobble. On reaching the Linden-

place he requested to be introduced to the young couple, and after wishing the bridegroom joy, he kissed the bride's hand, with the air of an old beau, and whispered many flattering things to her in his own language.

When this matter was settled, all hastened again to dance and play. Otto soon removed his bride to another quarter; and it seemed quite natural that the stiff and wearied old man should choose his seat on a bench apart from persons who neither understood him nor he them.

On supper being announced, the stranger accompanied the rest to the eating apartment, where he planted himself, with considerable adroitness, between two of the rosiest and plumpest lasses in the room, to the no small mortification of a young lieutenant, who had fixed on this place for himself. Hilarity and mirth now presided over the happy party: the good-humoured joke was bandied about, and the hearty laugh echoed round the room; when one of the servants entered with a packet, which a messenger had just delivered, with directions that it should be given into the bridegroom's own hands. The curiosity of all was excited, and Otto was induced by their solicitations to open the packet immediately; and, after removing almost innumerable covers, he at length produced a plain wooden drinking-cup, with a silver rim, on which was engraved, "*Present de noces du Gueux.*"

"Jaques!" cried Otto, kissing the cup with emotion. Adelaide cast an inquiring eye at her lover, and lifted up the cup to examine it more nearly; but she had scarcely raised it from the table when its unexpected weight occasioning her to replace it rather smartly, the bottom fell out, and discovered a rose-coloured case, containing a pair of bracelets, set in brilliants of the purest water and newest fashion: the words, "*a la belle epouse de mon ami,*" were embroidered on the satin.

The surprise and curiosity on all sides may be easily conceived. All the guests rose from their seats, except the stranger, who remained sitting with the most perfect indifference, and an expression of countenance that almost appeared to indicate contempt for what was going forward. Otto, whose growing dislike to the stranger was not lessened by this conduct, measured him with an eye of indignation, and allowed himself the more readily to be persuaded, by his bride and the other guests, to satisfy their inquiries.

"Yes!" he began, a fine glow suffusing his manly cheeks; "yes! I am not ashamed to own it: a beggar—Jaques is the worthy man's name—is my dearest friend: is, to express all to you in a few words, the preserver of my life and honour. However painful it may be to me, on an occasion like the present, to accuse myself of a youthful indiscretion, yet I shall not hesitate to do so, as I cannot otherwise, perhaps, do justice to the noble-minded Jaques, whose marriage present shall ever be dear to my heart, and the most valued ornament of my Adelaide."

"Then let me wear it to-day," said the lovely girl, with tremulous voice; and the bracelets were quickly transferred from their rose-coloured covering to the white satin of her arms. Otto resumed, after a short pause:

"During my residence in Paris I was almost daily in the habit of passing along the Pont Neuf. At one end of the bridge, and generally about the same spot, there sat a beggar, who, although he seemed scarcely more than fifty, had frequented the place upwards of thirty years, and was commonly known by the name of "old Jaques." Not out of any feeling of compassion, but merely because his general appearance rather interested me, I threw a sous into his hat as often as I chanced to pass near him. This became at length so habitual to me that whenever I approached his station I put my hand involuntarily into my pocket. He always wished me every possible good—chatted with me, when I was at leisure, about the news of the day—even warned me now and then against the dangers of the town; in short, in the course of half-a-year, we stood together on the footing of acquaintances, who, though of different rank, are yet mutually pleased with each other.

"My time in Paris was spent very agreeably, and I may flatter myself not altogether without advantage. I lived as decently as my means permitted, but never extravagantly, till, a short time before my departure, my evil stars brought me acquainted with some young men who were addicted to gambling, and who, by little and little, led me on to stake, first small, and then large sums at play. The consequence of this was as may be supposed: but it was not until I had lost all my own money, and had become deeply indebted to my *soi-disant* friends, that I began seriously to reflect on my situation.

"I immediately formed the resolution to pause ere it was too late, and quit the capital for ever, after discharging the debt which I had contracted. I therefore wrote to my father, requesting such a remittance as might be necessary for this purpose; but that letter, and several which I sent subsequently, remained unanswered. My bills meanwhile be-

came due. I was forced to have recourse to the assistance of usurers, and ruin stared me in the face.

"'Disheartened, gloomy, and silent, I now passed Jaques without noticing him; his fixed and earnest gaze became intolerable, and I avoided the place where he stood. At length I received the long-looked-for letters from home; but instead of the remittances with which I had hoped to silence the most clamorous of my creditors, they brought me the intelligence of my father's death, after a short illness, and announced the impossibility of sending me more money than would barely suffice for my travelling expenses. Nursed in the lap of affluence, and unused to privation of any sort, it may easily be supposed that I was but little prepared for such news. The death of my good father filled me with sorrow. The involved situation of his affairs, which I now learned for the first time, deprived me of all hope for the future. The idea of having debts which I could not discharge, and the prospect of prison in a foreign land, threw me into despair. The longer I considered, the more did my situation appear utterly hopeless, till at length, in a state of mind bordering on frenzy, and with a determination which such a state only could inspire, I walked out after a sleepless night, and bent my course towards the river. I was already within a few paces of the Pont Neuf, when Jaques threw himself, with greater importunity than usual, in my way. I *would* not see him.

"'"One word, sir,' said he, in a tone of entreaty, and taking hold of the skirt of my coat. 'Leave me, old man,' said I, with forced composure; 'to-day I have given *all* away.' He guessed my meaning better than I intended he should.

"'"By all that's sacred, my dear young master!' said he solemnly, 'confide in me. What has happened?'

"'"What is that to thee?' I replied; 'thou canst not help me.'

"'"Who knows? only speak, sir! I cannot rest until I learn what has so changed you. Tell me the cause of your dejection.'

"'"Why, only a paltry thousand louis!' said I, with a shrug.

"'"And *is* that all? Good! I will lend them to you.'

"'"You, Jaques! Good old man, you have been drinking too freely this morning.'

"'"Well, only take the trouble of coming to me to-night; and till then, I conjure you, do nothing rashly.'

"The earnestness of his manner, the firmness with which he spoke, and the reflection that I could at any time carry my intention into effect, brought my thoughts into another channel, and induced me to yield to his request. Jaques gave me his address, in a remote suburb, and I pledged my word of honour to meet him there the same evening.

"Urged by curiosity more than by hope, I appeared at the appointed time and place, and found Jaques in a small but extremely clean apartment, plain but neatly furnished; he now wore a decent coat, and came forward to meet me with a friendly look.

"'"Consider all that you see here as your own,' said he. 'I have neither child nor relation, and what I daily receive from the benevolent suffices for my own and my housekeeper's wants.'

"Little as I had calculated on the old man's assistance, yet this address appeared too ridiculous; and I was hesitating whether I should consider him a fool or a madman, when he at once put an end to my doubts; for, requesting me to partake of the refreshments which he had provided, he raised a part of the floor, and brought from underneath a heavy wooden vessel, which he placed with difficulty on the table. On removing the lid, you may figure my astonishment when I saw that it was filled to the brim with gold pieces.

"'"Help yourself, sir,' said he, smiling; 'here are about twelve hundred louis. It is all I have by me in ready cash, but I soon can procure more.'

"'"Do not mistake me,' continued my honest Jaques, 'I am no common beggar, who drive the trade from love of idleness, and cheat the needy of the charitable gift of the compassionate. I am of noble, though poor birth. Having lost my parents early, I entered the army in my sixteenth year, served under the great Saxe, and if worthy of such a leader, let this testify:' a cross of St. Louis lay on the heap of gold. 'In my twentieth year a cannon-shot carried away my right arm. I received my discharge, and was thrown on the world destitute and hopeless. Ignorant of any trade by which I could gain a livelihood, and rendered incapable of labour by the loss of my arm, I abandoned myself to a profound melancholy, which threw me into a long and severe illness. When I recovered, my disappointed prospects, and a sort of spite at the world, made me a beggar. My youth and infirmities gained me more compassion than I had expected; and I soon earned not only my daily subsistence, but became enabled to lay by a trifle daily, which by little and little amounted to a considerable

sum. Out of this I assisted such of my companions in misery as had been less fortunate than myself in this calling, and thereby acquired a sort of consideration amongst them, but no disinterested attachment. This vexed me. I adopted a foundling as my own child, and began to live even more sparingly than before, in order to make provision for him. I had him carefully brought up and educated till his sixteenth year, when a councillor was pleased with the lad, and took him into his service. This very boy—O François, François, how many tears have I shed on thy account!—soon began to consider it beneath him to be on terms of intimacy with a beggar; and on the same day that you first gave me an alms, he had the cruelty to pass as if he did not know me. He was ashamed of me—of *me*, who at that moment was begging to make him independent. 'He heeds me not,' said I, and his unnatural conduct drove all the blood to my heart. 'Thou all-powerful Being! give me then another son.' Scarcely had I uttered the prayer when you approached, and threw, with a compassionate look, a gift into my hat.'"

Otto was moved even to tears, and was forced to make a pause.

"'*You* will not be ashamed of me,' continued Jaques. 'You are now unfortunate: make the old beggar happy by accepting his assistance.'

"You may easily imagine how I felt at this moment. The wonderful intervention of Providence to prevent the commission of a crime at which I shudder; the noble, I may say the heavenly look of the good old man; but, above all, my own dreadful situation, crowded into my thoughts, and I did not hesitate to avail myself of his generous offer. My intention of disclosing to him the cause of my embarrassments was needless, for he had already informed himself of every particular.

"I allowed him to count out one thousand louis, and then requested pen and ink, in order to give him an acknowledgment for the amount; but my benefactor would not hear a word of this. 'Take,' said he, 'as much as you require: and if you die,' added he, 'you can pay me yonder! I want but little here. *You* are sent to me as a son, whether you will or no; and you, at least, cannot deprive me of the secret satisfaction of being your father.'

"'Yes, father! preserver and father,' cried I, falling on his bosom. 'Nature gave me one, and when I lost him Heaven replaced him in you.'

"I did not leave Jaques' cottage till a late our, when I returned home with a lightened heart, and refreshing sleep once more visited my eyelids.

"Early on the following day I paid off every creditor, had another *tête-à-tête* with Jaques, and prepared immediately to quit France. My first care, on arriving here, would most certainly have been to discharge this, which I could truly call a debt of honour; but as he had expressly required me at parting not to think of this till after the end of a year, at soonest, to give him, as he said, a proof of confidence, I deferred doing so till very lately, when, on repaying him his loan, I had the satisfaction of acquainting him with my approaching union."

"And he shall be *my* father also," said Adelaide, pressing his hand: then rising, and filling the goblet with wine, "Let us drink to the health of my worthy fathers—John von Z—and Jaques the beggar."

Every one present pledged the toast with enthusiasm, except the old stranger, who, still evincing the most cutting indifference, pushed his chair back, and hastily rose up, with a countenance on which was written, in pretty legible characters, "What a fuss about a beggar!"

"Sir, you abuse the rights of hospitality!" cried Otto angrily, and going up to the Frenchman with the determination of making him quit the apartment.

"Mon ami, ah, mon fils!" replied the old man, with the tenderest expression, and removing at the same time the bandage from his left eye, "now indeed I am satisfied that my choice has not been misplaced. You have not been ashamed to acknowledge the old beggar; your lovely bride, too, has called me father. For this alone have I undertaken a long journey, and caused my carriage to be overturned at your gate." He was now in his turn overcome; all the guests crowded round him with praises and caresses, and the grateful Otto, kissing his Adelaide, called this the happiest day of his life.

"Only allow me to pass my few remaining years with you," added Jaques, as he drew from his bosom a packet with his left hand, it being now remarked by all that the right was skilfully formed of wax. "There, my son, are your papers back. I will never be a burden to you. I have twelve hundred livres yearly of rent, and all I request is a small apartment in your house, or wheresoever else an honest beggar may patiently await his end."

Otto tenderly embraced his adopted father, and the wooden cup was frequently replenished in the course of the evening.

DESCRIPTION OF A BEAUTY.[1]

BY SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

The maid (and thereby hangs a tale)
For such a maid no Whitson-ale
Could ever yet produce:
No grape that's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light:
But, oh! she dances such a way!
No sun upon the Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison
(Who sees them is undone);
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,
(The side that's next the sun.)

Her lips were red; and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin—
Some bee had stung it newly.
But (Dick) her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

THE HOROLOGE.

Once, by the dusk light of an ancient hall,
I saw a Horologe. Its minutes fell
Upon the roused ear, with a drowsy knell,
That he who pass'd attended to the call.
I look'd: and lo! five Antics over all.
One moved, and four were motionless. The one
Was scyth'd and bald-head Time; and he mow'd on,
Sweep after sweep—and each a minute's fall.
—The four were kings. Sceptres they bore and globes
And ermined crowns. Before that old man dim
They stood, but not in joy. At sight of Time,
They had stiffen'd into statues in their robes;
Fear-petrified. Let no man envy him
Who smiles at that grave Homily sublime!

THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.

[1] From *A Ballad upon a Wedding.*

LITTLE DAFFYDOWNDILLY.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Daffydowndilly was so called, because in his nature he resembled a flower, and loved to do only what was beautiful and agreeable, and took no delight in labour of any kind. But, while Daffydowndilly was yet a little boy, his mother sent him away from his pleasant home, and put him under the care of a very strict schoolmaster, who went by the name of Mr. Toil. Those who knew him best affirmed that this Mr. Toil was a very worthy character; and that he had done more good, both to children and grown people, than anybody else in the world. Certainly he had lived long enough to do a great deal of good; for, if all stories be true, he had dwelt upon earth ever since Adam was driven from the garden of Eden.

Nevertheless, Mr. Toil had a severe and ugly countenance, especially for such little boys or big men as were inclined to be idle; his voice, too, was harsh; and all his ways and customs seemed very disagreeable to our friend Daffydowndilly. The whole day long this terrible old schoolmaster sat at his desk overlooking the scholars, or stalked about the school-room with a certain awful birch-rod in his hand. Now came a rap over the shoulders of a boy whom Mr. Toil had caught at play; now he punished a whole class who were behindhand with their lessons; and, in short, unless a lad chose to attend quietly and constantly to his book, he had no chance of enjoying a quiet moment in the school-room of Mr. Toil.

"This will never do for me," thought Daffydowndilly.

Now, the whole of Daffydowndilly's life had hitherto been passed with his dear mother, who had a much sweeter face than old Mr. Toil, and who had always been very indulgent to her little boy. No wonder, therefore, that poor Daffydowndilly found it a woful change to be sent away from the good lady's side, and put under the care of this ugly-visaged schoolmaster, who never gave him any apples or cakes, and seemed to think that little boys were created only to get lessons.

"I can't bear it any longer," said Daffydowndilly to himself, when he had been at school about a week. "I'll run away, and try to find my dear mother; and, at any rate, I shall never find anybody half so disagreeable as this old Mr. Toil."

So, the very next morning, off started poor

Daffydowndilly, and began his rambles about the world, with only some bread and cheese for his breakfast, and very little pocket-money to pay his expenses. But he had gone only a short distance when he overtook a man of grave and sedate appearance, who was trudging at a moderate pace along the road.

"Good morning, my fine lad," said the stranger; and his voice seemed hard and severe, but yet had a sort of kindness in it; "whence do you come so early, and whither are you going?"

Little Daffydowndilly was a boy of very ingenuous disposition, and had never been known to tell a lie in all his life. Nor did he tell one now. He hesitated a moment or two, but finally confessed that he had run away from school, on account of his great dislike to Mr. Toil, and that he was resolved to find some place in the world where he should never see or hear of the old schoolmaster again.

"Oh, very well, my little friend," answered the stranger. "Then we will go together; for I likewise have had a good deal to do with Mr. Toil, and should be glad to find some place where he was never heard of."

Our friend Daffydowndilly would have been better pleased with a companion of his own age, with whom he might have gathered flowers along the roadside, or have chased butterflies, or have done many other things to make the journey pleasant. But he had wisdom enough to understand that he should get along through the world much easier by having a man of experience to show him the way. So he accepted the stranger's proposal, and they walked on very sociably together.

They had not gone far when the road passed by a field where some haymakers were at work mowing down the tall grass, and spreading it out in the sun to dry. Daffydowndilly was delighted with the sweet smell of the new-mown grass, and thought how much pleasanter it must be to make hay in the sunshine, under the blue sky, and with the birds singing sweetly in the neighbouring trees and bushes, than to be shut up in a dismal school-room, learning lessons all day long, and continually scolded by old Mr. Toil. But in the midst of these thoughts, while he was stopping to peep over the stone wall, he started back and caught hold of his companion's hand.

"Quick, quick!" cried he. "Let us run away, or he will catch us!"

"Who will catch us?" asked the stranger.

"Mr. Toil, the old schoolmaster!" answered Daffydowndilly. "Don't you see him amongst the haymakers?"

And Daffydowndilly pointed to an elderly man, who seemed to be the owner of the field, and the employer of the men at work there. He had stripped off his coat and waistcoat, and was busily at work in his shirt-sleeves. The drops of sweat stood upon his brow; but he gave himself not a moment's rest, and kept crying out to the haymakers to make hay while the sun shone. Now, strange to say, the figure and features of this old farmer were precisely the same as those of old Mr. Toil, who at that very moment must have been just entering his school-room.

"Don't be afraid," said the stranger. "This is not Mr. Toil the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who was bred a farmer; and people say he is the most disagreeable man of the two. However, he won't trouble you, unless you become a labourer on the farm."

Little Daffydowndilly believed what his companion said, but was very glad, nevertheless, when they were out of sight of the old farmer, who bore such a singular resemblance to Mr. Toil. The two travellers had gone but little further when they came to a spot where some carpenters were erecting a house. Daffydowndilly begged his companion to stop a moment; for it was a pretty sight to see how neatly the carpenters did their work, with their broad-axes and saws, and planes and hammers, shaping out the doors, and putting in the window-sashes, and nailing on the clap-boards; and he could not help thinking that he should like to take a broad-axe, a saw, a plane, and a hammer, and build a little house for himself. And then, when he should have a house of his own, old Mr. Toil would never dare to molest him.

But just while he was delighting himself with this idea, little Daffydowndilly beheld something that made him catch hold of his companion's hand all in a fright,

"Make haste! Quick, quick!" cried he. "There he is again."

"Who?" asked the stranger, very quietly.

"Old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly, trembling. "There! he that is overseeing the carpenters. 'Tis my old schoolmaster, as sure as I'm alive!"

The stranger cast his eyes where Daffydowndilly pointed his finger, and he saw an elderly man, with a carpenter's rule and compasses in his hand. This person went to and fro about the unfinished house, measuring pieces of timber, and marking out the work that was to be done, and continually exhorting the other carpenters to be diligent. And wherever he turned his hard and wrinkled visage, the men seemed

to feel that they had a taskmaster over them, and sawed, and hammered, and planed as if for dear life.

"Oh, no! this is not Mr. Toil the schoolmaster," said the stranger. "It is another brother of his, who follows the trade of carpenter."

"I am very glad to hear it," quoth Daffydowndilly; "but, if you please, sir, I should like to get out of his way as soon as possible."

Then they went on a little further, and soon heard the sound of a drum and fife. Daffydowndilly pricked up his ears at this, and besought his companion to hurry forward that they might not miss seeing the soldiers. Accordingly, they made what haste they could, and soon met a company of soldiers, gaily dressed, with beautiful feathers in their caps, and bright muskets on their shoulders. In front marched two drummers and two fifers, beating on their drums and playing on their fifes with might and main, and making such lively music that little Daffydowndilly would gladly have followed them to the end of the world. And if he was only a soldier, then, he said to himself, old Mr. Toil would never venture to look him in the face.

"Quick step! Forward, march!" shouted a gruff voice.

Little Daffydowndilly started in great dismay; for this voice which had spoken to the soldiers sounded precisely the same as that which he had heard every day in Mr. Toil's school-room, out of Mr. Toil's own mouth. And turning his eyes to the captain of the company, what should he see but the very image of old Mr. Toil himself, with a smart cap and feather on his head, a pair of gold epaulettes on his shoulders, a laced coat on his back, a purple sash round his waist, and a long sword, instead of a birch-rod, in his hand. And though he held his head so high, and strutted like a turkey-cock, still he looked quite as ugly and disagreeable as when he was hearing lessons in the school-room.

"This is certainly old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly, in a trembling voice. "Let us run away, for fear he should make us enlist in his company!"

"You are mistaken again, my little friend," replied the stranger, very composedly. "This is not Mr. Toil the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who has served in the army all his life. People say he is a terribly severe fellow; but you and I need not be afraid of him."

"Well, well," said little Daffydowndilly, "but if you please, sir, I don't want to see the soldiers any more."

So the child and the stranger resumed their journey; and, by-and-by, they came to a house by the road-side where a number of people were making merry. Young men and rosy-cheeked girls, with smiles on their faces, were dancing to the sound of a fiddle. It was the pleasantest sight that Daffydowndilly had yet met with, and it comforted him for all his disappointments.

"Oh, let us stop here," cried he to his companion; "for Mr. Toil will never dare to show his face where there is a fiddler, and where people are dancing and making merry. We shall be quite safe here."

But these last words died away upon Daffydowndilly's tongue; for happening to cast his eyes on the fiddler, whom should he behold again but the likeness of Mr. Toil, holding a fiddle-bow instead of a birch-rod, and flourishing it with as much ease and dexterity as if he had been a fiddler all his life! He had somewhat the air of a Frenchman, but still looked exactly like the old schoolmaster; and Daffydowndilly even fancied that he nodded and winked at him, and made signs for him to join in the dance.

"Oh, dear me!" whispered he, turning pale. "It seems as if there was nobody but Mr. Toil in the world. Who could have thought of his playing on a fiddle!"

"This is not your old schoolmaster," observed the stranger, "but another brother of his, who was bred in France, where he learned the profession of a fiddler. He is ashamed of his family, and generally calls himself Monsieur le Plaisir; but his real name is Toil, and those who have known him best think him still more disagreeable than his brothers."

"Pray let us go a little further," said Daffydowndilly. "I don't like the looks of this fiddler at all."

Well, thus the stranger and little Daffydowndilly went wandering along the highway, and in shady lanes, and through pleasant villages; and whithersoever they went, behold! there was the image of old Mr. Toil. He stood like a scarecrow in the corn-fields. If they entered a house, he sat in the parlour; if they peeped into the kitchen he was there! He made himself at home in every cottage, and stole, under one disguise or another, into the most splendid mansions. Everywhere there was sure to be somebody wearing the likeness of Mr. Toil, and who, as the stranger affirmed, was one of the old schoolmaster's innumerable brethren.

Little Daffydowndilly was almost tired to death, when he perceived some people reclining lazily in a shady place by the side of the road. The poor child entreated his companion that they might sit down there, and take some repose.

"Old Mr. Toil will never come here," said he; "for he hates to see people taking their ease."

But even while he spoke, Daffydowndilly's eyes fell upon a person who seemed the laziest, and heaviest, and most torpid, of all those lazy, and heavy, and torpid people, who had laid down to sleep in the shade. Who should it be again but the very image of Mr. Toil!

"There is a large family of these Toils," remarked the stranger. "This is another of the old schoolmaster's brothers, who was bred in Italy, where he acquired very idle habits, and goes by the name of Signor Far Niente. He pretends to lead an easy life, but is really the most miserable fellow in the family."

"O, take me back—take me back!" cried poor little Daffydowndilly, bursting into tears. "If there is nothing but Toil all the world over, I may just as well go back to the school-house!"

"Yonder it is,—there is the school-house!" said the stranger; for though he and little Daffydowndilly had taken a great many steps, they had travelled in a circle instead of a straight line. "Come, we will go back to school together."

There was something in his companion's voice that little Daffydowndilly now remembered; and it is strange that he had not remembered it sooner. Looking up into his face, behold there again was the likeness of old Mr. Toil; so that the poor child had been in company with Toil all day, even while he was doing his best to run away from him. Some people, to whom I have told little Daffydowndilly's story, are of opinion that old Mr. Toil was a magician, and possessed the power of multiplying himself into as many shapes as he saw fit.

Be this as it may, little Daffydowndilly had learned a good lesson, and from that time forward was diligent at his task, because he knew that diligence is not a whit more toilsome than sport or idleness. And when he became better acquainted with Mr. Toil, he began to think that his ways were not so very disagreeable, and that the old schoolmaster's smile of approbation made his face almost as pleasant as even that of Daffydowndilly's mother.

IT'S HAME AND IT'S HAME.

It's hame and it's hame, hame fain would I be,
O hame, hame, hame to my ain countree;
There's an eye that ever weeps, and a fair face will be fain,
As I pass through Annan-water with my bonnie bands again;
When the flower is in the bud, and the leaf upon the tree,
The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countree.

It's hame and it's hame, hame fain would I be,
O hame, hame, hame to my ain countree;
The green leaf of loyalty's beginning now to fa',
The bonnie white rose it is withering and a',
But I'll water't with the blood of usurping tyrannie,
And green it will grow in my ain countree.

It's hame and it's hame, hame fain would I be,
O hame, hame, hame to my ain countree;
There's nought now frae ruin my country can save
But the keys of kind heaven to open the grave,
That all the noble martyrs who died for loyaltie
May rise again and fight for their ain countree.

It's hame and it's hame, hame fain would I be,
O hame, hame, hame to my ain countree;
The great now are gane a' who ventured to save—
The green grass is growing aboon their bloody grave,
But the sun through the mirk blinks blythe in my ee,—
"I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countree."

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

LEARNED WOMEN.

Once on a time, a nightingale
To changes prone;
Unconstant, fickle, whimsical
(A female one),
Who sung like others of her kind,
Hearing a well-taught linnet's airs,
Had other matters in her mind,
To imitate him she prepares.

Her fancy straight was on the wing:
"I fly," quoth she,
"As well as he;
I don't know why
I should not try
As well as he to sing."

From that day forth she changed her note,
She spoiled her voice, she strained her throat:
She did, as learnèd women do,
Till everything
That heard her sing,
Would run away from her—as I from you.

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.

MARIA, NUN OF SANTA CLARA.

Reader, if your whim or your necessities should lead you to Madeira, go, for my sake, to the nunnery of Santa Clara. It is at the western end of Funchal, and you may buy there the prettiest flowers for your sweetheart's hair, and the most ingenious toys in wax that are in the world. The nuns sell them very cheap, and all they get from you goes in real charity to themselves or their pensioners. Perhaps, also, you may see poor Maria, if she is not dead; if she comes, speak to her very kindly, and give my love to her; but you do not know me, or poor Maria either.

Maria Clementina, the youngest child of Pedro Agostinho, was born in Madeira. Her parents had an unusually large family, and were labouring under some embarrassment, from the unfavourable termination of an important lawsuit. What unfortunate event coincided with her birth I know not, but Maria was disliked by her father and mother from the first years of her infancy. Her brothers neglected her, in obedience to their parents; and her sisters, who were very ugly, hated her for her beauty. Every one else in Funchal and the neighbourhood loved her, and she had many offers of marriage at thirteen years of age; which the little maiden laughed at, and forwarded to her elder sisters. The more she was petted abroad, the more was she persecuted at home. She was treated at length like Cinderella, with no chance of a fairy to help her. Amongst other arrangements for the purchase of commissions for two of his sons, and for giving portions to two of his daughters, Pedro Agostinho determined to sacrifice his best and sweetest child Maria. At eighteen she was placed as a novice in this nunnery; at nineteen she took the veil, and renounced the world for ever. At this time she was the most beautiful girl in the island; and, what is remarkable in a Portuguese, of a fair complexion, with a brilliant colour, blue eyes, and very long and glossy brown hair.

A year after this the constitutional government was established in Portugal, and one of the first and wisest acts of the Cortes was to order the doors of all religious houses to be thrown open. Santa Clara was visited by friends and strangers, some to see the church and some to see the nuns. Amongst others, a Portuguese officer, at that time quartered in Funchal, saw and fell in love with Maria: he was a handsome youth, of a good family, and Maria returned his love with an earnestness which perhaps had as much a desire of liberty as female passion in it. A nun is emancipated from her parents, and the law declared the vow of celibacy null and void. The marriage was determined on, her hair permitted to grow again, her clothes prepared, and the wedding-day fixed. Maria fell ill, and the physicians enjoined perfect quiet for some time. The wedding was fatally postponed to another day, and before that day arrived, his faithful majesty had dissolved his parliament, and fearful lest Heaven should lose one more of its daughters, had revoked the law of the Cortes, and despatched an express to notify as much to his subjects in Madeira. Maria rose from her bed of sickness to return to her cell and her rosary; her lengthening ringlets were again mercilessly shorn; the mob cap, the leathern corset, the serge gown, were laid before her; and some old Egyptians, who could not better themselves elsewhere, bade her return thanks to God that she had so narrowly escaped mixing again in the vanities of the world.

On the 5th January, a few hours before we sailed from Madeira, I walked with a handsome and very agreeable Englishwoman to visit Santa Clara. I was very anxious to see Maria, whose story I knew. After a little hesitation on the part of two or three venerable ladies, who first presented themselves at the great door of the house, Maria was summoned. She came to us with a smiling countenance, and kissed my companion repeatedly. Her colour was gone, but she was still beautifully fair, and the exquisite shape of her neck, and the nobleness of her forehead, were visible under the disadvantages of a dress as ungraceful as was ever invented for the purpose of mortifying female vanity. She spoke her language with that pretty lisp which, I believe, the critics of Lisbon pronounce to be a vicious peculiarity of the natives of Madeira, but also with a correctness and an energy that indicated a powerful and ingenuous mind. I took half of a large bunch of violets which I had in my hand, and gave them to my friend to present to her. Flowers are a dialect of the Portuguese which is soon learned. She took them, curtsied very low, opened the folds of a muslin neckerchief, and dropped them loose on her snowy bosom.

The vesper-bell sounded, the door was closed between the nun and the world, but she beckoned us to go into their church. We did so, it is one of the finest in the island, and very curiously lined with a sort of porcelain; attached to its western end is the chapel of the nuns, and a double iron grating to enable them

to hear and participate in the service of the mass. Maria came with some flowers in her hand, which she had been gathering in the garden. She took four of them from the rest, and gave them to me through the bars. "How old are you?" "Twenty-one." "And your name is—" "Maria." "And Clementina as well?" "Yes, in bygone days!" I leaned as close as I could, and spoke a few words in a low tone, which she did not seem to understand. "She does not understand," said I. "Yes, yes, I understand well; speak." "Are you happy, lady?" The abbess, who was engaged with my companion, turned her head, and Maria answered with an air of gaiety, "O yes, very happy." I shook my head as in doubt. A minute elapsed, and the abbess was occupied again. Maria put her hands through the grating, took one of mine, and made me feel a thin gold ring on her little finger, and then, pressing my hand closely, said, in an accent I still hear, "No, no; I have the heart-ache."

The service began; the old nuns croaked like frogs, and the young ones paced up and down, and round about, in strange and fanciful figures, chanting as sweetly as caged canary-birds. I gazed at them for a long time with feelings that cannot be told, and when it was time to go, I caught Maria's eye, and made her a slight but earnest bow. She dropped a curtsey, which seemed a genuflection to her neighbour, raised a violet behind her service-book to her mouth, held it, looked at it, and kissed it in token of an eternal farewell.

THE NUN.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

In the convent of Drontheim,
Alone in her chamber
Knelt Astrid the Abbess,
At midnight, adoring,
Beseeching, entreating
The Virgin and Mother.

She heard in the silence
The voice of one speaking,
Without in the darkness,
In gusts of the night-wind,
Now louder, now nearer,
Now lost in the distance.

The voice of a stranger
It seemed as she listened,
Of some one who answered,
Beseeching, imploring,
A cry from afar off
She could not distinguish.

The voice of Saint John,
The beloved disciple
Who wandered and waited
The Master's appearance,
Alone in the darkness,
Unsheltered and friendless.

"It is accepted,
The angry defiance,
The challenge of battle!
It is accepted,
But not with the weapons
Of war that thou wieldest!

"Cross against corslet,
Love against hatred,
Peace-cry for war-cry!
Patience is powerful;
He that o'ercometh
Hath power o'er the nations!

"As torrents in summer,
Half-dried in their channels,
Suddenly rise, though the
Sky is still cloudless,
For rain has been falling
Far off at their fountains;

"So hearts that are fainting
Grow full to o'erflowing,
And they that behold it,
Marvel, and know not
That God at their fountains
Far off has been raining!

"Stronger than steel
Is the sword of the Spirit;
Swifter than arrows
The life of the truth is;
Greater than anger
Is love, and subdueth!

"Thou art a phantom,
A shape of the sea-mist,
A shape of the brumal
Rain, and the darkness
Fearful and formless;
Day dawns and thou art not!

"The dawn is not distant,
Nor is the night starless;
Love is eternal!
God is still God, and
His faith shall not fail us;
Christ is eternal!"

THE OPIUM-EATER.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

The late Duke of —— used to say, "Next Friday, by the blessing of Heaven, I purpose to be drunk;" and in like manner I used to fix beforehand how often, within a given time, and when, I would commit a debauch of opium. This was seldom more than once in three weeks; for at that time I could not have ventured to call every day (as I did afterwards) for "*a glass of laudanum negus, warm, and without sugar.*" No: as I have said, I seldom drank laudanum, at that time, more than once in three weeks: this was usually on a Tuesday or a Saturday night; my reason for which was this. In those days Grassini sang at the opera: and her voice was delightful to me beyond all that I had ever heard. I know not what may be the state of the opera-house now, having never been within its walls for seven or eight years, but at that time it was by much the most pleasant place of public resort in London for passing an evening. Five shillings admitted one to the gallery, which was subject to far less annoyance than the pit of the theatres: the orchestra was distinguished by its sweet and melodious grandeur, from all English orchestras, the composition of which, I confess, is not acceptable to my ear, from the predominance of the clangorous instruments, and the absolute tyranny of the violin. The choruses were divine to hear: and when Grassini appeared in some interlude, as she often did, and poured forth her passionate soul as Andromache, at the tomb of Hector, &c., I question whether any Turk, of all that ever entered the paradise of opium-eaters, can have had half the pleasure I had. But, indeed, I honour the barbarians too much by supposing them capable of any pleasures approaching to the intellectual ones of an Englishman. For music is an intellectual or a sensual pleasure, according to the temperament of him who hears it. And, by-the-by, with the exception of the fine extravaganza on that subject in Twelfth Night, I do not recollect more than one thing said adequately on the subject of music in all literature: it is a passage in the *Religio Medici*[1] of Sir T. Brown; and, though chiefly remarkable for its sublimity, has also a philosophic value, inasmuch as it points to the true theory of musical effects. The mistake of most people is to suppose that it is by the ear they communicate with music, and, therefore, that they are purely passive to its effects. But this is not so: it is by the reaction of the mind upon the notices of the ear (the *matter* coming by the senses, the *form* from the mind) that the pleasure is constructed: and therefore it is that people of equally good ear differ so much in this point from one another. Now opium, by greatly increasing the activity of the mind generally, increases, of necessity, that particular mode of its activity by which we are able to construct, out of the raw material of organic sound, an elaborate intellectual pleasure. But, says a friend, a succession of musical sounds is to me like a collection of Arabic characters: I can attach no ideas to them! Ideas! my good sir? there is no occasion for them: all that class of ideas, which can be available in such a case, has a language of representative feelings. But this is a subject foreign to my present purposes: it is sufficient to say, that a chorus, &c., of elaborate harmony, displayed before me, as in a piece of arras work, the whole of my past life—not as if recalled by an act of memory, but as if present and incarnated in the music: no longer painful to dwell upon: but the detail of its incidents removed, or blended in some hazy abstraction; and its passions exalted, spiritualized, and sublimed. All this was to be had for five shillings. And over and above the music of the stage and the orchestra, I had all around me, in the intervals of the performance, the music of the Italian language talked by Italian women: for the gallery was usually crowded with Italians: and I listened with a pleasure such as that with which Weld the traveller lay and listened, in Canada, to the sweet laughter of Indian women; for the less you understand of a language, the more sensible you are to the melody or harshness of its sounds: for such a purpose, therefore, it was an advantage to me that I was a poor Italian scholar, reading it but little, and not speaking it at all, nor understanding a tenth part of what I heard spoken.

These were my opera pleasures: but another pleasure I had, which, as it could be had only on a Saturday night, occasionally struggled with my love of the opera; for, at that time, Tuesday and Saturday were the regular opera nights. On this subject I am afraid I shall be rather obscure, but, I can assure the reader, not at all more so than Marinus, in his life of Proclus, or many other biographers and autobiographers of fair reputation. This

[1] I have not the book at this moment to consult, but I think the passage begins—"And even that tavern music, which makes one man merry, another mad, in me strikes a deep fit of devotion, &c."

pleasure, I have said, was to be had only on a Saturday night. What then was Saturday night to me more than any other night? I had no labours that I rested from; no wages to receive: what needed I to care for Saturday night, more than as it was a summons to hear Grassini? True, most logical reader: what you say is unanswerable. And yet so it was, and is, that, whereas different men throw their feelings into different channels, and most are apt to show their interest in the concerns of the poor, chiefly by sympathy, expressed in some shape or other, with their distresses and sorrows, I, at that time, was disposed to express my interest by sympathizing with their pleasures. The pains of poverty I had lately seen too much of; more than I wished to remember: but the pleasures of the poor, their consolations of spirit, and their reposes from bodily toil, can never become oppressive to contemplate. Now Saturday night is the season for the chief, regular, and periodic return of rest to the poor: in this point the most hostile sects unite, and acknowledge a common link of brotherhood: almost all Christendom rests from its labours. It is a rest introductory to another rest: and divided by a whole day and two nights from the renewal of toil. On this account I feel always, on a Saturday night, as though I also were released from some yoke of labour, had some wages to receive, and some luxury of repose to enjoy. For the sake, therefore, of witnessing, upon as large a scale as possible, a spectacle with which my sympathy was so entire, I used often, on Saturday nights, after I had taken opium, to wander forth, without much regarding the direction or the distance, to all the markets, and other parts of London, to which the poor resort on a Saturday night, for laying out their wages. Many a family party, consisting of a man, his wife, and sometimes one or two of his children, have I listened to, as they stood consulting on their ways and means, or the strength of their exchequer, or the price of household articles. Gradually I became familiar with their wishes, their difficulties, and their opinions. Sometimes there might be heard murmurs of discontent: but far oftener expressions on the countenance, or uttered in words, of patience, hope, and tranquillity. And, taken generally, I must say, that, in this point at least, the poor are far more philosophic than the rich—that they show a more ready and cheerful submission to what they consider as irremediable evils, or irreparable losses. Whenever I saw occasion, or could do it without appearing to be intrusive, I joined their parties; and gave my opinion upon the matter in discussion, which, if not always judicious, was always received indulgently. If wages were a little higher, or expected to be so, or the quartern loaf a little lower, or it was reported that onions and butter were expected to fall, I was glad: yet, if the contrary were true, I drew from opium some means of consoling myself. For opium (like the bee, that extracts its materials indiscriminately from roses and from the soot of chimneys) can overrule all feelings into a compliance with the master-key. Some of these rambles led me to great distances: for an opium-eater is too happy to observe the motion of time. And sometimes in my attempts to steer homewards, upon nautical principles, by fixing my eye on the pole-star, and seeking ambitiously for a north-west passage, instead of circumnavigating all the capes and headlands I had doubled in my outward voyage, I came suddenly upon such knotty problems of alleys, such enigmatical entries, and such sphinx's riddles of streets without thoroughfares, as must, I conceive, baffle the audacity of porters, and confound the intellects of hackney-coachmen. I could almost have believed, at times, that I must be the first discoverer of some of these *terræ incognitæ*, and doubted whether they had yet been laid down in the modern charts of London. For all this, however, I paid a heavy price in distant years, when the human face tyrannized over my dreams, and the perplexities of my steps in London came back and haunted my sleep, with the feeling of perplexities moral or intellectual, that brought confusion to the reason, or anguish and remorse to the conscience.

Thus, I have shown that opium does not, of necessity, produce inactivity or torpor; but that, on the contrary, it often led me into markets and theatres. Yet, in candour, I will admit that markets and theatres are not the appropriate haunts of the opium-eater, when in the divinest state incident to his enjoyment. In that state crowds become an oppression to him; music even, too sensual and gross. He naturally seeks solitude and silence, as indispensable conditions of those trances, or profoundest reveries, which are the crown and consummation of what opium can do for human nature. I, whose disease it was to meditate too much, and to observe too little, and who, upon my first entrance at college, was nearly falling into a deep melancholy, from brooding too much on the sufferings which I had witnessed in London, was sufficiently aware of the tendencies of my own thoughts to do all I could to counteract them.—I was, indeed, like

a person, who, according to the old legend, had entered the cave of Trophonius; and the remedies I sought were to force myself into society, and to keep my understanding in continual activity upon matters of science. But for these remedies I should certainly have become hypochondriacally melancholy. In after years, however, when my cheerfulness was more fully re-established, I yielded to my natural inclination for a solitary life. And, at that time, I often fell into these reveries upon taking opium; and more than once it has happened to me, on a summer night, when I have been at an open window, in a room from which I could overlook the sea at a mile below me, and could command a view of the great town of L——, at about the same distance, that I have sat, from sunset to sunrise, motionless, and without wishing to move.

OPIUM DREAMS.

I know not whether others share in my feelings on this point; but I have often thought that if I were compelled to forego England, and to live in China, and among Chinese manners and modes of life and scenery, I should go mad. The causes of my horror lie deep; and some of them must be common to others. Southern Asia, in general, is the seat of awful images and associations. As the cradle of the human race, it would alone have a dim and reverential feeling connected with it. But there are other reasons. No man can pretend that the wild, barbarous, and capricious superstitions of Africa, or of savage tribes elsewhere, affect him in the way that he is affected by the ancient, monumental, cruel, and elaborate religions of Indostan, &c. The mere antiquity of Asiatic things, of their institutions, histories, modes of faith, &c., is so impressive, that to me the vast age of the race and name overpowers the sense of youth in the individual. A young Chinese seems to me an antediluvian man renewed. Even Englishmen, though not bred in any knowledge of such institutions, cannot but shudder at the mystic sublimity of *castes* that have flowed apart, and refused to mix, through such immemorial tracts of time; nor can any man fail to be awed by the names of the Ganges or the Euphrates. It contributes much to these feelings, that Southern Asia is, and has been for thousands of years, the part of the earth most swarming with human life; the great *officina gentium*. Man is a weed in those regions. The vast empires also, into which the enormous population of Asia has always been cast, give a further sublimity to the feelings associated with all Oriental names or images. In China, over and above what it has in common with the rest of Southern Asia, I am terrified by the modes of life, by the manners, and the barrier of utter abhorrence and want of sympathy placed between us by feelings deeper than I can analyze. I could sooner live with lunatics or brute animals. All this, and much more than I can say, or have time to say, the reader must enter into before he can comprehend the unimaginable horror which these dreams of Oriental imagery and mythological tortures impressed upon me. Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sunlights, I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are found in all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Indostan. From kindred feelings, I soon brought Egypt and all her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by parroquets, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas: and was fixed, for centuries, at the summit or in secret rooms; I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshipped; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brama through all the forests of Asia: Vishnu hated me: Seeva laid wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris: I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at. I was buried, for a thousand years, in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles; and laid, confounded with all unutterable slimy things, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud.

I thus give the reader some slight abstraction of my Oriental dreams, which always filled me with such amazement at the monstrous scenery, that horror seemed absorbed, for a while, in sheer astonishment. Sooner or later came a reflux of feeling that swallowed up the astonishment, and left me, not so much in terror, as in hatred and abomination of what I saw. Over every form, and threat, and punishment, and dim sightless incarceration, brooded a sense of eternity and infinity that drove me into an oppression as of madness. Into these dreams only it was, with one or two slight exceptions, that any circumstances of physical horror entered. All before had been moral and spiritual terrors. But here the main agents were ugly birds, or snakes, or crocodiles; especially the last. The cursed crocodile became to me the object of more horror than almost all the rest. I was com-

pelled to live with him; and (as was always the case almost in my dreams) for centuries. I escaped sometimes, and found myself in Chinese houses, with cane tables, &c. All the feet of the tables, sofas, &c., soon became instinct with life: the abominable head of the crocodile, and his leering eyes, looked out at me, multiplied into a thousand repetitions: and I stood loathing and fascinated. And so often did this hideous reptile haunt my dreams, that many times the very same dream was broken up in the very same way: I heard gentle voices speaking to me (I hear everything when I am sleeping); and instantly I awoke: it was broad noon; and my children were standing, hand in hand, at my bedside; come to show me their coloured shoes, or new frocks, or to let me see them dressed for going out. I protest that so awful was the transition from the crocodile, and the other unutterable monsters and abortions of my dreams, to the sight of innocent *human* natures and of infancy, that, in the mighty and sudden revulsion of mind, I wept, and could not forbear it, as I kissed their faces.

. . . . . .

I thought that it was a Sunday morning in May, that it was Easter Sunday, and as yet very early in the morning. I was standing, as it seemed to me, at the door of my own cottage. Right before me lay the very scene which could really be commanded from that situation, but exalted, as was usual, and solemnized by the power of dreams. There were the same mountains, and the same lovely valley at their feet; but the mountains were raised to more than Alpine height, and there was interspace far larger between them of meadows and forest lawns; the hedges were rich with white roses; and no living creature was to be seen, excepting that in the green churchyard there were cattle tranquilly reposing upon the verdant graves, and particularly round about the grave of a child whom I had tenderly loved, just as I had really beheld them, a little before sunrise in the same summer, when that child died. I gazed upon the well-known scene, and I said aloud (as I thought) to myself, "It yet wants much of sunrise; and it is Easter Sunday; and that is the day on which they celebrate the first-fruits of resurrection. I will walk abroad; old griefs shall be forgotten to-day; for the air is cool and still, and the hills are high, and stretch away to heaven; and the forest-glades are as quiet as the churchyard; and, with the dew, I can wash the fever from my forehead, and then I shall be unhappy no longer." And I turned, as if to open the garden gate; and immediately I saw upon the left a scene far different; but which yet the power of dreams had reconciled into harmony with the other. The scene was an Oriental one; and there also it was Easter Sunday, and very early in the morning. And at a vast distance were visible, as a stain upon the horizon, the domes and cupolas of a great city—an image or faint abstraction, caught perhaps in childhood from some picture of Jerusalem. And not a bowshot from me, upon a stone, and shaded by Judean palms, there sat a woman; and I looked; and it was—Ann! She fixed her eyes upon me earnestly; and I said to her at length: "So then I have found you at last." I waited, but she answered me not a word. Her face was the same as when I saw it last, and yet again how different! Seventeen years ago, when the lamplight fell upon her face, as for the last time I kissed her lips (lips, Ann, that to me were not polluted), her eyes were streaming with tears: the tears were now wiped away; she seemed more beautiful than she was at that time, but in all other points the same, and not older. Her looks were tranquil, but with unusual solemnity of expression; and I now gazed upon her with some awe, but suddenly her countenance grew dim, and, turning to the mountains, I perceived vapours rolling between us; in a moment all had vanished; thick darkness came on; and, in the twinkling of an eye, I was far away from mountains, and by lamplight in Oxford Street, walking again with Ann—just as we walked seventeen years before, when we were both children.

. . . . . .

As a final specimen, I cite one of a different character.

The dream commenced with a music which now I often hear in dreams—a music of preparation and of awakening suspense; a music like the opening of the Coronation Anthem, and which, like *that*, gave the feeling of a vast march—of infinite cavalcades filing off—and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and labouring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, I knew not where—somehow, I knew not how—by some beings, I knew not whom—a battle, a strife, an agony, was conducting,—was evolving like a great drama, or piece of music; with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its nature, and its possible issue. I, as is usual in dreams (where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement),

had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself, to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. "Deeper than ever plummet sounded," I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake; some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms; hurryings to and fro: trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad: darkness and lights: tempest and human faces: and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed —and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! and with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of death, the sound was reverberated —everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells!

And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud—"I will sleep no more!"—*Confessions of an English Opium-Eater.*

THE WORTH OF HOURS.

BY LORD HOUGHTON.

Believe not that your inner eye
Can ever in just measure try
The worth of hours as they go by.

For every man's weak self, alas!
Makes him to see them, while they pass,
As through a dim or tinted glass:

But if in earnest care you would
Mete out to each its part of good,
Trust rather to your after-mood.

Those surely are not fairly spent,
That leave your spirit bowed and bent
In sad unrest and ill-content.

And more,—though free from seeming harm,
You rest from toil of mind or arm,
Or slow retire from pleasure's charm,—

If then a painful sense comes on
Of something wholly lost and gone,
Vainly enjoyed, or vainly done,—

Of something from your being's chain
Broke off, nor to be linked again
By all mere memory can retain,—

Upon your heart this truth may rise,—
Nothing that altogether dies
Suffices man's just destinies:

So should we live, that every hour
May die as dies the natural flower,—
A self-reviving thing of power;

That every thought and every deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future meed;

Esteeming sorrow, whose employ
Is to develope not destroy,
Far better than a barren joy.

FANCIES ON A TEA-CUP

BY THOMAS HOOD.

I love to pore over old china—and to speculate, from the images, on Cathay. I can fancy that the Chinese manners betray themselves, like the drunkard's, in their cups.

How quaintly pranked and patterned is their vessel!—exquisitely outlandish, yet not barbarian. How daintily transparent! It should be no vulgar earth that produces that superlative ware, nor does it so seem in the enamelled landscape.

There are beautiful birds; there, rich flowers and gorgeous butterflies, and a delicate clime, if we may credit the porcelain. There be also horrible monsters, dragons, with us obsolete and reckoned fabulous; the main breed, doubtless, having followed Fohi (our Noah) in his wanderings thither from the Mount Ararat. But how does that impeach the loveliness of Cathay? There are such creatures even in Fairy-land.

I long often to loiter in those romantic paradises—studded with pretty temples, holiday pleasure-grounds—the true Tea-Gardens. I like those meandering waters, and the abounding little islands.

And here is a Chinese nurse-maid, Ho-Fi, chiding a fretful little Pekin child. The urchin hath just such another toy, at the end of a string, as might be purchased at our own Mr. Dunnett's. It argues an advanced state of civilization where the children have many playthings; and the Chinese infants, witness their flying fishes and whirligigs, sold by the stray natives about our streets, are far gone in such juvenile luxuries.

But here is a better token. The Chinese are a polite people; for they do not make household, much less husbandry drudges, of their wives. You may read the women's for-

tune in their tea-cups. In nine cases of ten, the female is busy only in the lady-like toils of the toilette. Lo! here, how sedulously the blooming Hyson is pencilling the mortal arches and curving the crossbows of her eyebrows. A musical instrument, her secondary engagement, is at her almost invisible feet. Are such little extremities likely to be tasked with laborious offices? Marry, in kicking they must be ludicrously impotent; but then she hath a formidable growth of nails.

By her side the obsequious Hum is pouring his soft flatteries into her ear. When she walketh abroad (here it is on another sample) he shadeth her at two miles off with his umbrella. It is like an allegory of love triumphing over space. The lady is walking upon one of those frequent pretty islets, on a plain as if of porcelain, without any herbage, only a solitary flower springs up, seemingly by enchantment, at her fairy-like foot. The watery space between the lovers is aptly left as a blank, excepting her adorable shadow, which is tending towards her slave.

How reverentially is yon urchin presenting his flowers to the Gray-beard! So honourably is age considered in China! There would be some sense, *there*, in birth-day celebrations.

Here, in another compartment, is a solitary scholar, apparently studying the elaborate didactics of Con-Fuse-Ye.

The Chinese have, verily, the advantage of us upon earthen-ware! They trace themselves as lovers, contemplatists, philosophers: whereas, to judge from our jugs and mugs, we are nothing but sheepish piping shepherds and fox-hunters.

THE FAINT-HEARTED LOVER.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame; this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING (1638).

REVERSES.

The evening of Thursday, the 15th of February, 1827, was one of the most delightful I ever remember to have spent. I was alone; my heart beat lightly; my pulse was quickened by the exercise of the morning; my blood flowed freely through my veins, as meeting with no checks or impediments to its current; and my spirits were elated by a multitude of happy remembrances and of brilliant hopes. My apartments looked delightfully comfortable, and what signified to me the inclemency of the weather without. The rain was pattering upon the sky-light of the staircase; the sharp east wind was moaning angrily in the chimney; but as my eye glanced from the cheerful blaze of the fire to the ample folds of my closed window curtains—as the hearth-rug yielded to the pressure of my foot, while beating time to my own music, I sung, in rather a louder tone than usual, my favourite air of "Judy O'Flannigan;"—the whistling of the wind and the pattering of the rain only served to enhance, in my estimation, the comforts of my home, and inspire a livelier sense of the good fortune which had delivered me from any evening engagements. Men—married men—may expatiate if they will, in good published sentences, on the delights of their firesides, and the gay cheerfulness of their family circles; but I do not hesitate to affirm that we, in our state of single blessedness, possess not only all the sweets of our condition, but derive more solid advantages from matrimony itself than any of these solemn eulogists of their own happiness can dare to pretend to derive from it. We have their dinners, without the expense of them; we have their parties, without the fatigue of those interminable domestic discussions which are inseparable from the preliminary arrangements; we share the gay and joyous summer of their homes when they are illuminated for company, and escape the intervening winter of darkness and economy; and having participated in the sunny calm, the halcyon hours of the establishment, we depart before the unreal and transitory delusion is dispersed, and leave the husband to contemplate the less brilliant changes of the lady's countenance and temper, and to maintain a single combat against the boisterous perversities of her offspring. No man can be really *chez soi*—can be in the full enjoyment of all the accommodation afforded by his own house, and fireside, and furniture, and presume to exercise the right of a master over them, unless

he be independent of the fetters of wedlock. No man, I repeat it, can be in the entire enjoyment of life unless he be a young, unmarried man, with an attached elderly valet to wait upon him,—I am so thoroughly persuaded of this fact, that nothing on earth but my love for you, Maria, could persuade me to relinquish "my unhoused, free condition." Nothing but my adoration of such a union of various beauties, and almost incongruous mental accomplishments, could have induced me to abandon my present state of luxurious independence; but, under my peculiar and most favoured circumstances, I only pass from a lower to a higher degree of happiness: True, the idle, the downy, the somewhat ignominious gratifications of celibacy are sacrificed; but they are exchanged for the pure and dignified enjoyment of labouring to secure an angel's happiness, beneath the cheering influence of her exhilarating smiles.

I thrust my hands into the pockets of my dressing-gown, which, by-the-by, is far the handsomest piece of old brocade I have ever seen—a large running pattern of gold hollyhocks, with silver stalks and leaves, upon a rich, deep, Pampadour-coloured ground—and walking slowly backwards and forwards in my room, I continued—"There never was, there never can have been, so happy a fellow as myself! What on earth have I to wish for more? Maria adores me—I adore Maria. To be sure, she's detained at Brighton; but I hear from her regularly every morning by the post, and we are to be united for life in a fortnight. Who was ever so blessed in his love? Then again John Fraser—my old school-fellow! I don't believe there's anything in the world he would not do for me. I'm sure there's no living thing that he loves so much as myself, except perhaps his old uncle Simon, and his black mare."

I had by this time returned to the fireplace, and reseating myself, began to apostrophize my magnificent black Newfoundland, who, having partaken of my dinner, was following the advice and example of Abernethy, and sleeping on the rug as it digested—"And you too, my old Neptune, aren't you the best and handsomest dog in the universe?"

Neptune finding himself addressed, awoke leisurely from his slumbers, and fixed his eyes on mine with an affirmative expression.

"Ay, to be sure you are; and a capital swimmer too."

Neptune raised his head from the rug, and beat the ground with his tail, first to the right hand and then to the left.

"And is he not a fine faithful fellow? And does he not love his master?"

Neptune rubbed his head against my hand, and concluded the conversation by again sinking into repose.

"That dog's a philosopher," I said. "He never says a word more than is necessary. Then, again, not only blessed in love and friendship, and my dog; but what luck it was to sell, and in these times too, that old lumbering house of my father's, with its bleak, bare, hilly acres of chalk and stone, for eighty thousand pounds, and to have the money paid down on the very day the bargain was concluded. By-the-by, though, I had forgot: I may as well write to Messrs. Drax and Drayton about that money, and order them to pay it immediately in to Coutts's,—mighty honest people and all that: but faith, no solicitors should be trusted or tempted too far. It's a foolish way, at any time, to leave money in other people's hands—in anybody's hands—and I'll write about it at once."

As I said, so I did. I wrote my commands to Messrs. Drax and Drayton to pay my eighty thousand pounds into Coutts's; and after desiring that my note might be forwarded to them the first thing in the morning, I took my candle, and accompanied by Neptune, who always keeps watch by night at my chamber door, proceeded to bed, as the watchman was calling "past twelve o'clock," beneath my window.

It is indisputably very beneficial for a man to go to bed thus early; it secures him such pleasant dreams. The visions that filled my imagination during sleep were not of a less animated nature than those of my waking lucubrations. I dreamed that it was day-break on my wedding morning; that I was dressed in white satin and silver lace, to go and be married; that Maria, seated in a richly painted and gilt sedan chair, was conveyed to the church by the parson and clerk, who wore white favours in their wigs, and large nosegays in the breasts of their canonicals; that hands were joined by Hymen in person, who shook his torch over our heads at the altar, and danced a *pas de deux* with the bride down the middle of Regent Street, as we returned in procession from St. James's; that I walked by the side of Neptune, who was, in some unaccountable manner, identified with my friend John Fraser, and acted as father of the bride, and alarmed me in the midst of the ceremony by whispering in my ear that he had forgotten to order any breakfast for the party; that on returning to my house, which appeared to be the pavilion at Brighton, I found a quantity

of money bags, full of sovereigns, each marked £80,000, ranged in rows on a marble table; that I was beginning to empty them at the feet of the bride with an appropriate compliment—when my dream was suddenly interrupted by the hasty entrance of my valet, who stood pale and trembling by my bedside, and informed me, with an agitated voice, that he had carried my note, as ordered, to the office of Messrs. Drax and Drayton, the first thing in the morning, and he had seen Mr. Drax; but that Mr. Drayton had decamped during the night, taking away with him my £80,000 and £500 of his partner's.

I was horror-struck!—I was ruined!—what was to be done? The clock had not yet struck ten, but, early as it was, I was determined to rise immediately, and see Drax myself upon the subject. In an instant—in less than an hour—I was dressed, and on my way to Lincoln's Inn. Twenty minues after, I stood in the presence of Mr. Drax.

He appeared before me, among the last of the pig-tails, with his powdered head, his smooth black silk stockings, and his polished shoes, the very same immutable Mr. Drax whom I had remembered as a quiz from the earliest days of my childhood. There he stood, in the same attitude, in the same dress, the same man of respectability, calculation, and arrangement, that my father had always represented to me as the model of an attorney, but with a look of bewildered paleness, as placed suddenly in a situation where his respectability became doubtful, his calculations defeated, and all his arrangements discomposed.

"Oh, Mr. Luttrell!" he exclaimed, "I beg pardon, Mr. Lionel Luttrell, you've received intimation, then, of this most extraordinary occurrence;—what will the world think?—what will they say? The house of Drax and Drayton! Such a long-established, such a respectable house!—and one of the partners—Mr. Drayton, I mean—to abscond!"

"Ay, Mr. Drax, but think of my eighty thousand pounds!"

"Went away, sir, without leaving the slightest instruction where he might be met with, or where his letters might be sent after him! A most extraordinary proceeding!"

"You'll drive me mad, Mr. Drax. Let me implore you to inform me what's to be done about my money?"

"Your money, Mr. Lionel Luttrell?—here has the same party taken off with him £500 of the common property of the house;—all the loose cash we had in our banker's hands;—drew a draught for the whole amount; appropriated it to himself; and never took the ordinary measure of leaving me a memorandum of the transaction! Why, sir, I might have drawn a bill this very morning—many things less improbable occur—and might have had my draft refused acceptance!"

"Oh, Mr. Drax, this torture will be the death of me. Sir—sir—I'm ruined, and I'm going to be married!"

"A most unfortunate event. But, Mr. Luttrell, you gay young men of fashion at the west end cannot possibly enter into the feelings of a partner and a man of business. My situation——"

Incapable of listening any longer to the lamentations of Mr. Drax, and perceiving that he was too much engrossed by the perplexities of his own affairs to yield any attention to my distresses, I seized my hat and hastily departed, to seek elsewhere for the advice and consolation I required.

"I'll go to John Fraser," I exclaimed; "he's always sensible, always right, always kind. He'll feel for me, at all events; he'll suggest what steps are best to be taken in this most painful emergency."

Upon this determination I immediately proceeded to act, and hastened toward Regent Street with the rapidity of one who feels impatient of every second that elapses between the conception and the execution of his purpose. As I was pressing forward on my hurried way, my thoughts absorbed in the anxiety of the moment, and my sight dazzled by the rapidity of my movements, and the confused succession of the passing objects, I was checked in my course by Edward Burrell—the Pet of the Dandies—"Stop, Lionel, my dear fellow, stop. I want to congratulate you."

"Congratulate me! Upon what?"

"On your appointment: Inspecting Postman for the district of St. Ann's, Soho:—of course you're he—none but personages of such elevated station could be justified in using such velocity of movement, and in running over so many innocent foot passengers."

"Nonsense! Don't stop me! I've just heard of the greatest imaginable misfortune. Drayton, my attorney, has decamped, Heaven only knows to what country, and carried off the whole of my fortune."

"Oh! indeed! So you're one upon the innumerable list of bankrupts! A failure! a complete failure! Don't be angry, Lionel; I always said you were rather a failure. And so now the attorney-man—what's his name?—has absconded and ruined you for life by his successful speculations in hops."

The Pet of the Dandies walked off, laughing as immoderately as a "professed Exclusive" ever dares to laugh. It had made what he believed to be a pun:—That is, I suppose, I dare say the sentence is capable of some quibbling interpretation. The words are unintelligible unless they contain a pun. Whenever I hear one man talk nonsense, and find others laugh, I invariably conclude that he is punning; and if the last parting words of Edward Burrell really do exhibit a specimen of this vulgar kind of solecism, the puppy was more than indemnified for the distresses of his friend, as any punster would necessarily be, by the opportunity of hitching a joke upon them. "It will not be so with you, John Fraser!" I muttered to myself; and in a few seconds I rapped at the door of his lodgings in Regent Street.

They detained me an age in the street—I rapped and rapped again, and then I rang, and at the ringing of the bell a stupid-looking, yellow-haired, steamy maid-servant, in a dirty lace-cap, issued from the scullery, wiping her crimson arms in her check apron, to answer the summons.

"Is Mr. Fraser at home?" I demanded, in a voice of somewhat angry impatience.

"Mr. Fraser at home? No, sir, he an't."

"Where's he gone to?"

"Where's he gone?" rejoined the girl, in a low drawling voice. "I'm sure, sir, I can't tell, not I."

"Is his servant in the way?"

"Is his servant in the way? No, sir, the other gentleman's gone too."

"His servant gone with him? Why, how did they go?"

"How did they go? Why, in a postchay and four, to be sure—they sent for him from Newman's."

"Heavens! how provoking! Did they start early?"

"Start early? no, to be sure, they started very late; as soon as ever master come home from dining in Russell Square."

"Russell Square!—what the devil should John Fraser do dining in Russell Square! How very distressing!"

"Master came home two hours before Mr. Robert expected him, and ordered four horses to be got ready directly."

"Indeed! What can possibly have happened?"

"What has happened? Oh, Mr. Robert told us all about what happened; says he, 'My master's great friend, Mr. Luttrell, is clean ruined; his lawyer man's run off with all his money. Master's in a great quandary about it,' says Mr. Robert, 'and so I suppose,' says he, 'that master and I are going out of town a little while to keep clear of the mess.'"

"Merciful God! and can such cold-hearted treachery really be!"

"And so," continued the girl, perfectly regardless of my vehement ejaculation, "and so I told Mr. Robert I hoped luck would go with them; for you know, sir, it's all very well to have friends and such like, as long as they've got everything comfortable about them; but when they're broke up, or anything of that, why then it's another sort of matter, and we have no right to meddle or make in their concerns."

The girl was a perfect philosopher upon the true Hume and Rochefoucault principles. She continued to promulge her maxims in the same low, monotonous, cold, languid vein; but I did not remain to profit by them. I hurried away to conceal my sorrow and my disappointment in the privacy of those apartments where, on the preceding evening, surrounded by so many comforts, I had proudly, perhaps too proudly, contemplated my stock of happiness, and had at large expatiated on my many deceitful topics of self-gratulation. How miserably was that stock of happiness now impaired! But, hopeful as I am by nature, my sanguine temperament still triumphed; and as I ascended the staircase to my apartment, Maria's image presented itself in smiles to my imagination, and I repeated to myself, "My fortune's gone!—my friend has deserted me!—but Maria, thou, dearest, still remainst to me. I'll tranquillize my mind by the sweet counsel of your daily letter, and then proceed to deliberate and act for myself." I knew that the post must by this time have arrived.

I approached the table where my cards and letters were constantly deposited; but no letter was there. I could not believe my eyes; I rung and asked for my letters—none had arrived during my absence from home. "Had the post-boy gone by?" "Yes, many an hour ago." It was too true, then—even Maria was perfidious to my misfortunes. This was the severest blow of all. The cause of distrust was apparently slight—possibly accidental;—but, occurring at such a time, it fell with all the weight of a last and consummating calamity on one who was already overthrown. I clenched my teeth; I stamped upon the floor; I tossed about my arms with the vain and objectless passion of an angry child. My dog, amazed at the violence of my gesticulation, fixed his large dark eyes upon me, and stared with astonish-

ment, as well he might, at the agitated passion of his master. I saw, or imagined I saw, an expression of tenderness and commiseration in his looks; and in an agony of tears—don't laugh at me, for in the same situation, under the same circumstances, you probably would have done the same—I flung myself down on the floor by his side, exclaiming, "Yes, Neptune, everything on earth has forsaken me but you—my fortune—my friend—my love—with my fortune; and you, you alone, my good old faithful dog, are constant to me in the hour of my affliction!" I started up and paced my apartment backwards and forwards with wide and hurried strides, fevered with the rapid succession of painful events, bewildered in mind, afflicted at heart, perplexed in the extreme!

Impelled by that restlessness of body which results from the agitation of the mind, I took up my hat, called Neptune to follow me, and prepared to seek abroad that distraction for my grief which could not be found in the quiet of my home. In leaving the room my eye accidentally glanced toward my pistols. My hand was on the lock of the door. I perceived that to approach the place where they lay was like tempting hell to tempt me; but a thought flashed across my mind, that to die were to punish the unworthy authors of my sorrow—were to strike imperishable remorse to the hearts of Maria and of John;—and I took the pistols with me, muttering, as I concealed them in my breast, "Perhaps I may want them."

In this frame of mind, wandering through back and retired streets, with no other motive to direct me than the necessity of locomotion, I at length found myself on the banks of the Thames, at no great distance from Westminster Bridge. My boat was kept near this place. On the water I should be delivered from all apprehension of observing eyes. I should be alone with my sorrow; and, unfavourable as the season and the weather were, I proceeded to the spot where my boat was moored. "Bad time for boating, Mr. Luttrell," said Piner, who had the charge of my wherry; "it's mortal cold, and there's rain getting out there to the windward." But careless of his good-natured remonstrances, I seized the oars impatiently from his hand, and proceeded in angry silence to the boat. I pushed her off, and rowed rapidly up the river towards Chelsea, with Neptune lying at my feet. When I thus found myself alone upon the water, with none to know, or mark, or overhear me, my grief, breaking through all the restraints that had confined it as long as I was exposed to the inspection of my fellow-creatures, discharged itself in vehement exclamations of indignant passion. "Fool!—idiot that I was to trust them! Nothing on earth shall ever induce me now to look upon them again. Oh, Maria! I should have thought it happiness enough to have died for you; and you to desert me—to fall away from me too, at the moment when a single smile of yours might have indemnified me for all the wrongs of fortune, all the treachery of friendship! As to Fraser, men are all alike,—selfish by nature, habit, education. They are trained to baseness, and he is the wisest man who becomes earliest acquainted with suspicion. He is the happiest who, scorning their hollow demonstrations of attachment, constrains every sympathy of his nature within the close imprisonment of a cold and unparticipating selfishness; but I'll be revenged. Fallen as I am—sunk, impoverished, despised as Lionel Luttrell may be, the perfidious shall yet be taught to know that he will not be spurned with impunity, or trampled on without reprisal!"

At these words, some violence of gesture accompanying the vehemence of my sentiment, interfered with the repose of Neptune, who was quietly sleeping at the bottom of the boat. The dog vented his impatience in a quick and angry growl. At that moment my irritation amounted almost to madness. "Right—right!" I exclaimed, "my very dog turns against me. He withdraws the mercenary attachment which my food had purchased, now that the sources which supplied it have become exhausted." I imputed to my dog the frailties of man, and hastened, in the wild suggestion of the instant, to take a severe and summary vengeance on his ingratitude. I drew forth a pistol from my breast, and ordered him to take to the water. I determined to shoot him as he was swimming, and then leave him there to die. Neptune hesitated in obeying me. He was scarcely aroused, perhaps he did not comprehend my command. My impatience would brook no delay. I was in no humour to be thwarted. Standing up in the boat, I proceeded, with a sudden effort of strength, to cast the dog into the river. My purpose failed—my balance was lost—and, in a moment of time, I found myself engaged in a desperate struggle for existence with the dark, deep waters of the Thames. I cannot swim. Death—death in all its terrors—instantaneous, inevitable death, was the idea that pressed upon my mind, and occupied all its faculties. But poor Neptune required no solicitation. He no sooner witnessed the danger of his master than

he sprang forward to my rescue, and sustaining my head above the water, swam stoutly away with me to the boat.

When once reseated there, as I looked upon my preserver shaking the water from his coat as composedly as if nothing extraordinary had happened, my conscience became penetrated with the bitterest feelings of remorse and shame. Self-judged, self-corrected, self-condemned, I sat like a guilty wretch in the presence of that noble animal, who, having saved my life at the very moment I was meditating his destruction, seemed of too generous a nature to imagine that the act he had performed exceeded the ordinary limits of his service, or deserved any special gratitude from his master. I felt as one who had in intention committed murder on his benefactor, and, as I slowly rowed towards the land, eloquent in the praise of the unconscious Neptune, the recollection of my perilous escape—the complete conviction of my having in one instance been mistaken in my anger—and perhaps—most unromantic as it may sound—the physical operation of my cold bath and my wet habiliments—all these causes united, operated so effectually to allay the fever of my irritated passions, that the agitation of my mind was soothed. Mine was now the spirit of one in sorrow, not in anger. Humbled in mine own opinion, my indignation against Maria and John Fraser, for their cruel desertion of my distresses, was exchanged for a mingled sentiment of tenderness and forgiveness. On reaching the landing-place I hastened to take possession of the first hackney-coach, and, calling Neptune into it, drove off to my lodgings in Conduit Street.

On arriving at my apartments the first object that presented itself to my eye was a note from Maria. I knew the peculiar shape of the billet before I was near enough to distinguish the handwriting. All the blood in my veins seemed to rush back towards my heart, and there to stand trembling at the seat of life and motion. I shook like a terrified infant. Who could divine the nature of the intelligence which that note contained? I held the paper some minutes in my hand before I could obtain sufficient command over myself to open it. That writing conveyed to me the sentence of my future destiny. Its purport was pregnant of the misery or happiness of my after-life. At length, with a sudden, a desperate effort of resolution, I burst the seal asunder, and read—

"Dearest Lionel, I did not write yesterday, because my aunt had most unexpectedly determined to return to town to-day. We left Brighton very early this morning, and are established at Thomas's Hotel. Come to us directly; or if this wicked theft of Mr. Drayton's—which, by-the-by, will compel us to have a smaller, a quieter, and therefore a *happier* home than we otherwise should have had—compels you to be busy among law people, and occupies all your time this morning, pray come to dinner at seven—or if not to dinner, at all events you must contrive to be with us in Berkeley Square some time this evening. My aunt desires her best love, and believe me, dearest Lionel, your ever affectionate

"MARIA."

And she was really true! This was by far the kindest, the tenderest note I had ever received. Maria was constant, and my wicked suspicions only were in fault. Oh, Heavens! how much was I to blame! How severely did my folly deserve punishment!

The operations of the toilet are capable of incalculable extension or diminution. They can, under certain circumstances, be very rapidly despatched. In five minutes after the first reading of Maria's note, I was descending the staircase, and prepared to obey her summons. My valet was standing with his hand on the lock of the street door, in readiness to expedite my departure, when the noise of rapidly-approaching wheels was heard. A carriage stopped suddenly before the house—the rapper was loudly and violently beaten with a hurried hand—the street door flew open—and John Fraser, in his dinner dress of the last evening, pale with watching, and fatigue, and travel, and excitement, burst like an unexpected apparition upon my sight. He rushed towards me, seized my hand, and shaking it with the energy of an almost convulsive joy, exclaimed, "Well, Lionel, I was in time—thought I should be. The fellows drove capitally—deuced good horses too, or we should never have beat him."

"What do you mean? Beat whom?"

"The rascal Drayton, to be sure. Did not they tell you I had got scent of his starting, and was off after him within an hour of his departure?"

"No, indeed, John, they never told me *that*."

"Well, never mind. I overtook him within five miles of Canterbury, and horsewhipped him within an inch of his life."

"And—and—the money?"

"Oh, I've lodged that at Coutts's. I thought it best to put that out of danger at once. So I drove to the Strand, and deposited your eighty thousand pounds in a place of security before I proceeded here to tell you that it was safe."

If I had been humbled and ashamed of myself before—if I had repented my disgusting suspicions on seeing Maria's note, this explanation of John Fraser's absence was very little calculated to restore me to my former happy state of self-approbation. Taking my friend by the arm, and calling Neptune, I said, "By-and-by, John, you shall be thanked as you ought to be for all your kindness; but you must first forgive me. I have been cruelly unjust to Maria, to you, and to poor old Neptune here. Come with me to Berkeley Square. You shall there hear the confession of my past rashness and folly; and when my heart is once delivered from the burden of self-reproach that now oppresses it, there will be room for the expansion of those happier feelings which your friendship and Maria's tenderness have everlastingly implanted there. Never again will I allow a suspicion to pollute my mind which is injurious to those I love. The world's a good world—the women are all true, the friends all faithful, and the dogs are all attached and staunch;—and if any individual, under any possible combination of circumstances, is ever, for a single instant, induced to conceive an opposite opinion, depend upon it that that unhappy man is deluded by false appearances, and that a little inquiry would convince him of his mistake."

"I can't for the life of me understand, Lionel, what you are driving at."

"You will presently," I replied; and in the course of half an hour—seated on the sofa, with Maria on one side of me, with John Fraser on the other, and with Neptune lying at my feet—I had related the painful tale of my late follies and sufferings, and heard myself affectionately pitied and forgiven, and concluded, in the possession of unmingled happiness, the series of my day's reverses.

Blackwood's Mag.

SONG.

FROM THE SLAVONIAN.

O, if mine own beloved one
  Would visit me, his maid, at even,
'Twould be as bright as if the sun
  And moon were both at once in heaven.

But not so sweet, and not so soon,
  Comes joy to me; for tell me whether
You ever saw the sun and moon
  Bright shining in the heavens together?

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

HYMN TO THE SEA.

BY DEAN ALFORD.

Thou and the earth, twin sisters, as they say,
In the old prime were fashioned in one day;
  And therefore thou delightest evermore
    With her to lie and play
    The summer hours away,
Curling thy lovely ripples up her quiet shore.

She is a married matron long ago
With nations at her side; her milk doth flow
  Each year; but thee no husband dares to tame;
    Thy wild will is thine own—
    Thy sole and virgin throne—
Thy mood is ever changing—thy resolve the same.

Sunlight and moonlight minister to thee;
O'er the broad circle of the shoreless sea
  Heaven's two great lights for ever set and rise,
    While the round vault above
    In vast and silent love
Is gazing down upon thee with his hundred eyes.

All night thou utterest forth thy solemn moan,
Counting the weary minutes all alone;
  Then in the morning thou dost calmly lie
    Deep blue, ere yet the sun
    His day work hath begun,
Under the opening windows of the golden sky.

The spirit of the mountain looks on thee
Over a hundred hills: quaint shadows flee
  Across thy marbled mirror: brooding lie
    Storm mists of infant cloud,
    With a sight-baffling shroud
Mantling the gray blue islands in the western sky.

Sometimes thou liftest up thine hands on high
Into the tempest-cloud that blurs the sky,
  Holding rough dalliance with the fitful blast;
    Whose stiff breath whistling shrill
    Pierces with deadly chill
The wet crew feebly clinging to their shattered mast.

Foam-white along the border of the shore
Thine onward-leaping billows plunge and roar;
  While o'er the pebbly ridges slowly glide
    Cloaked figures, dim and gray
    Through the thick mist of spray,
Watchers for some struck vessel in the boiling tide.

—Daughter and darling of remotest eld—
Time's childhood and Time's age thou hast beheld;
  His arm is feeble, and his eye is dim;
    He tells old tales again—
    He wearies of long pain,—
Thou art as at the first—thou journey'dst not with him.

MY GRANDFATHER'S STORY.

BY A. B. PICKEN.

The parents of my grandfather were stout Hanoverians. Their professions of loyalty and Protestantism were not merely lip-deep matters. They were loyal and Protestant to the backbone—to the core of the heart—to—wherever else the recess is where integrity (or rather falsehood) is supposed to lurk. They drank the health of King George and the Protestant ascendency in endless bumpers of stern March beer; they propagated their principles among their friends; they whipped them into their children; they taught them to their servants. Little tottering urchins, a foot high, who were learning their "duty to their neighbour," learned, at the same time, to hate a Jacobite with all their heart and with all their strength. Their first lesson, when they got into three syllables, was to cry, "Destruction to the house of Stuart!" In other respects their education was not conducted on a strict plan. In regard to my grandfather, who was in his later years (I am so sorry to say) an occasional swearer—he always traced his infirmity to his having been encouraged at three years old to bawl forth, "Curse the Pretender!" He derived this small accomplishment from the stable-boy, and it was considered dangerous to attempt to extinguish it by reproof. "We may pull up the flower and the weed together," said his father;—so my grandfather remained a swearer.

In the year 1746 his parents dwelt, and had dwelt for some years, at the small town of Calne, in Wiltshire. At that day politics ran high, and in Calne they ran higher than in other places. The tailor, the butcher, the baker, were afflicted with the epidemic. The less people had to do with the matter, the more furious they became. A leash of tailors and a brace of bakers (stitched and kneaded up together, and called "The Club,") determined to settle the question in favour of the house of Hanover. A bunch of gardeners opposed them on the Stuart side. Each man was for "the right," and for that reason they all neglected their business, and in twelve months were supported at the expense of the parish. This they called suffering for their country. They suffered on *both* sides for their country, which was odd enough. Yet their country never knew it till this moment, when I (unwillingly) proclaim its ingratitude. However, there were some more efficient adherents to the houses of Stuart and Hanover, as will be supposed. Among these was a Mr. Campbell, a Scotsman by birth, a lawyer by education (he had retired from the bar on a small fortune), and as completely cased in Jacobitism as the King of Denmark was in steel, namely, "from top to toe."

It is a little singular that this gentleman should have become the intimate friend of a loyal Protestant, but so it was. Matters of opinion, to be sure, interfered occasionally with this intimacy, and political jars sometimes even threatened to shake the foundations of their friendship; but, on the whole, they went on pretty smoothly, and had a most sincere respect for each other.

As Mr. Stephen Bethel, the Hanoverian, had a son (my grandfather), who was heir of his acres; so Mr. Campbell, the Jacobite, had a daughter, as fair as Eve, and the sole stay and solace of his home. What was to be expected in such a case? My grandfather fell over head and ears in love. He was at the mature age of sixteen; so he declared himself, and was—refused! If the river Marden had been deep enough, the line of Bethel had perhaps been extinct. Fortunately, it is only a little rippling stream, and being (thereabouts) not more than four feet deep, was insufficient for the purposes of the most desperate of lovers. My grandfather probably felt this; for, after a week's deliberation, he postponed his intended suicide to an indefinite period, or, as the parliamentary reporters say, "*sine die.*" In the interim he set seriously to study, and after two years of unflinching reading, he was sent abroad to travel, and remained in foreign countries two years more. Some time after his departure, Mr. Campbell was also called suddenly to Scotland upon some private business, relating, as he intimated, to a small patrimony which he possessed in that country.

It was about this time (viz. in 1745) that the Chevalier, Charles Edward, made his unsuccessful attempt upon the crown of England. I am not about to fatigue you with the particulars of this expedition; they are known to every one now, since the publication of the memoirs of Mr. Fergus Mac Ivor, and the celebrated Baron of Bradwardine. I must tell you, however, that among the adherents of the house of Hanover, there was not one so indignant at this invasion of the country as the father of Mr. Walter Bethel. He strapped his sword (a huge Toledo) round his loins; furbished up a horrible, wide-mouthed blunderbuss; stuck a brace of huge brass-mounted

pistols in his belt, and swore frightfully, both by St. George and the Dragon, that he would cut off the ears of the first rebel who dared to violate the sanctity of the county of Wilts. Had he lived farther northward, there must have been bloody noses between Mr. Stephen Bethel and the Jacobites. As it was, his anger exhausted itself in words; a fortunate event for the heroes in philibegs and tartans, and not altogether unlucky, perhaps, for my great-grandfather.

During the absence of Campbell his daughter lived in the house of Mr. Bethel. My grandfather being at that time absent on his travels, there was no objection to this arrangement on her part; and the young lady being a Protestant (the religion of her deceased mother), Mr. Bethel felt no apprehension that his sober family could be tainted by the scarlet principles of the woman of Babylon.

When Mary Campbell rejected the hand of my grandfather, he was, as I have said, some sixteen years of age, and she herself being as old within six months, looked down, naturally enough, upon the pretensions of so young a lover. Two years, however, spent in studying books at home (during which time he forbore to see her), and more than two years devoted to the study of man abroad, converted Mr. Walter Bethel into a promising cavalier, and made wonderful alterations in the opinions of the lady. At the time of my grandfather's return, Mary Campbell was a resident in his father's house; and when the old gentleman, after embracing his son, led him up to his fair guest, with "You remember my son Walter, my dear Miss Campbell?" Miss Campbell was ready to sink with confusion. A little time, however, sufficed for her recovery, and she received my grandfather's courtesies as gracefully as anybody could be expected to do who had "never seen the Louvre." Walter Bethel felt this. He saw a distinction—a shade, indeed, between his former favourite and the pretty Madame la Comtesse de Frontac and la belle Marquise de Vaudrecour; but, on the whole, he was well satisfied, and, it must be added, not a little surprised also. For time, which had been so busy in lavishing accomplishments on the head of Mr. Walter Bethel, having had a little time to spare from that agreeable occupation, had employed it very advantageously in improving the mind and person of Mary Campbell. Perhaps this might be for the purpose of once more entrapping her lover's heart. Perhaps—but it is not easy to speak as to this. The result of her improvement, however, was very speedily seen. My grandfather fell over head and ears again in love, and *this* time he was destined to be a conqueror.

He had not been four-and-twenty hours at home before his "Miss Campbell" expanded into "My dear Miss Campbell." This, in a week, dwindled into "Mary," which in its turn blossomed out into half-a-dozen little tender titles (such as are to be found in any page of Cupid's calendar), with very expressive epithets appended to them. I have heard him tell the story of his offering his hand and heart to my grandmother, while the good old lady sat with smiling, shining eyes at his side, listening to his rhapsodies, as pleased, I verily believe, as she could have been when the offer was actually made to her forty or fifty years before.

My grandfather had been returned about three months from his travels, and was absolutely basking in the sunshine of Mary's eyes, when Campbell, who had been long absent, returned suddenly and unexpectedly from Scotland. He had formerly been a tall, ruddy, athletic man; but he came back worn to the bone, pale, attenuated, and drooping. He had never given up the idea that one day or other the house of Stuart would be restored to what he called "its rights;" and when the invasion of the Pretender, which had excited such mad expectations, ended in the utter discomfiture of himself and his adherents, Campbell could scarcely bear up against his disappointment. It was asserted, and not contradicted, that his journey to Scotland had been a mere pretext; that he had been actually in the thick of the fights of Falkirk and Preston, and had been forced to flee for his life, and to hide in caves, and brakes, and desert places, from the insatiable fury of the English troopers.

He escaped at last, however, and arrived at Calne; not free from molestation, indeed, for within four-and-twenty hours of his return, news also arrived of the approach of a detachment, sent, as it was said, to scour the country of rebels, and charged with particular instructions to seize upon our unhappy Jacobite.

"Well, Walter, my boy," said Mr. Stephen Bethel, "what *is* to be done?"

"I think," replied Walter, "we had better send him off to my aunt's, at Hilmarton. If he were well covered with one of your wigs, sir——"

"Eh? what? zounds!" exclaimed the other, "do you think *I'll* be accessory—do you think that I, *a Bethel!* will help to conceal one of King George's rascally enemies? Do you think

——?" Mr. Stephen Bethel was lashing himself up with words as the lion does with his tail; and there was no knowing how long he would have gone on with his "do you thinks?" or, in fact, whether he ever would have stopped, had not my grandfather very naturally, and at the same time a little ingeniously, exclaimed, "Poor Mary! what will she not suffer?"

Mr. Stephen Bethel was calm in a moment. We have heard how a cannon-ball will suddenly put an end to the most violent discussion; how the ducking-stool will at once quell the else untamable tongue of the scold; but "Poor Mary!"—it was oil upon the ocean of his wrath. He was conquered and quiet in an instant.

"To be sure," said he, faltering, "poor Mary!—poor girl!" added he, "'tis a pity that such a creature should suffer for the errors of her father. As to *him*—a foolish, obstinate, headstrong Jacobite! But King George is at his heels—King George or King George's men; and *now* we shall hear whether he'll sing *The Cammels are coming;* or cry, *King James* and *Proud Preston* again!"

And so the old gentleman veered about from pity to wrath, from loyalty to friendship, and back again. Friendship, however, got the better at last, and he set about helping Campbell in good earnest. Walter was allowed to convey to Campbell an intimation of his danger; not that the father desired this in so many words, but as he did not absolutely prohibit it, his son interpreted his silence to his own purposes, and proceeded to the house of the unlucky Jacobite.

The first object that struck his sight on entering Campbell's house was Mary herself, evidently in deep distress. "My dearest Mary!" said he, putting his arm gently round her waist.

"Oh, Walter!" replied she, sobbing—"my father! my poor father! That unfortunate expedition of the prince——"

"Of the Pretender?" said Walter inquiringly.

"Do not carp at words," replied she; "what matter whether he be prince or pretender, now that the soldiers are coming for my dear father? Oh! he will be taken! he will be taken!" continued she, weeping and wringing her hands.

"I came to save him," said Walter. "Be comforted. Where is he? Is he within?"

"He is gone," answered she. "He received the news from a friend, and had just time to escape."

"Tell me where?" said my grandfather hastily.

"I cannot—I must not!" said she. "He charged me to keep his secret, and I must do so—even from you."

"He will be found," replied Walter in distress. "He will be hunted by these rascals, and found. Let him trust himself to me. I know a place where he may hide for a time, and our well-known principles will assure his final safety. If the storm be once blown over, my father and uncle shall exert their interest with the duke, and all will be well. So take heart, my dearest, and tell me, without more ado, where your father is. Tell me, as you value his life."

And she told; and she did well to tell; for, besides that Campbell's hiding-place was speedily searched, and that nothing short of the character of the Bethels would have been sufficient to ward off the strict inquiries that were elsewhere made, it was well that the honesty of love should not be rewarded with distrust. Mary Campbell confided in her lover—not only her heart, but her father's life; and well was the confidence repaid.

I must now give up the task of historian, and let my grandfather tell you the rest of the story himself. It was one of his thousand and one anecdotes, and it was in these words that he was accustomed to tell it:—

"The day," he used to begin, "on which the soldiers came on their man-hunt to Calne was memorable for many a year. Both men and the elements seemed quarrelling with each other. The scornful loyalist, the desperate Jacobite, stood front to front, in flaming open defiance. The thunder muttered, the wind went raving about, and the rains, which had been falling heavily all night and glittering in the lightning, now came tumbling down in cataracts and sheets of water. The little runnels had grown into brooks; the brooks were formidable rivers. The Marden itself, usually so unimportant, had swollen and panted long in its narrow bounds, till at last it burst over its banks, and went flooding the country round. Notwithstanding all this, the hunters prepared to pursue their prey.

"It is a fearful thing to chase even a beast that flies for its life, but to hunt the great animal, man, must surely thrill and strike an alarm into the heart of his pursuer. What!—he whom we have smiled upon, whose hand we have clutched, whose cheer we have enjoyed! Shall we—if he do a desperate deed which some law forbid—strip our hearts at once of all sympathy, and track him from spot to spot,

through woods, and lanes, and hollows, and lonely places, till he fall into the toil? and then go home and be content with the abstract principle of justice, and forget that we have lost a friend for ever!

"I had got the start of the red-coats by almost a quarter of an hour; but I found that I had to encounter impediments that I had not foreseen. I had set off with scarcely any determined idea but that of saving Campbell at all events. I took the ordinary road to the brake, where I knew that he lay concealed; striding onwards at my best pace, sometimes running, sometimes toiling up slippery ascents, sometimes plunging along the plashy meadows, till my breath grew short and painful from excess of exertion. I still kept on my course, however, and had contrived to attain a lofty ridge of land, not very distant from the place of refuge, when all at once my eyes fell upon a broad waste of water, a vast turbid stream running at random over the country, and above which nothing appeared but an occasional tree, and the long narrow slip of wood and copse which crowned the elevated land, and in which, as I concluded, my friend was hid.

"If ever I felt real despair it was at that moment. I stopped for an instant (a dreadful instant) to think—I could not be said strictly to deliberate. I thought quickly, intensely, with a pain piercing the very centre of my heart. In three or four seconds of time I had, with the rapidity which fear produced, considered half-a-dozen methods of passing the water. At last I recollected a sheep-path, traversing a narrow neck of high land, on the opposite of the inundation, which, although apparently quite covered by the floods, might nevertheless still enable me to reach the wood; but to arrive at this path it was necessary to retrace three parts of the space which I had already travelled. I turned my steps backward instantly, and with great efforts arrived at the bridge, on the skirts of the town, just in time to hear the roll of the drum hard by, which called the soldiers to duty. I fancied that I could almost hear the click of their firelocks as they examined them, previously to their setting out in pursuit of Campbell. 'Twas then I forgot everything. My legs were no longer cramped; my breath, pent up and labouring in my breast, seemed suddenly relieved, and I ran forwards with increased speed for almost a mile, when the footsteps of a person, about the size of Campbell, which had made deep impressions on a piece of soft soil, arrested my attention. I saw from the direction that this person must have left the highroad at that spot, and taken to the fields. I erased the marks as well as I could. Thrusting the spike of my leaping-pole into the gravel of the road, I cleared the hedge at a bound, without leaving a single trace of my course, and took my way across the fields in pursuit of Campbell.

"For some time no steps were discernible, for my route lay over grass on which the rain was still incessantly falling. At last indications of a footmark encouraged me, and I continued to track it, sometimes readily, sometimes with difficulty, for it frequently disappeared, until it led me to the very edge of the flood. The man, whoever he was, must have plunged right through the waters. Perhaps he had been carried away. But there was no time for guessing; so feeling my way with my pole, I took to the water myself. To my surprise it was shallow enough for awhile, scarcely reaching above my knees. I got on, therefore, readily enough till I had arrived within a few yards of the wood, the object of my labours, when the land suddenly dipped, and I found myself in upwards of four feet water. A few more steps would, I knew, place me on dry ground: so I strained onwards across the current, which now ran with considerable force, and after a struggle or two reached the skirts of the wood in safety.

"I had just caught hold of some long grass to secure my footing, when my attention was arrested by a noise at some distance. I threw myself on the bank for a single minute's rest, and heard distinctly the withered leaves and brambles crackling under a heavy tread, and the hoarse thick breathing of some creature apparently in the last stage of exhaustion. The horrid guttural sounds which it gave out in its pain (I heard them at the distance of a hundred yards) ring in my ears to this moment. I remembered to have heard that in Indian or African hunts the enormous beasts which they pursue will sometimes thus breathe out their distress before they stand at bay and die. But no such creature could be here—so I determined to follow. After a few steps I called out, 'Who goes?' All was still in an instant.

"My way now lay across the middle of the wood to the dingle, where I hoped to find my friend. In my course I had to pass by a deep hollow, which was usually filled with water, and which was the haunt of the water-rat, the lizard, and the frog, who kept their court among the flags and rushes there. I had reached this place, and was passing on, when a slight noise induced me to turn my head. The sound was like the cocking of a pistol; so

I made haste to proclaim myself. 'It is I—'tis Walter Bethel!' called I out lustily. The words were scarcely out of my mouth when uprose, from amidst the rushes and the green stagnant water, a phantom more hideous than Triton or Nereus in his most terrible mood. Covered to the chin with the green mantle of the pool, his clothes soaked and saturated with water, arose—with a cocked pistol in each hand, and a mouth wide open and gasping for breath—my father-in-law, Campbell! He stared like a man bewildered.

"'Well?' said he at last: 'twas all he could say.

"'I am come to save you,' replied I; 'the soldiers will be here in a few minutes. Come along with me.'

"'No,' replied the other; 'I'll go no farther. I *can* go no farther. I may as well die here.'

"'By Heaven!' said I, 'you shall *not* die. Rebel or not, you are Mary Campbell's father, and while I have a sinew left, you shall not be taken.'

"With that I took him upon my back (for I was a lusty fellow then), and carried him—I know not how, but by several efforts I believe—to the extreme side of the wood. I was just congratulating myself on my success, when suddenly I heard the measured tramp of soldiers coming along a lane which wound round the skirts of the copse. I had mistaken the way. I stopped immediately, and heard the word 'Halt!' uttered in a tone that struck to my heart.

"'They are upon us,' whispered Campbell, 'and the only thing is to die boldly! Go, therefore, my dear Walter; and may God bless you! Tell poor Mary—,' but here his voice faltered, and he could only sigh out deeply, 'God bless my dear child!'

"There was no time for talking, as you will imagine. I therefore motioned him to silence, and drew him, with the least possible noise, away from the point of danger. He was now able to walk slowly; and that was fortunately sufficient, for the soldiers had stopped to deliberate. We kept on at a steady quiet pace along a sharp angle of the wood, which terminated at a point near the Bath road. Behind us, the voices of the soldiers were occasionally heard; and once the report of a musket-shot a little disturbed our tranquillity. We succeeded, however, in attaining the extreme point of the wood, and were just about to emerge into the road, when a heavy plunge was heard near us, like that of a person jumping from an eminence, and the whistle of a pistol-bullet through the leaves, which quickly followed, reduced us to instant silence. Without uttering a syllable I pulled Campbell down beside me, amongst the fern and rank grass that grew all about, and there lay for two or three dreadful minutes, till our enemy had passed onwards. I had flung Campbell so completely prostrate that, he averred, he was obliged to make no inconsiderable meal of fern and dock leaves before he could breathe with comfort. However this was, we soon rose up, as soon as prudently we could do so—contrived to drop a fragment of Campbell's dress on the Chippenham road, and after seeing our pursuers take the bait and proceed southwards, we turned our backs upon danger and the detachment, and reached Hilmarton in safety."

To take up the conclusion of the tale, the latter part of which has been told in the words of Walter Bethel.

Campbell was saved. A little time sufficed, as my grandfather had predicted, to put an end to the hanging of the Jacobites. General Bethel, a firm and loyal friend of the existing government, was won over, after some entreaty, to petition for the pardon of Campbell; for he was one who had been excepted out of the list of those forgiven.

"He is a flaming, furious Jacobite," said General Bethel to his favourite, Walter, in reply to his request; "a troublesome fellow is he, Walter, and deserves to suffer."

"He is Mary's father, my dear uncle," said my grandfather, insinuatingly.

"You are a fool, Walter," replied the general tartly. "At *your* age you ought to be marching at the head of a file of grenadiers, instead of toying and making love, and—Pshaw! I am ashamed of you."

"But, my dear uncle—," Walter was proceeding in extenuation.

"Why don't you come up to town, sir?" inquired the general, with some sternness; "I have no doubt but that I can get you a commission in a couple of months, and a company—before you deserve one."

"My dear general," said his nephew once more, calmly, "I thank you for the interest that you take in me; but *my* ambition is for the toga—the gown! *I* am for civil, while you are for military fame. In the former, perhaps, I may become the first of my house; but in the latter I must for ever remain eclipsed by *your* greater reputation."

"You are a goose, Walter," replied his uncle, laughing, and pinched his ear;—and Walter laughed merrily too, for by that compliment Campbell obtained his pardon.

KILMENY.

[**James Hogg**, "The Ettrick Shepherd," born in Ettrick Forest, 25th January, 1772 (the date given in his autobiography); died at Altrive, on the Yarrow, 21st November, 1835. He was the son of a shepherd, and his early years were spent in farm-service. Some of his songs having attracted the attention of Scott and others, he was encouraged to study and to write. His first important publication was *The Mountain Bard*, and about the same time he issued *An Essay on Sheep*. The profits derived from the two works enabled him to rent a farm; but he did not thrive in it, and he resigned his lease. He now determined to support himself entirely by his pen, and he started a weekly journal called *The Spy;* but it did not succeed. Soon afterwards he published *The Queen's Wake*, a legendary poem, which made and maintains his fame as a poet. By the kindness of the Buccleugh family, he was granted a farm at a nominal rent; but he was again unfortunate in his agricultural speculations. His nature was too enthusiastic and too generous to be guided by prudence, and although favoured by many circumstances, and always working hard, he ended his days almost as poor in worldly wealth as when he began, but rich in the affection of all who knew him. Twenty years after his death, government granted a pension to his widow. Blackie & Son publish a complete edition of his works, of which—besides those mentioned above—the most notable are: *Pilgrims of the Sun; The Hunting of Badlewe; The Poetic Mirror* —imitations of the most popular bards then living; *The Jacobite Relics of Scotland*—many of the songs in this collection are original; *Miscellaneous Poems; The Brownie of Bodsbeck, and other Tales; The Three Perils of Man; The Three Perils of Woman; The Shepherd's Calendar;* &c. &c. Professor Wilson in the *Noctes*, with which Hogg is intimately identified as "The Shepherd," said: "The *Queen's Wake* is a garland of fair forest flowers, bound with a band of rushes from the moor. . . . Some of the ballads are very beautiful; one or two even splendid; most of them spirited. . . . 'Kilmeny' alone places our (*ay, our*) Shepherd among the Undying Ones." Lord Jeffrey felt justified by "Kilmeny" in assuring the author that he was "a poet in the highest acceptation of the name."]

Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen;
But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
It was only to hear the Yorlin sing,
And pu' the cress-flower round the spring;
The scarlet hypp and the hindberrye,
And the nut that hung frae the hazel-tree;
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',
And lang may she seek i' the greenwood shaw;
Lang the laird of Duneira blame,
And lang, lang greet, or Kilmeny come hame!

When many lang day had come and fled,
When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,
When mess for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
When the bedes-man had prayed, and the dead-bell rung;
Late, late in a gloamin when all was still,
When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek o' the cot hung o'er the plain,
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;
When the ingle lowed wi' an eiry leme,
Late, late in the gloamin Kilmeny came hame!

"Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?
Lang hae we sought baith holt and dean;
By linn, by ford, and green-wood tree,
Yet you are halesome and fair to see.
Where gat you that joup o' the lily sheen?
That bonny snood o' the birk sae green?
And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen?—
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?"

Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;
As still was her look, and as still was her ee,
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had been she kenn'd not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew.
But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,
And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,
When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,
And a land where sin had never been;
A land of love, and a land of light,
Withouten sun, or moon, or night;
Where the river swa'd a living stream,
And the light a pure and cloudless beam;
The land of vision it would seem,
A still, an everlasting dream.

In yon green wood there is a waik,
And in that waik there is a wene,
And in that wene there is a maike,
That neither has flesh, nor blood, nor bane;
And down in yon green wood he walks his lane.

In that green wene Kilmeny lay,
Her bosom happed wi' flowerets gay;
But the air was soft and the silence deep,
And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep.
She kenn'd nae mair, nor opened her ee,
Till waked by the hymns of a far countrye.

She woke on a couch of the silk sae slim,
All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's rim;
And lovely beings round were rife,
Who erst had travelled mortal life;
And aye they smiled, and 'gan to speer,
"What spirit has brought this mortal here?"

"Lang have I ranged the world wide,"
A meek and reverend fere replied;
"Baith night and day I have watched the fair,
Eident a thousand years and mair.

Yes, I have watched o'er ilk degree,
Wherever blooms femenitye;
And sinless virgin, free of stain
In mind and body, fand I nane.
Never, since the banquet of time,
Found I a virgin in her prime,
Till late this bonny maiden I saw
As spotless as the morning snaw.
Full twenty years she has lived as free
As the spirits that sojourn in this countrye:
I have brought her away frae the snares of men,
That sin or death she never may ken."

They clasped her waist and her hands sae fair,
They kiss'd her cheek, and they kemed her hair;
And round came many a blooming fere,
Saying, "Bonny Kilmeny, ye're welcome here!
Women are freed of the littand scorn:—
O, blessed be the day Kilmeny was born!
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken what a woman may be!
Many lang year in sorrow and pain,
Many lang year through the world we've gane,
Commissioned to watch fair womankind,
For it's they who nurse the immortal mind.
We have watched their steps as the dawning shone,
And deep in the green-wood walks alone;
By lily bower, and silken bed,
The viewless tears have o'er them shed;
Have soothed their ardent minds to sleep,
Or left the couch of love to weep.
We have seen! we have seen! but the time maun come,
And the angels will weep at the day of doom!

"O, would the fairest of mortal kind
Aye keep these holy truths in mind,
That kindred spirits their motions see,
Who watch their ways with anxious ee,
And grieve for the guilt of humanitye!
O, sweet to Heaven the maiden's prayer,
And the sigh that heaves a bosom sae fair!
And dear to Heaven the words of truth,
And the praise of virtue frae beauty's mouth!
And dear to the viewless forms of air
The mind that kythes as the body fair!

"O, bonny Kilmeny! free frae stain,
If ever you seek the world again,
That world of sin, of sorrow, and fear,
O tell of the joys that are waiting here;
And tell of the signs you shall shortly see;
Of the times that are now, and the times that shall be."

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,
And she walked in the light of a sunless day:
The sky was a dome of crystal bright,
The fountain of vision, and fountain of light:
The emerant fields were of dazzling glow,
And the flowers of everlasting blow.
Then deep in the stream her body they laid,
That her youth and beauty never might fade;
And they smiled on heaven, when they saw her lie
In the stream of life that wandered by.
And she heard a song, she heard it sung,
She kenn'd not where; but sae sweetly it rung,
It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn:—
"O! blest be the day Kilmeny was born!
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken what a woman may be!
The sun that shines on the world sae bright,
A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of light;
And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,
Like a goudien bow, or a beamless sun,
Shall wear away and be seen nae mair,
And the angels shall miss them travelling the air.
But lang, lang after baith night and day,
When the sun and the world have fled away;
When the sinner has gaen to his waesome doom,
Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom!"

They bore her away, she wist not how,
For she felt not arm nor rest below;
But so swift they wained her through the light,
'Twas like the motion of sound or sight;
They seemed to split the gales of air,
And yet nor gale nor breeze was there.
Unnumbered groves below them grew;
They came, they pass'd, and backward flew,
Like floods of blossoms gliding on,
A moment seen, in a moment gone.
O, never vales to mortal view
Appeared like those o'er which they flew!
That land to human spirits given,
The lowermost vales of the storied heaven;
From thence they can view the world below,
And heaven's blue gates with sapphires glow,
More glory yet unmeet to know.

They bore her far to a mountain green,
To see what mortal never had seen;
And they seated her high on a purple sward,
And bade her heed what she saw and heard;
And note the changes the spirits wrought,
For now she lived in the land of thought.
She looked, and she saw nor sun nor skies,
But a crystal dome of a thousand dies;
She looked, and she saw nae land aright,
But an endless whirl of glory and light:
And radiant beings went and came
Far swifter than wind, or the linked flame.
She hid her een frae the dazzling view;
She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw a sun on a summer sky,
And clouds of amber sailing by;
A lovely land beneath her lay,
And that land had lakes and mountains gray;
And that land had valleys and hoary piles,
And marled seas and a thousand isles.
Its fields were speckled, its forests green,
And its lakes were all of the dazzling sheen,

Like magic mirrors, where slumbering lay
The sun and the sky, and the cloudlet gray;
Which heaved and trembled, and gently swung,
On every shore they seemed to be hung:
For there they were seen on their downward plain
A thousand times, and a thousand again;
In winding lake, and placid firth,
Little peaceful heavens in the bosom of earth.

Kilmeny sighed and seemed to grieve,
For she found her heart to that land did cleave;
She saw the corn wave on the vale,
She saw the deer run down the dale;
She saw the plaid and the broad claymore,
And the brows that the badge of freedom bore;—
And she thought she had seen the land before.

She saw a lady sit on a throne,
The fairest that ever the sun shone on:
A lion licked her hand of milk,
And she held him in a leish of silk;
And a leifu' maiden stood at her knee,
With a silver wand and melting ee;
Her sovereign shield till love stole in,
And poisoned all the fount within.

Then a gruff untoward bedes man came,
And hundit the lion on his dame;
And the guardian maid wi' the dauntless ee,
She dropped a tear, and left her knee;
And she saw till the queen frae the lion fled,
Till the bonniest flower of the world lay dead;
A coffin was set on a distant plain,
And she saw the red blood fall like rain:
Then bonny Kilmeny's heart grew sair,
And she turned away, and could look nae mair.

Then the gruff grim carle girned amain,
And they trampled him down, but he rose again;
And he baited the lion to deeds of weir,
Till he lapped the blood to the kingdom dear;
And weening his head was danger-preef,
When crowned with the rose and clover-leaf,
He gowled at the carle, and chased him away
To feed wi' the deer on the mountain gray.
He gowled at the carle, and he gecked at Heaven,
But his mark was set, and his arles given.
Kilmeny a while her een withdrew;
She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw below her fair unfurled
One half of all the glowing world,
Where oceans rolled, and rivers ran,
To bound the aims of sinful man.
She saw a people, fierce and fell,
Burst frae their bounds like fiends of hell;
There lilies grew, and the eagle flew,
And she herked on her ravening crew,
Till the cities and towers were wrapt in a blaze,
And the thunder it roared o'er the lands and the seas.
The widows wailed, and the red blood ran,
And she threatened an end to the race of man:
She never lened, nor stood in awe,
Till caught by the lion's deadly paw.
Oh! then the eagle swinked for life,
And brainzelled up a mortal strife:
But flew she north, or flew she south,
She met wi' the gowl of the lion's mouth.

With a mooted wing and waefu' maen,
The eagle sought her eiry again;
But lang may she cower in her bloody nest,
And lang, lang sleek her wounded breast,
Before she sey another flight,
To play wi' the norland lion's might.

But to sing the sights Kilmeny saw,
So far surpassing nature's law,
The singer's voice wad sink away,
And the string of his harp wad cease to play.
But she saw till the sorrows of man were by,
And all was love and harmony;—
Till the stars of heaven fell calmly away,
Like the flakes of snaw on a winter day.

Then Kilmeny begged again to see
The friends she had left in her ain countryc,
To tell of the place where she had been,
And the glories that lay in the land unseen;
To warn the living maidens fair,
The loved of Heaven, the spirits' care,
That all whose minds unmeled remain
Shall bloom in beauty when time is gane.

With distant music, soft and deep,
They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep;
And when she awakened, she lay her lane,
All happed with flowers in the green-wood wene
When seven lang years had come and fled;
When grief was calm, and hope was dead;
When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,
Late, late in a gloamin Kilmeny came hame.
And O, her beauty was fair to see,
But still and steadfast was her ee!
Such beauty bard may never declare,
For there was no pride nor passion there;
And the soft desire of maiden's een
In that mild face could never be seen.
Her seymar was the lily flower,
And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower;
And her voice like the distant melodye,
That floats along the twilight sea.
But she loved to raike the lanely glen,
And keep afar frae the haunts of men;
Her holy hymns unheard to sing,
To suck the flowers and drink the spring.
But wherever her peaceful form appeared,
The wild beasts of the hill were cheered;
The wolf played blythely round the field,
The lordly byson lowed and kneeled;
The dun deer wooed with manner bland,
And cowered aneath her lily hand.
And when at eve the woodlands rung,
When hymns of other worlds she sung

In ecstasy of sweet devotion,
O, then the glen was all in motion!
The wild beasts of the forest came,
Broke from their boughts and faulds the tame,
And goved around, charmed and amazed;
Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,
And murmured and looked with anxious pain
For something the mystery to explain.
The buzzard came with the throstle-cock;
The corby left her houf in the rock;
The blackbird alang wi' the eagle flew;
The hind came tripping o'er the dew;
The wolf and the kid their raike began,
And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveret ran;
The hawk and the herm attour them hung,
And the merl and the mavis forhooyed their young;
And all in a peaceful ring were hurled:—
It was like an eve in a sinless world!

When a month and a day had come and gane,
Kilmeny sought the green-wood wene;
There laid her down on the leaves sae green,
And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen.
But O, the words that fell from her mouth,
Were words of wonder and words of truth!
But all the land were in fear and dread,
For they kendna whether she was living or dead.
It wasna her hame, and she couldna remain;
She left this world of sorrow and pain,
And returned to the land of thought again.

FRANK KENNEDY.

[William Hamilton Maxwell, born in Ireland, 1794; died 1850. He graduated at Trinity College, Dublin; accompanied the army in the Peninsula, and afterwards became rector of Ballagh in Connaught. His chief works are: *Stories of Waterloo*—from which we quote the following sketch—*Wild Sports of the West; Captain Blake; The Dark Lady of Doona; The Bivouac, or Stories of the Peninsular War; Life of the Duke of Wellington; Rambling Recollections of a Soldier of Fortune; Hector O'Halloran; Bryan O'Lynn*, &c. A critic in the *Dublin University Magazine* says: "He it was who first suggested what may be called the military novel. His *Stories of Waterloo* opened that path which subsequently he treaded with such success, while a host of imitators have followed in his rear."]

My father left the carabineers some years before the Irish rebellion of ninety-eight. Like greater warriors, the crop of laurels he collected in that celebrated corps was but a short one. It is true he had seen service: his sword, like Butler's knight's, of "passing worth," had been unsheathed in executing "warrants and exigents;" and more than once he had stormed a private distillery, under the leading of a desperate gauger.

He was, however, a stout slashing-looking fellow, and found favour in my mother's sight. She had reached the wrong side of thirty; consequently she made but a short resistance, and bestowed her hand and fortune on the bold dragoon. My mother was an heiress, but the estate of Killnacoppal owed "a trifle of money:" now *a trifle* in Connaught is sometimes a sweeping sum; and you cannot safely calculate on rents in Connemara being paid exactly to the day.

I never exhibited precocity of intellect; but before I was sixteen I discovered that our establishment occasionally suffered from a scarcity of specie. At these times my father was sure to be afflicted with cold or rheumatism, and never left the house; and I suppose, for fear of disturbing him, the hall door was but seldom opened, and then only to a particular friend; while an ill-favoured tradesman or suspicious-looking stranger received their commands in the briefest manner from an upper window.

What was to be done with me had cruelly puzzled both my parents: and whether I should ornament the church, or benefit the revenue, was for a long time under consideration. The law, however, held out more promising prospects than either; and it was decided that I should be bound to an attorney.

Duncan Davidson of Dorset Street, Dublin, was married to my father's sister. He was of Scotch descent, and like that "thinking people" from whom he sprung, he held "a hard grip of the main chance." Duncan was wealthy and childless, and if he could be induced to bring me up at his feet, God knows what might be the consequence. My father accordingly made the application, and the gracious Duncan consented to receive me for a time *on trial*.

What a bustle there was in Killnacoppal when my uncle's letter arrived! due preparations were made for my departure; and as the term of my absence was computed at seven years, I had to take a formal and affectionate leave of my relatives to the fifteenth degree of consanguinity. My aunt Macan, whose cat's leg I had unfortunately dislocated, and who had not spoken to me since Candlemas, was induced to relent on the occasion, and favoured me with her blessing and a one-pound note, although she had often declared she never could banish the idea from her mind, but that I should travel at the public expense, if my career were not finished in a more summary manner.

I arrived safely in Dublin—and awful were my feelings when first ushered into the presence of my uncle Duncan. He was a short fat man,

in a brown coat and flax-coloured scratch-wig, perched upon a high office stool. Considering his dimensions, I used to marvel much how he managed to get there. Holding out his fore-finger, which I dutifully grasped, he told me to be steady and attentive, and that my aunt would be happy to see me upstairs. On leaving the room, I heard him softly remark to the head clerk, that he did not much like my appearance, for that I had "a wild eye in my head."

I was duly put to the desk, and the course of trial was not flattering to me, or satisfactory to my intended master. It was allowed on all hands that my writing was abominable; and my spelling, being untrammelled by rules, was found in many material points to differ from modern orthographers. Nor was I more successful in comparing deeds—my desk and stool were unluckily placed beside a window which looked into a narrow court, and a straw-bonnet maker occupied the opposite apartment. She was pretty, and I was naturally polite—and who with a rosy cheek before him would waste a look upon a tawny skin of parchment? I mentally consigned the *deed* to the devil, and let the copy loose upon the world "with all *its* imperfections on its head."

The first trial was nearly conclusive—for never before had such a lame and lamentable document issued from the office of the punctilious Duncan. I had there omitted setting forth "one hundred dove-cots," and, for ought I know, left out "one hundred castles," to keep them company. My uncle almost dropped from his perch at the discovery; and Counsellor Roundabout was heard to remark, that a man's life was not safe in the hands of such a delinquent. I was on the point of getting my *congé*, and free permission to return to the place from whence I came; but my aunt—good easy woman, interfered—and Duncan consented to give me a farther trial, and employ me to transport his bag to the courts and his briefs to the lawyer.

Any drudgery for me but the desk. With suitable instructions the bag was confided to me, and for three days it came back safely. On the fourth evening I was returning; the bag was unusually full, and so had been my uncle's admonitions for its security. I had got half-way down Capel Street, when, whom should I see on the other side of the way but Slasher Mac Tigue? The Slasher was five akin to my mother, and allowed to be the greatest buck at the last fair of Ballinasloe—and would he acknowledge me, loaded as I was like a Jew clothesman? What was to be done? I slipped the accursed bag to a ragged boy—promised him some halfpence for his trouble—prudently assured him that his cargo was invaluable—told him to wait for me at the corner, and next moment was across the street, with a fast hold of the Slasher's right hand.

The Slasher—peace to his ashes! for he was shot *stone dead* in the Phœnix Park—we never well understood the quarrel in Connemara, and it was said there that the poor man himself was not thoroughly informed on the subject—appeared determined to support his justly-acquired reputation at the late fair of Ballinasloe. Not an eye in Capel Street but was turned on him as he swaggered past. His jockey boots—I must begin below—were in the newest style; the top sprang from the ankle-bone, and was met midleg by short tights of tea-coloured leather; three smoothing-iron seals, and a chain that would manacle a deserter dangled from the fob; his vest was of amber kerseymere, gracefully sprinkled with stars and shamrocks; his coat sky-blue, with basket buttons, relieved judiciously with a purple neckcloth, and doeskin gloves; while a conical hat with a leaf full seven inches broad topped all. A feeble imitation of the latter article may still be seen by the curious, in a hatter's window, No. 71 in the Strand, with a label affixed thereto, denominating it *"Neck or Nothing."*

Lord, how proud I felt when the Slasher tucked me under his arm! We had already taken two turns—the admiration of a crowded thoroughfare, when I looked round for my bag-holder; but he was not visible. I left my kinsman hastily, ran up and down the street, looked round the corners, peered into all the public-houses; but neither bag nor boy was there. I recollected my uncle's name and address were written on it, and the urchin might have mistaken his instructions and carried the bag home. Off I ran, tumbled an apple basket in Bolton Street, and spite of threats and curses, held on my desperate course, until I found myself, breathless, in my uncle's presence.

He sternly reproached me for being dilatory. "What had detained me? Here had been Counsellor Leatherhead's servant waiting this half-hour for his papers;—bring in the bag." I gaped at him, and stuttered that I supposed it had been already here; but it would certainly arrive shortly. Question and answer followed rapidly, and the fatal truth came out—*the bag was lost!*—for the cad, advertised of the value of his charge, had retreated the moment I turned my back; and although, on investigation he must have felt much dis-

appointed at the result of his industry, yet, to do him justice, he lost no time in transferring the papers to the tobacconist and pocketing the produce of the same.

For some moments Duncan's rage prevented him from speaking. At last he found utterance;—"Heaven and earth!" he exclaimed; "was there ever such a villain? He was ruined:—all the Kilgobbin title-deeds—Lady Splashboard's draft of separation—papers of satisfaction for sixteen mortgages of Sir Phelim O'Boyl!—What was to be done?" I muttered that I supposed I should be obliged to give Sir Phelim satisfaction myself. "O! curse your satisfaction," said my uncle; "these are your Connaught notions, you desperate do-no-good. What an infernal business to let any one from that barbarous country into my house! Never had but two clients in my life on the other side of the Shannon. I divorced a wife for one; and he died insolvent the very day the decree was pronounced, and costs and money advanced went along with him to the devil. The other quarrelled with me for not taking a bad bill for my demand, and giving a large balance over my claim, in ready cash. I threatened law, and he threatened flagellation. I took courage and sent down a writ; and the sheriff returned a *non est inventus*, although he was hunting with him for a fortnight. I ran him to execution and got *nulla bona* on my return. As a last resource I sent a man specially from Dublin: they tossed him in a blanket, and forced him to eat *the original;* and he came back, half dead, with a civil intimation that if I ever crossed the bridge of Athlone, the defendant would drive as many slugs through my body as there were hoops on a wine-pipe!"

I could not help smiling at the simile: the client was a wag; for my uncle in his personal proportions bore a striking resemblance to a quarter-cask.

"But, run every soul of you," he continued, "and try to get some clue by which we may trace the papers." Away clerk and apprentice started; but their researches were unsuccessful; many a delicate cut of cheese was already encased in my Lady Splashboard's separation bill; and the Kilgobbin title-deeds had issued in subdivisions from the snuff shop, and were making a rapid circle of the metropolis.

My aunt's influence was not sufficient to obtain my pardon, and mollify the attorney; and I was despatched, per mail, to that *refugium peccatorum*, as Duncan styled Connemara.

The gentle auditor may anticipate that on my return no fatted calf was killed; nor was there "joy in Aztlan," as the poet-laureate has it. I re-entered Killnacoppal without beat of drum—and indeed my demeanour on this occasion was so modest, that I had been in undisturbed possession of the front attic for two whole days, before my worthy parents were advertised that I had retired from the study of the law, with no future intention to "stick to the woolsack."

To communicate the abrupt termination of my forensic pursuits to my aunt Macan was an affair of nice and delicate management. When acquainted with the unhappy incident which had drawn down the wrath of my uncle Duncan, she particularly inquired "if there had been any money in the lost bag," and requested to see the last "Hue and Cry."

God knows whether I should have been enabled to weather the gale of family displeasure, as my aunt had again resumed the mantle of prophecy, when, luckily for me, the representation of the county of Galway became vacant by the sudden decease of Sir Barnabas Bodkin; the honest gentleman being smothered in a hackney-coach returning *comfortable* from a corporation dinner at Morrison's.

On this distressing event being known, Mr. Denis Darcey of Carrig-a-howley Castle *declared himself.* He was strongly supported by Mr. Richard Martin, the other member; and his address, from the pen of the latter gentleman, was circulated without delay. In it he set forth his family and pretensions: pledged himself to support Catholic emancipation and the repeal of still fines;—humanely recommended his opponent to provide himself with a coffin previous to the opening of the poll;—professed strong attachment to the House of Brunswick, and the church by law established; and promised to use his utmost exertions to purify the penal code, by making accidents in duelling amount to justifiable homicide: and abduction of heiresses and dogs, felony without benefit of clergy.

A person of Denis Darcey's constitutional principles was a man after my father's own heart: the Killnacoppal interest was accordingly given him, and I was despatched at the head of sixscore freeholders, "good men and true," untrammelled with tight shoes or tender consciences, to give our "most sweet voices," in the ancient town of Galway.

But I was not intrusted with this important command without receiving full instructions for my conduct on the occasion. My father, no doubt, would have led the Killnacoppal legion to the hustings in person, had it not happened that the sheriff was on the other side; and, therefore, his public appearance within

the bailiwick of that redoubted personage would have been a dangerous experiment. "Frank," said my father, "don't overdo the thing: poll your men *twice!* and more cannot be expected; but mind the *outwork*, for it's there the *tinints* will shine."

I obeyed him to the letter; and without personal vanity, I ascribe the happy return of my esteemed friend Denis Darcey to the unwearied exertions of the freeholders of Killnacoppal. What between pelting the military, smashing the booths, and scattering the tallies, we managed to keep up such confusion, that our adversaries could hardly bring forward a man. If dispersed by a charge of cavalry here, we were rallied in a few minutes in the next street, cracking heads and crashing windows: if routed by the riot act and a row of bayonets, before the sheriff was well round the corner we had a house pulled down to the tune of "Hurrah for Killnacoppal!" At last, all human means being found unavailable by our opponents to bring in a freeholder, the booths were closed, and Mr. Denis Darcey declared duly elected.

After such feats, how could it be wondered at that I was

> "courted and caressed,
> High placed in halls a welcome guest;"

seated within seven of the chairman at the election dinner, drank wine with the new member, toasted by the old one, I mean Dick Martin—and embraced by Blakes, Brownes, and Bodkins in endless variety?—Nor did the reward of "high desert" end here; for in the next gazette I was appointed to a lieutenancy in the South Mayo militia.

With very different feelings I now returned to my paternal mansion—*I*, who had left the little lawyer in Dorset Street in disgrace, and been happy to effect a sort of felonious re-entry of the premises at Killnacoppal—I now came home a conqueror; an hundred blackthorns rattled above my head; an hundred voices yelled "*Kinnidy* for ivir!"—a keg of poteen was broached before the door; a stack of turf was blazing in the village; and all was triumph and exultation. We had brought back, of course, the usual assortment of broken bones, left some half-score damaged skulls to be repaired at the expense of the county, and carried back one gentleman totally defunct, who had been suffocated by tumbling dead drunk into a bog-hole. My fame had travelled before me, and my aunt Macan had taken to her bed not from vanity, but "vexation of spirit."

My leave of absence expired, and I set out to join my regiment. My mother consulted the Army List, and discovered she had divers relatives in my corps; for there was scarcely a family from Loughrea to Belmullet with whom she was not in some way connected. Some of her relations in the South Mayo she mentioned as being rather remote; but there was Captain Rattigan: his father, Luke Rattigan of Rawnacreeva, married Peter Fogarty's third daughter; and Peter Fogarty and my aunt Macan were cousins-german. No doubt the gallant captain would know and acknowledge the relationship, and take that lively interest in my welfare which was natural; but, for fear of mistakes, she wrote a letter of introduction with me, having very fortunately danced fifteen years before with the said Mr. Rattigan, at a fair ball at Ballinasloe.

For the second time I left my father's house. The head-quarters of the regiment were in Naas, and there I arrived in safety; was recognized by Captain Rattigan; presented by him in due form to the colonel; introduced to the corps; paid plate and band-fund fees; dined at the mess; got drunk there as became a soldier of promise, and was carried home to my inn by a file of the guard, after having overheard the fat major remark to my kinsman—"Rat, that boy of yours will be a credit to the regiment; for as I'm a true Catholic, he has taken off three bottles of Page's port, and no doubt he'll improve."

A year passed over—I conducted myself creditably in all regimental matters, touching drill duty and drinking, when an order suddenly came for a detachment to march to Ballybunnion; in the neighbourhood of which town the pleasant part of the population were amusing themselves nightly in carding middlemen, and feathering tithe proctors. Captain Rattigan's company (in which I was an unworthy lieutenant) was selected for this important service.

The morning I left Naas for Ballybunnion will be a memorable day in the calendar of my life. My cousin Rattigan frequently boasted, after dinner, that "he was under fifty, and above five feet three;" but there were persons in the corps who alleged that he was above the former and under the latter:—but let that pass—he is now, honest man, quietly resting in Craughane churchyard, with half a ton weight of Connemara marble over him, on which his virtues and his years are recorded.

Now, without stopping to ascertain minutely the age and height of the departed, I shall describe him as a thick square-shouldered undersized man, having a short neck, and snub-nose —the latter organ fully attesting that Page's port was a sound and well-bodied liquor. The

captain, on his pied pony, rode gallantly on at the head of "his charge:" I modestly followed on foot—and late in the evening we marched in full array down the main street of Ballybunnion, our fife and drum playing to the best of their ability the captain's favourite quick step, "*I'm over young to marry yet.*"

My kinsman and I were peaceably settled over our wine, when the waiter announced that a gentleman had called upon us. He was shown up in proper form; and having managed by depressing his person, which was fully six feet four inches, to enter the apartment he announced himself as Mr. Christopher Clinch; and in a handsome speech, declared himself to be an ambassador from the stewards of the Ballybunnion coterie; which coterie being to be holden that evening, he was deputed to solicit the honour of our company on this occasion. Captain Rattigan returned our acknowledgments duly; and he and the ambassador having discussed a cooper of port within a marvellous short period, separated with many squeezes of the hand, and ardent hopes of a future acquaintance.

There was a subject my kinsman invariably dwelt upon whenever he had transgressed the third bottle—it was a bitter lamentation over the numerous opportunities he had suffered to escape of making himself comfortable for life, by matrimony. As we dressed together, for we were cantoned in a double-bedded room, Rat was unusually eloquent on the grand mistake of his earlier days, and declared his determination of even yet endeavouring to amend his youthful error, and retrieve lost time.

The commander's advice was not lost upon me. I took unusual pains in arraying myself for conquest, and in good time found myself in the ball-room, with thirty couples on the floor all dancing "for the bare life," that admired tune of "*Blue bonnets over the border.*"

The attention evinced in his visit to the inn by Mr. Christopher Clinch was not confined to a formal invitation; for he assured us on our arrival, that two ladies had been expressly kept disengaged for us. Captain Rattigan declined dancing, alleging that exercise flurried him, and he could not abide a red face, it looked so very like dissipation. I, whose countenance was fortunately not so inflammable as my kinsman's, was marshalled by Mr. Clinch to the head of the room. "He was going," he said, "to introduce me to Miss Jemima O'Brien—lady of first connections—large fortune when some persons at present in possession dropped off—fine woman—much followed—sprightly—off-handed—fond of military men. Miss O'Brien, Captain Kennedy." I bowed—she ducked—seized my offered hand, and in a few minutes we were going down the middle like two-year-olds for "the Kirwans." Nor had Captain Rattigan been neglected by the master of the ceremonies: he was snugly seated in a quiet corner at cribbage, a game the commander delighted in, with an elderly gentlewoman, whom my partner informed me was her aunt.

Miss O'Brien was what Rattigan called *a spanker.* She was dressed in a blue silk lutestring gown, with a plume of ostrich feathers, flesh-coloured stockings, and red satin shoes. She had the usual assortment of beads and curls, with an ivory fan, and a well-scented handkerchief.

She was evidently a fine-tempered girl; for, observing my eye rest on an immense stain upon her blue lutestring, she remarked with a smile, "that her aunt's footman had spilled some coffee on her dress, and to save him from a scolding, she had assured the dear old lady that the injury was trifling, and that it would be quite unnecessary to detain her while she should change her gown: it was quite clear she never could wear it again; but her maid and the milliner would be the gainers. Amiable creature!—the accident did not annoy her for a second.

The first dance had concluded, when the long gentleman whispered softly over my shoulder, how I liked "the heiress?" *The heiress!*—I felt a faint hope rising in my breast which made my cheek colour like a peony. Rattigan's remorse for neglected opportunities rushed to my mind. Had my lucky hour come? And had I actually an heiress by the hand for nine-and-twenty couples? We were again at the head of the room, and away we went—she cutting and I capering, until we danced to the very bottom, "*The wind that shakes the barley!*"

I had placed Miss O'Brien with great formality on a bench, when Rattigan took me aside:—"Frank, you're a fortunate fellow, or it's your own fault—found out all from the old one—lovely creature—great catch—who knows?—strike while the iron is hot," &c. &c. &c.

Fortune indeed appeared to smile upon me. By some propitious accident all the men had been provided with partners, and I had *the heiress* to myself. "She was, she confessed, romantic—she had quite a literary turn; spoke of Lady Morgan's *Wild Irish Girl;* she loved it—doted upon it;—and why should she not? for Lieutenant-colonel Cassidy had repeatedly sworn that Glorvina was written for herself:"—and she raised her fan

"The conscious blush to hide."

Walter Scott succeeded—I had read in the *Galway Advertiser* a quotation from that poet, which the newspaper had put in the mouth of a travelling priest, and alleged to have been spoken by him in a charity sermon, which I now fortunately recollected and repeated. Miss O'Brien responded directly with that inflammatory passage,—

"In peace love tunes the shepherd's reed."

"And could she love?"—I whispered with a look of tender inquietude. "She could; she had a heart, she feared, too warm for her happiness: she was a creature of imagination—all soul—all sympathy. She could wander with the man of her heart from

"Egypt's fires to Zembla's frost."

There was no standing this. I mustered all my resolution—poured out an unintelligible rhapsody—eternal love—life gratefully devoted—permission to fall at her feet—hand—heart—fortune!

She sighed deeply—kept her fan to her face for some moments—and, in a voice of peculiar softness, murmured something about "short acquaintance," with a gentle supplication to be allowed time for ten minutes to consult her heart. Rat again rushed to my mind; procrastination had ruined him; I was obdurate—pressed—raved—ranted—till she sighed, in a timid whisper, that she was mine for ever!

Heavens!—was I awake?—did my ears deceive me? The room turned topsy-turvy—the candles danced a reel—my brain grew giddy—*it was true—absolutely true; Jemima O'Brien* had consented to become *Mrs. Kennedy!*

Up came Captain Rattigan, as my partner left me for an instant to speak to her aunt. Rat was thunderstruck—cursed his fate, and complimented mine. "But, zounds! Frank, you must stick to her. Would she run away with you? These d—— lawyers will be tying up the property, so that you cannot touch a guinea but the half-year's rent—may be inquiring about settlements, and ripping up the cursed mortgages of Killnacoppal. At her, man—they are all on the move. I'll manage the old one:—mighty lucky, by-the-by, at cribbage. Try and get the heiress to be off—to-morrow, if possible—early hour. Oh! murder—how I lost my time!"

All was done as the commander directed. Rat kept the aunt in play while I pressed the heiress hard—and so desperately did I portray my misery, that, to save my life, she humanely consented to elope with me at twelve o'clock next day.

Rattigan was enraptured. What a chance for a poor lieutenant—as he shrewdly observed, from the very unpretending appearance of Mrs. Cogan's mansion, that "my aunt's" purse must be a long one. We settled ourselves joyfully at the inn fire—ordered two bottles of mulled port—arranged all for the elopement—clubbed purses—sum total not burdensome—and went to bed drunk and happy.

Next morning—the morning of that day which was to bless me with fortune and a wife, Captain Rattigan and I were sitting at an early breakfast, when, who should unexpectedly arrive but Cornet Bircham, who was in command of a small party of dragoons in Ballybunnion, and an old acquaintance of my kinsman. "How lucky!" whispered Rat; "he has been quartered here for three months, and we shall hear the particulars of the O'Briens from him."

While he spoke the trooper entered. "Ah! Ratty, old boy, how wags the world?—Just heard you had been sent here to exterminate carders—cursed scoundrels!—obliged me to leave a delightful party at Lord Tara's; but, Rat, we'll make them smoke for it."

"Mr. Bircham, my cousin Kennedy. Come, cornet, off with the scimitar and attack the congo. Any news stirring?"

"Nothing but a flying report that you had determined on sobriety and forsworn a drop beyond the third bottle;—but that shake in your claw gives a lie direct to the tale. And you were dancing, Rat, last night. How did the carnival or coterie go off? Any wigs lost or gowns tattered? Any catastrophe?"

"Why, no—pleasant thing enough—some fine women there."

"Were there, faith? Why, Rat, you're a discoverer; for such a crew as figured at the last one, mortal eye never looked upon."

"I only particularly noticed one—by Jove, a fine woman!—a Miss O'Brien."

"Miss *Jemmy* O'Brien, as the men call her. Why, Rat, what iniquity of yours has delivered you into the hands of the most detestable harpy that ever infested country quarters?"

"Detestable harpy!"—Rat and I looked cursedly foolish. "Bircham—hem!—are you sure you know the lady?"

"Know the lady! to be sure I do. Why, she did me out of an ivory fan one unlucky wet day that the devil tempted me to enter Mrs. Cogan's den. Phoo! I'll give you what the beadle calls 'marks and tokens.' Let me see.—Yes—I have it—blue dress, cursedly splashed with beer—she says coffee; soiled feathers, and tricked out like a travelling actress."

I groaned audibly—it was Jemima to a T:—Captain Rattigan looked queer.

"My dear Bircham—hem!—you know among military men—hem!—honourable confidence may be reposed—hem! My young friend here danced with her—represented as an heiress to him——"

"By a cursed hag who cheats at cribbage, and carries off negus by the quart."

"True bill, by ——!" ejaculated the Captain. "Complained eternally of thirst and the heat of the room, and did me regularly out of thirty shillings."

"Ha! ha! ha!—Rat, Rat, and wert thou so soft, my old one?"

"But, Birchy," said the Captain, "the devil of it is, my young friend—little too much wine—thought himself in honourable hands, and promised her ——"

"A new silk gown—ah, my young friend, little didst thou know the Jezebel. But it was a promise obtained under false pretences—she told you a cock-and-bull story about Lady Morgan—sported Scott—dealt out Tom Moore by the yard—all false pretences. See her damned before I would buy her a yard of riband. What a pirate the woman is!"

Rat jumped off his chair, drew his breath in, and gulped out—"A gown! Zounds, man, he promised to marry her!"

Up jumped Bircham.—"To marry her! Are you mad, or are you hoaxing?"

"Serious, by St. Patrick," said Rat.

"Why then it's no longer a joke. You are in a nice scrape. I beg to tell you that Jemmy O'Brien is as notorious as Captain Rock. She has laid several fools under contribution, and has just returned from Dublin, after taking an action against a little drunken one-eyed Welsh major, whom her aunt got, when intoxicated, to sign some paper or promise of marriage. The major, like a true gentleman, retrieved his error by suspending himself in his lodgings the day before the trial; and it is likely that *Jem* and her aunt will be in jail for the law expenses."

Rat and I were overwhelmed, and looked for some minutes in silence at each other. At last I told Bircham the whole affair The dragoon was convulsed with laughter—"So," said he, "at twelve o'clock the gentle *Jemmy* is to be spirited away. But come, there's no time to lose—sit down, Rat, get a pen in thy fist, and I'll dictate and thou inscribe."

"Madam,—Having unfortunately, at the request of his afflicted family, undertaken the case of Lieutenant Kennedy of the South Mayo regiment, I beg to apprise you that the unhappy gentleman is subject to occasional fits of insanity. Fearing from his mental malady, that he may have misconducted himself to your amiable niece last night at the coterie, I beg on the part of my poor friend (who is tolerably collected this morning), to say that he is heartily sorry for what has occurred, and requests the lady will consider anything he might have said only as the wanderings of a confirmed lunatic!—"I am, Madam, &c., your obedient Servant, Terence Rattigan, Capt. S— M— Militia.

"To Mrs. Cogan, &c."

How very flattering this apology was to me I submit to the indulgent auditor. I was indubitably proven to have been an ass overnight, and I must pass as a lunatic in the morning. We had barely time to speculate on the success of Bircham's curious epistle, when my aunt Cogan's answer arrived with due promptitude. The cornet separated the wet wafer with a "Faugh!" and holding the billet at arm's-length, as if it exhibited a plague-spot, he favoured us with the contents, which were literally as follows:—

"Captin Ratigin,

"Sir,—I have red your paltrey appollogey for your nephew's breech of promis. I beg to tell you, that a lady of the family of Clinch will not submit to be ensulted with impunnitey. My neece is packed and reddy; and if your friend does not apear acording to apointment, he will shortly here as will not plase him, from yours to command,

"Honor Cogan, otherwise Clinch.

"Hawthorn Cotage, Friday morning."

Twelve o'clock passed—and we waited the result of Mrs. Cogan's threats, when the waiter showed up a visitor, and Mr. Christopher Clinch, the prime cause of all our misfortunes, presented himself. He persisted in standing, or more properly stooping—for the ceiling was not quite six feet from the floor—coughed—hoped his interference might adjust the mistake, as he presumed it must be on the part of Lieutenant Kennedy, and begged to inform him that Miss Jemima O'Brien was ready to accompany the said Mr. Kennedy, as last night arranged. Captain Rattigan took the liberty to remark, that he, the captain, had been very explicit with Mrs. Cogan, and requested to refer to his letter, in which Mr. Kennedy's sentiments were fully conveyed, and, on his part, to decline the very flattering proposal of Miss Jemima O'Brien. Mr. Clinch stated that an immediate change of sentiment on the part of Mr. Kennedy was imperative, or that Mr. K. would be expected to favour him, Mr. C., with an interview in the Priest's Meadow.

Captain Rattigan acknowledged the request of Mr. Clinch to be a very reasonable alternative, and covenanted that Mr. Kennedy should appear at the time and place mentioned; and Mr. Clinch was then very ceremoniously conducted down stairs by the polite commander.

Through motives of delicacy, I had at the commencement of the interview retired to the next apartment; and as the rooms were only separated by a boarded partition, I overheard through a convenient chink with desperate alarm, Captain Rattigan giving every facility to my being shot at in half-an-hour in the Priest's Meadow. No wonder then Rat found me pale as a spectre, when bursting into the room he seized me by the hand, and told me he had brought this unlucky business to a happy termination. He, the captain, dreaded that Jemima would have been looking for legal redress; but, thank God, it would only end in a duel.

I hinted at the chance of my being shot.

"Shot!" exclaimed my comforter, "why, what the deuce does that signify? If indeed you had been under the necessity of hanging yourself, like the one-eyed major, it would have been a hardship. No funeral honours—no decent wake—but smuggled into the earth like a half-bale of contraband tobacco;—but, in your case, certain of respectable treatment—reversed arms—dead march—and Christian burial:—vow to God, quite a comfort to be shot under such flattering circumstances! Frank, you have all the luck of the Rattigans about you!"—and, opening the door, he hallooed—"Myke—Mykle Boyle, bring down *the pace-makers* to the parlour."

In a few seconds I heard the captain and his man busily at work, and by a number of villanous clicks, which jarred through my system like electricity, I found these worthies were arranging the commander's *pace-makers* for my use in the Priest's Meadow.

At the appointed hour I reached the ground, which was but a short distance from the inn. Rattigan and Bircham accompanied me, and Myke Boyle followed with *the tools*. Mr. Christopher Clinch and his friends were waiting for us; and a cadaverous-looking being was peeping through the hedge, whom I afterwards discovered to be the village apothecary, allured thither by the hope of an accident, as birds of prey are said to be collected by a chance of carrion.

The customary bows were formally interchanged between the respective belligerents—the ground correctly measured—pistols squibbed, loaded, and delivered to the principals. I felt very queer on finding myself opposite a truculent fellow of enormous height, with a pair of projecting whiskers upon which a man might hang his hat, and a pistol two feet long clutched in his bony grasp. Rattigan, as he adjusted my weapon, whispered—"Frank, jewel, remember the hip-bone; or, as the fellow's a —— of a length, you may level a trifle higher;" and, stepping aside, his coadjutor pronounced in an audible voice—One!—two!!—*three!!!*

Off went the pistols. I felt Mr. Clinch's bullet whistle past my ear, and saw Captain Rattigan next moment run up to my antagonist, and inquire "if he was much hurt." Heaven's!—how delightful! I had brought the engagement to a glorious issue by neatly removing Mr. Clinch's trigger-finger, and thereby spoiling his shooting for life.

With a few parting bows we retired from the Priest's Meadow, leaving Christopher Clinch a job for the vampire apothecary, and a fit subject for the assiduities of Mrs. Cogan and the gentle Jemima.

If Captain Rattigan had registered a rash vow against port wine, it is to be lamented; for never were three gentlemen of the sword more completely done up at an early hour of the evening than we.

Next day we were informed that Clinch was tolerably well, and that their attorney had been closeted with the ladies of Hawthorn Cottage. We held a council of war, and while debating on the expediency of my retiring on leave to Connemara, where I might set *Jemmy* and her lawyer at defiance, the post brought us intelligence that "a turn-out for the line was wanted;" and if I could muster the necessary number, I should be exchanged into a regular regiment. Off Rat and I started for Naas, and with little difficulty succeeded in making up the quota; and the first intimation the prototype of Glorvina received of our movements was being seduced to the window by the drums, as I marched past Hawthorn Cottage, with as choice a sample of "food for gunpowder" as ever left Ballybunnion. I saluted the once-intended Mrs. Kennedy with great respect; the fifers struck up "*Fare you well, Killeavey;*" and Captain Rattigan, who accompanied me the first day's march, ejaculated, as he looked askance at this second Ariadne, "May the devil smother you, Jemima O'Brien!"

And now, my dear friends, having brought my autobiography to that interesting period when I left the militia for the line, I shall pause in the narrative to direct your attention to the moral of the tale. It is quite evident

that a young attorney should never compare deeds within duelling distance of an accomplished bonnet-maker, nor an elderly one divorce a sickly gentleman's wife without securing his costs before he announces his instructions to proceed. No bilious bailiff should cross the Shannon, for it is not every stomach which will digest a stripe of parchment; and exercise, a good thing enough in its own way, may, if taken on a tense blanket, be very inconvenient to persons of sedentary habits.

I have a mighty affection for the army, and, therefore, I supplicate young soldiers never to propose for a lady in a public ball-room the first night they arrive in country quarters, and to shun, as they would the *chorea viti*, that seductive tune, called *"The wind that shakes the barley!"*—and, finally, to give no credence whatever to any apology offered for a soiled silk unless they have perpetrated the offence in person, or have seen it committed in their own actual presence.

FAIR HELEN.

PART FIRST.[1]

O! sweetest sweet, and fairest fair,
Of birth and worth beyond compare,
Thou art the causer of my care,
Since first I loved thee.

Yet God hath given to me a mind,
The which to thee shall prove as kind
As any one that thou shalt find,
Of high or low degree.

The shallowest water makes maist din,
The deadest pool, the deepest linn;
The richest man least truth within,
Though he preferred be.

Yet, nevertheless, I am content,
And never a whit my love repent,
But think the time was a' weel spent,
Though I disdained be.

O! Helen sweet, and maist complete,
My captive spirit's at thy feet!
Thinks thou still fit thus for to treat
Thy captive cruelly?

O! Helen brave! but this I crave,
Of thy poor slave some pity have,
And do him save that's near his grave,
And dies for love of thee.

PART SECOND.

I wish I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirconnell Lee!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me!

O think na ye my heart was sair,
When my love dropt down and spak nae mair!
There did she swoon wi' meikle care,
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

As I went down the water side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirconnell Lee;

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hacked him in pieces sma',
I hacked him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare!
I'll make a garland of thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, "Haste and come to me!"—

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee, I were blest,
Where thou lies low, and takes thy rest,
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

[1] Lord Macaulay regarded this as the finest piece of ballad poetry extant. The legend upon which it is founded is briefly this:—Helen Irving, daughter of the Laird of Kirconnell in Dumfriesshire, celebrated for her beauty, was beloved by two gentlemen. The favoured lover was Adam Fleming of Kirkpatrick; the other is supposed to have been a Bell of Blacket House. The latter's suit was favoured by the friends of the lady; consequently, the lovers were obliged to meet in secret, and by night in the Kirconnell churchyard, a picturesque spot almost surrounded by the river Kirtle. During one of these meetings the despised suitor suddenly appeared on the opposite bank of the stream and fired a carabine at his rival. But Helen, throwing herself before her lover, received the bullet intended for him, and died in his arms. Fleming fought the murderer and cut him to pieces. Other accounts state that Fleming pursued his foe to Spain, and slew him in the streets of Madrid. The first part of the ballad—suspected to be modern—consists of an address to the lady, either by Fleming or his rival; the second part—by far the more beautiful—forms the lament of Fleming over Helen's grave. Several paraphrases of this ballad have been published; amongst them one by John Mayne, author of *The Siller Gun*, &c.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn ower my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I wish I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
And I am weary of the skies,
For her sake that died for me.

Old Ballad.

ANNE PAGE AND SLENDER.

The comedy of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, although rarely now performed on the stage, was regarded by Warton as "the most complete specimen of Shakspeare's comic powers;" and Johnson said: "This comedy is remarkable for the variety and number of the personages, who exhibit more characters appropriated and discriminated than perhaps can be found in any other play." The ludicrous misfortunes of Falstaff, into which he is betrayed by the "merry wives," Mistress Page and Mistress Ford, form the principal action of the comedy; of the underplot, "Sweet Anne Page," a bright, merry-eyed lass, is the centre. Her mother has decided that she shall marry the wealthy French Doctor Caius, who is in favour at court; her father has decided that she shall marry Slender, the cousin of Justice Shallow; whilst Anne herself has decided that she shall marry Fenton, a gallant cavalier, who finds favour with neither father nor mother. Slender "hath but a little wee face; but he is as tall a man of his hands as any is between this and his head." He is urged to the match by pompous Justice Shallow, but he is most awkward in his wooing. He means to show his affection by his indifference to dinner, and remains outside Page's house when all his friends are seated at table. Anne is sent to desire him to join the party:—

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow. [*Exit Simple.*] A justice of peace sometimes may be beholding to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

Slen. I' faith, I'll eat nothing: I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruised my shin th' other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence; three veneys for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir: I heard them talked of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me, now. I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shrieked at it, that it passed: but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pie, you shall not choose, sir! come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la! I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome. You do yourself wrong, indeed, la! [*Exeunt.*

The contrast between Fenton's wooing and Slender's floundering attempts is comically revealed in the following scene. Fenton and Anne are together:—

Fent. I see I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas, how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object I am too great of birth;
And that, my state being gall'd with my expense,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth:
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee but as a property.

Anne. May be he tells you true.

Fent. No, Heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit I will confess thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold or sums in sealed bags;

And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.
Anne. Gentle Master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir:
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why, then—hark you hither!
[*They converse apart.*

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Shal. Break their talk, Mistress Quickly; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't: 'slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismayed.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that, but that I am afeard.

Quick. Hark ye; Master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him. [*Aside*] This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year.

Quick. And how does good Master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming: to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, Mistress Anne; my uncle can tell you good jests of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, Master Slender—

Slen. Now, good Mistress Anne—

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will! 'od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank Heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give Heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father and my uncle hath made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go better than I can: you may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter PAGE *and* MISTRESS PAGE.

Page. Now, Master Slender: love him, daughter Anne.
Why, how now! what does Master Fenton here?
You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:
I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of.

Fent. Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good Master Fenton.
Come, Master Shallow; come, son Slender, in.
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton.
[*Exeunt Page, Shal. and Slen.*

Fenton's appeal to the mother is equally unsuccessful; but the lovers triumph at length. To frighten and torment Falstaff for his attentions to Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, it is arranged to beguile the knight to the oak of Herne the Hunter in the forest, where all the conspirators will appear in the disguise of fairies and goblins, and play such pranks upon him as will make him glad to escape alive. On the occasion of this frolic Mistress Page has arranged that Anne is to be dressed in green, and to elope with Dr. Caius; Page has arranged that Anne is to be dressed in white, and is to escape with Slender to Eton, where they are to be married. Caius and Slender respectively carry out their parts of the programme, but when in the church each discovers that the companion of his flight is a great lubberly boy. Slender cries:—

I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't; would I were hanged, la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' the church, I would have swinged him, or he should have swinged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir, and 'tis a postmaster's boy!

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that! I think so, when I took a boy for a girl.

Dr. Caius is quite as wrathful; and the truth is soon revealed by the appearance of Fenton and Anne as man and wife. Whilst Slender and Caius had been away on their fool's errand, the lovers had been quietly married. Whereupon mother and father philosophically submit to the superior wit of the young folk, and are satisfied that

"In love, the Heavens themselves do guide the state;
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate."

FLOWERS OF THE FIELD.

BY THE REV. JOHN KEBLE.

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow."—St. Matthew vi. 28.

Sweet nurslings of the vernal skies,
Bath'd in soft airs, and fed with dew,
What more than magic in you lies,
To fill the heart's fond view?
In childhood's sports, companions gay,
In sorrow, on life's downward way,
How soothing! in our last decay
Memorials prompt and true.

Relics ye are of Eden's bowers,
As pure, as fragrant, and as fair,
As when ye crown'd the sunshine hours
Of happy wanderers there.
Fall'n all beside—the world of life,
How is it stain'd with fear and strife!
In Reason's world what storms are rife,
What passions range and glare!

But cheerful and unchanged the while
Your first and perfect form ye show,
The same that won Eve's matron smile
In the world's opening glow.
The stars of heaven a course are taught
Too high above our human thought;
Ye may be found if ye are sought,
And as we gaze, we know.

Ye dwell beside our paths and homes,
Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow,
And guilty man, where'er he roams,
Your innocent mirth may borrow.
The birds of air before us fleet,
They cannot brook our shame to meet—
But we may taste your solace sweet
And come again to-morrow.

Ye fearless in your nests abide—
Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,
Your silent lessons, undescried
By all but lowly eyes:
For ye could draw th' admiring gaze
Of Him who worlds and hearts surveys:
Your order wild, your fragrant maze,
He taught us how to prize.

Ye felt your Maker's smile that hour,
As when He paus'd and own'd you good;
His blessing on earth's primal bower,
Ye felt it all renew'd.

What care ye now, if winter's storm
Sweep ruthless o'er each silken form?
Christ's blessing at your heart is warm,
Ye fear no vexing mood.

Alas! of thousand bosoms kind,
That daily court you and caress,
How few the happy secret find
Of your calm loveliness!
"Live for to-day! to-morow's light
To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight;
Go sleep like closing flowers at night,
And heaven thy morn will bless."

—*The Christian Year.*

O GIN MY LOVE WERE YON RED ROSE.

O gin my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I mysell a drap of dew,
Down on that red rose I would fa'.
O my love's bonny, bonny, bonny;
O my love's bonny, and fair to see;
Whene'er I look on her weel-far'd face,
She looks and smiles again to me.

O gin my love were a pickle of wheat,
And growing upon yon lily lee,
And I mysell a bonny wee bird,
Awa' wi' that pickle o' wheat I wad flee.

O gin my love were a coffer o' gowd,
And I the keeper of the key,
I wad open the kist whene'er I list,
And in that coffer I wad be.[1]

—*Old Song.*

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[1] The following is another version of the burden:—

O my love's bonny, bonny, bonny,
O my love's bonny and fair to see;
Sweet is the bud and sweet the blossom,—
Bonny's the blink o' my love's ee.

Burns, in Thomson's Collection, added two verses:—

O were my love yon lilac flower,
Wi' purple blossoms to the Spring,
And I a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing;

How I would mourn gin it were torn
By Autumn wild or Winter rude;
But I would sing, on wanton wing,
When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.

CUPID GREYBEARD.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

[Tom Hood, born at Lake House, Wanstead, Essex, 19th January, 1835; died at Peckham Rye, 20th November, 1874; son of the humourist, Thomas Hood He was educated at University College School, and at Pembroke College, Oxford. His first work, *Pen and Pencil Sketches*, was published in 1854, and was followed by *Quips and Cranks; The Daughters of King Daker, and other Poems; The Loves of Tom Tucker and Little Bo-Peep; Vere Verecker's Vengeance—a Sensation; Jingles and Jokes for Little Folks; Rules of Rhyme, a Guide to Versification*, &c. His most popular novels are: *A Disputed Inheritance; Captain Master's Children; A Golden Heart; The Lost Link; Love and Valour;* and *Money's Worth*. In 1865 he became editor of *Fun*, and retained that post until his death. He also for several years edited *Hood's Annual*, one of the best of the Christmas publications. Honoured by the inheritance of a name prominent in literature, Hood earned reputation by his own merits as a poet,[1] novelist, and humourist. A granite monument was erected over his grave at Nunhead by his friends and admirers.]

Upon a gray peak, overlooking the town of Verzenach, on the Rhine, stands a lonely tower, known to the traveller as The Young Tower. It owes its name to the luxuriant growth of the ivy, which clothes it completely from base to battlements with never-fading verdure. Viewed from the river it appears fully to merit its title, standing like a living green monument among the barren gray rocks, whose loftiest crags rise behind it against the sky, cold, unpeopled, inaccessible.

But upon a nearer approach it is easy to see, in spite of the bright green ivy which vails it, that the tower is a very ancient and a very ruinous structure. Roof and floors are gone, and the stone stairs have fallen, and lie, a confused heap of masonry, in the basement. The windows are blank as the eye-sockets of a skull, and the doorways yawn over their moss-grown untrodden thresholds with a terrible suggestion of desolation. The very ivy, which gives it such a delusive appearance of youth, can no longer deceive the eye. Its gnarled and twisted branches cling about the ruin with a strange resemblance to the withered and shrunken arms of old age.

Bats and owls are the only tenants of the tower, and their occupation is left undisputed, for the good folk of Verzenach are superstitious, and such strange legends are told about the ruin that it is seldom visited by day, and never approached after nightfall.

I first made the acquaintance of The Young Tower while on a sketching tour in the beautiful autumn of 184—. I was a stranger to Verzenach, and had therefore heard nothing of the reputation which the tower possessed of being haunted. Had I heard it, it is very improbable that I should have paid any attention to the traditions of the superstitious. It was towards sunset when I saw it, and the glory of the declining day lent its aid to the fresh greenery of the ivy, and made the tower look young indeed, in spite of the signs of age which were visible from the point of view I had taken. The rosy light of the sinking sun, reflected from the glossy leaves of the ivy, bathed the tower with a strange warm glow, but could not give life and colour to the dull gray barrier of mountain behind it, which threw out the building in strong relief. Sunset effects are so fleeting that an experienced artist loses no time in noting down their salient points. In less time than it takes to write this I had pitched my camp-stool, opened colour-box and sketch-book, and set about making a hasty memorandum of the scene.

Suddenly a shadow fell across the page on which I was working. I looked up, and saw a grave elderly gentleman, leaning on a crutch-handled stick, and watching my operations with eager and all-absorbing attention. He made a hurried movement with his hand, as if to urge me not to lose time, which impressed me with the notion that he himself was a painter and knew the necessity for speed.

I obeyed his gesture. But there is a certain awkwardness in such a silence as ensued, and I was compelled to speak.

"Can you tell me the name of the ruin?" I asked him, without looking up.

He drew a long breath like a sigh of extreme relief, and answered me in a feeble and hollow voice,

"It has ever been called The Young Tower. Young!"—here he gave a dreary ghost of a laugh—"Young! Such a youth as that deceives no eyes! It is old—old—centuries old!"

"It has all the picturesqueness of age," I said.

"How can age be picturesque? Decay is never beautiful, truly. How can the young admire age? There is no charm in death, and age is but living death."

I thought it would be kind to divert his reflections from a channel so melancholy as this. With that intention I inquired if there were, as usual, a number of legends connected with the ruin.

[1] See *Library*, vol. i. p. 298.

He gave another long sigh of relief, and immediately, and without invitation, commenced the following narrative, which I regret much I cannot give in his exact words, for they were quaint, forcible, and vivid.

The latest occupant of The Young Tower was Eberhardt Mulhaus, a studious and retiring man, considerably past middle age. His life was so simple, and his wants were so few, that he lived there quite alone, unattended, and uncompanioned, save by his books. Of books he had an enormous number, and was accounted a great scholar by the townsfolk. He was indeed an indefatigable student, and had read everything—except the human heart. How little had he learned, therefore, in all his long years of study and research!

The years had passed him by almost unnoticed. He seemed to be aware that his hair had grown whiter and whiter, and that the hand that turned the page trembled more and more, and wasted away. His eyes grew dim, but that is the fate of the student.

While he had been tracing figures in the sand the tide of his life had crept slowly up to the full of manhood's prime, and was sinking slowly to the extreme ebb of old age.

He was solitary, for he made no acquaintances among the people of Verzenach. They used to see his lamp in his window burning all night long as he pored over his books, and they felt a secret awe of him, and never dreamed of breaking in upon his solitude.

There was one bright spot in the past, not so bright in itself as it was by contrast with the dark monotony of all other memories, which had never quite died out of his mind, though it had grown faint as a star towards daybreak. He recalled it sometimes with a dreamy sort of wonder, and whenever he did so his sympathies for his fellow-creatures seemed to be stirred, and he looked down from his lone watch-tower upon the sleeping town that lay beneath with an unusual interest.

This was the story of the bright remembrance.

He had been a feeble and delicate child, and had therefore few, if any, playfellows among the boys of the town. His one constant companion was a little girl, Gretchen by name, a gentle, kind-hearted little soul.

Between these two quiet thoughtful children there sprang up an attachment which was in truth love, but seemed to their innocent youth only friendship. One day, as they stood hand in hand on the little footbridge over a tiny brook that brawled down to the Rhine from the mountains behind the town, they beheld themselves reflected in the water. They were exactly of the same height.

"You will never grow taller than me, will you, Eberhardt?" asked little Gretchen. "I should not like you to be up there above me, so that I should have to look up, you would seem farther away."

He did not answer, but he clasped her hand closely.

"We shall always walk side by side, hand in hand, for ever, and ever, and ever, shall we not?" continued little Gretchen.

"For ever, and ever, and ever!" said he, and then he turned and put his arms round her neck and kissed her. At this moment a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder. He looked up and saw Father Gerome. Father Gerome was his pastor, confessor, and teacher, for Eberhardt was intended for the priesthood. The father was a stern man, ascetic, severe, unrelenting.

"My son," he said, sternly, "the servants of Heaven have nought to do with folly such as this. The rebellious spirit must be chastised. Come with me."

Eberhardt never saw Gretchen again. Father Gerome set him a heavy penance, and took him away at once to the seminary, where he remained many years—until, indeed, it was seen that he was not fitted for holy orders, and was too fond of earthly wisdom and secular philosophy. But the seclusion of the seminary had wrought upon him; and when he left its quiet walls he could not face the stir of life, and was fain to retire to his tower and dwell in solitude and seclusion.

The recollection of Gretchen was the faint gleam that lit up the past of that lonely student as he sat among his learned books, and grew more gray and feeble, and bowed his head lower and lower as Time laid his heavy hand upon him.

It was one night at the end of the year, as he sat by his lofty window gazing out at the cold white stars, and thinking over all that the astronomers and wise men of old times had said about them, when he heard a clear, sweet, childish voice singing under his window.

He flung open the lattice to listen, for there was a something strangely touching in the sound, so unusual as it was too. He leaned his head out in order to hear the words. It was a hymn that the child was singing—such a hymn as the gray-headed student had sung as a child standing beside his mother after he had risen from his knees before her at bedtime. It was a simple hymn enough, prais-

ing in child-like language the love of the Saviour, and its surpassing power and beauty.

"What can the poor little thing be doing up here at such an hour on a wintry night?" asked the student of himself. He could think of no solution, and it vexed him, so he closed the lattice, and turned to his books again.

But the sweet silvery voice was not to be shut out. It soared to the window, and beat its wings against the pane, asking for admittance. It stirred the long quiescent sympathies in the old student's breast, and filled his eyes with the dimness of unshed tears. The words of the tome he endeavoured to read in order to distract his attention seemed to adapt themselves to the melody.

The night was cold, with a keen breeze from the mountains blowing steadily. Those mountains were white with the first snows of the year. Every morning earth was clad in the white shroud of rime, and seemed like a fair maiden dead on her bier, until the sun rose to show that the shroud was really a diamond-besprinkled vail.

Still the sweet beseeching voice fluttered at the window, as it fluttered at the student's heart too, craving for admittance.

He lit a lamp, and descended the winding stair, and opened the tower-door. There stood a tiny child, with a mass of golden curls that looked like a glory, and with soft confiding blue eyes. The poor little face was white and thin, and the poor little feet were bare. Scant and worn were the garments of the child-singer, who still warbled on the simple hymn.

The old man's heart yearned towards the child, and grew so tender, that the small bright speck in memory's dark waste seemed to burn brighter, fed with unaccustomed warmth. Or was there something in the song that touched some vibrating chord of recollection?

"Come hither, little one," said the student, with a tremulous voice.

The child came forward with an innocent confidence, and placed her tiny cold hand in his as he held it forth to her. He drew her inside the tower, and closed the door. Then he lifted her in his arms and bore her up the winding stair to his chamber.

The fire had burned low, so he hastened to replenish it with logs, and then drawing an easy chair to the fireside, he placed the child in it, and wrapped her in his furred gown.

"How came you out at such an hour on such a night, pretty one?" he asked at last, after he had made the little thing comfortable, and sat chafing its cold hands between his withered palms. "How came your parents to let this little bird wander so far from the nest? Where dwell your father and mother?"

Her soft blue eyes filled in a moment with big tears as the child pointed upwards. Her heart was too full to speak, but the gesture was eloquent.

"An orphan, my poor babe? Where is your home?"

"I have none now," answered the child.

"Tell me how that is," said the student.

"When they came to bury my mother this morning I followed them at a distance, and sat by her grave all day. When the evening came I went back to the room in which we used to live, but strangers had come to live there."

The old man looked at the child's thin face, and read the story of her young life.

"Your mother was poor, I fear, child."

"Yes, she was very poor. She used to sit at her needlework all day—and long, long into the night, for when sometimes I woke from the cold I could see her still at work. And a few mornings ago she did not come to dress me as she always used to do; and then I felt lonely and frightened, and at last I stole out of bed into the next room, and she was sitting by the table with her work in her lap, and her head bent down on her arm, and the candle had burned into the socket. I would not wake her, for she must have been terribly weary. But by-and-by the landlord came for his rent, and he spoke to her loudly; but she did not wake, and he shook her angrily, and then he found she would never wake again."

"Have you no friends, my poor darling?" asked the old man, passing his thin hand caressingly over her curls.

"Only you," was the guileless answer; "except our Father and the beautiful angels in heaven."

"I will be your friend, poor babe. But how came you to wander up here?"

"Because you were the only friend I had."

The student gazed wonderingly at the girl at these words. There was a simple good faith in the way she spoke that made it impossible to doubt her. But what could she mean by speaking of him as her only friend?

"Tell me," he said at last, "what made you think I was your friend?"

"Oh! I forgot I hadn't told you that; I thought you would know it. When first my dear mother taught me to pray I used to kneel down beside her, and she would tell me all about the good God, and the Saviour's love, and all the beautiful things of heaven, and she used to point up to it through the window. And as you looked up from our window you

could see this tower, with the light always shining in the casement. And it was long ago, when I was a wee, wee thing—and somehow I came to fancy that mother meant that this was heaven when she pointed up, it seemed so very high above us, and the light was so steady and so bright, and never grew dark. I thought this for a long time, till I got a big girl, and then my mother found out what I thought. And then she said to me, 'Ah, darling, you think what your mother thought once: that seemed to be heaven to me, long—long ago!' And then she burst into tears; and afterwards she explained where heaven really was. But I always thought, in my heart of hearts, that this tower was heaven."

"It shall be your home henceforth, little one. But tell me one thing," said the old man, in an eager voice—"what is your name?"

"Gretchen," said the child.

"They called you after your mother?" he gasped out.

"Yes, when I was a little baby."

The gray-headed student fell on his knees beside the child, and kissed her tenderly. And the sealed fountain of tears was opened in his heart, and he wept and was comforted.

And from that day the child dwelt with him in his lonely tower.

He thought little of his books now; his only study was how to make the child happy in his gloomy home. He watched over her with infinite affection and patience, and would scarcely suffer her out of his sight for a moment.

. . . . . .

Years rolled on, and the child grew to be a comely maiden, and the student had grown more gray, and was more than ever bent with the burden of his age.

But his heart was young. It seemed as though it had been torpid until the love for the child warmed it into life, and that now it was fifty years younger than he. It was a young man's heart in an old man's body. The embers of love that had smouldered in his breast for so long had been fanned into flame.

How fair was the girl now! Fair and straight as a young poplar, graceful as a fawn, with a voice like the first songs of the birds in spring. She was the very embodiment of life and sunshine. Her presence filled the old tower with warmth and sweetness.

The old man loved her—loved her passionately. The fatherly affection which he bestowed on her as a child ripened into the ardent devotion of a lover as he beheld her maturing into a beautiful woman. He had hoarded the passions of youth in his heart, and, though the casket was old and worn, the passions, like true gold, were immortal, and possessed eternal youth.

It was not long ere the old man discovered what was the real nature of his regard for Gretchen. It was revealed to him by jealousy.

It was impossible, closely as she kept to the old tower, and few as were her acquaintances, —still it was impossible for a girl of her beauty to fail to have lovers and admirers. All the youths of Verzenach were enamoured of her beauty and her goodness.

Among them was one on whom Gretchen looked with secret favour. He was the son of the chancellor of Verzenach, a handsome and gallant youth. When two people love each other, it is impossible that they can be long before they discover the sweet secret. It was so with Gretchen and Max. Gretchen, like a discreet maiden, at once told her "adopted" father, as she called the old student, to his bitter vexation and inward grief.

Then, for the first time, the old man's eyes were opened to the real nature of his love for her—to the hopelessness of his passion—its folly, its anguish. At the thought of her becoming another's his cup of misery overflowed, and his grief was so intense, that the lovely Gretchen, who did not suspect the real cause, was so touched by his sorrow that she determined never to leave him while he lived. She told him so; and he groaned inwardly to think that it was gratitude, not such love as he thirsted for, which prompted her. But he accepted the sacrifice. His devouring passion made him selfish, and it was a consolation to think, that if she could not be his, she would never be another's.

Ah, the bitterness of the parting between Gretchen and Max! It is not to be described. Mad with despair, the poor young man rushed away to the wars, and perished gloriously as the leader of a forlorn hope—the victim of a hope yet more forlorn. Half of Gretchen's life perished with him. A premature old age fell upon her, and people wondered to see how she was changed. Hers was a beauty, they said—and especially the women—that fades rapidly. They did not know that a broken heart ages beauty. But the old man saw no change in her.

His life was a long torture. "Oh, my youth, my lost youth!" he sighed all day long. And all the night he pored over books of dark lore and forbidden arts, in the hope of discovering the secret whereby age can repurchase the vanished years, and renew its youth.

He essayed over and over again, to summon

the Evil One, who had endowed Faust with a second springtime of life, but in vain.

At length one night he was aware of the presence of a stranger in his chamber, although doors and windows were bolted and barred. Terror mingled with joy as he watched a tall figure coming towards him from the darkness of the farther end of the room.

His mysterious visitant was clad in the dress of a notary. Obedient to the old man's gesture, he sat himself beside the fire, the warmth of which he seemed to enjoy excessively. Stooping over it, and rubbing his hands together, he glanced out of the corners of his eyes at the student.

It seemed to the old man that neither of them spoke aloud, but that their conversation was carried on by unuttered thoughts.

"You would be young again?" was the mysterious stranger's first communication.

The old man bowed his head.

"You need not trouble to do that," came from the stranger's brain to his, "I can read your thoughts. The thing you require is no light matter. The cost is great."

The old man shuddered.

"There be cheaper means," the stranger conveyed to him. "We can work your purpose by a charm. For that charm I shall require the head of a woman—of a woman who loves you. Oh! I see you will not have that mode of procedure. Well, I will bestow renewed youth on you at the price specified in this document," here he laid a parchment before the old man. "In three months from this time your youth shall be renewed if you sign that. You object to the delay? I cannot manage the affair in less time. You agree! Then in three months be it!"

. . . . . .

How slowly those three months stole on! How feverish and anxious did the student become! How pale and weary grew the maiden, who was dying of the wound that killed her lover!

"Gretchen," the old man would say, "do you not think I grow younger? Does there not seem to be much less difference between our ages than there used to be?"

And Gretchen, who was sadly conscious that she was growing a year older every day, sighed and said, "Yes, it was so. He spoke truth!"

As the end of the three months drew near he could not rise from his couch. But he persuaded himself that he was but passing like a butterfly through a torpid stage before coming out in all the freshness of renewed youth.

He had counted the days carefully. At length the dawn of the last day of the three months came. He called Gretchen to him, that she might be a witness of the glorious transformation.

"Sit beside me, heart's delight!" he said to her in a faint whisper.

She looked into his face and, behold, there was a change there. She started!

"Ha! you see it then? Oh joy, joy!"

She clasped his hand, and said softly "I see it!" and wept.

"It comes at last, then! Oh, youth! regretted, wasted, longed-for youth, do you return to me at last? Welcome, welcome, long-absent! Yes, it is here—it is here! This, *this* is renewed youth!"

With those words he sprang from the pillow, flung up his arms in ecstacy, and fell back—dead!

The change which Gretchen had seen and recognized was the change that comes before death!

What was there for her to live for now? She flung herself on the student's body, and with one long sob breathed her last.

While the old man was telling me this strange legend, I had not attempted to begin my sketch, for I was too much interested.

The sun was still sinking slowly, flinging lengthening shadows toward the east. The shadow of my companion fell, as I told you, upon my note-book—with the decline of the sun it had lengthened, until it stretched along the sward before me towards the ruined tower.

All at once the shadow vanished. I looked round to see what the old man was doing. There was not cover enough within a hundred yards to conceal a rabbit. But he had vanished!

I have never made a sketch of The Young Tower.

WHAT LOVE IS LIKE.

Love is like a lamb, and love is like a lion;
Fly from love, he fights; fight, then does he fly on;
Love is all on fire, and yet is ever freezing;
Love is much in winning, yet is more in leesing:

Love is ever sick, and yet is never dying;
Love is ever true, and yet is ever lying;
Love does doat in liking, and is mad in loathing;
Love indeed is anything, yet indeed is nothing.

THOMAS MIDDLETON (1602).

GONDOLIEDS.

I.

YESTERDAY.

Dear Yesterday, glide not so fast;
Oh, let me cling
To thy white garments floating past:
Even to shadows which they cast
I cling, I cling.
Show me thy face
Just once, once more. A single night
Cannot have brought a loss or blight
Upon its grace.

Nor are they dead whom thou dost bear,
Robed for the grave;
See what a smile their red lips wear:
To lay them living wilt thou dare
Into a grave?
I know, I know,
I left thee first. Now I repent;
I listen now; I never meant
To have thee go.

Just once, once more, tell me that word
Thou hadst for me.
Alas! although my heart was stirred,
I never fully knew or heard
It was for me.
O Yesterday,
My Yesterday, thy sorest pain
Were joy, couldst thou but come again,
Sweet Yesterday.

II.

TO-MORROW.

All red with joy the waiting west;
O little swallow,
Canst thou tell me which road is best?
Cleaving high air, with thy soft breast
For keel, O swallow,
Thou must o'erlook
My seas, and know if I mistake:
I would not the same harbour make
Which Yesterday forsook.

I hear the swift blades dip and plash
Of unseen rowers;
On unknown lands the waters dash:
Who knows how it be wise or rash
To meet the rowers?
"*Premi! Premi!*"[1]
Venetia's boatmen lean and cry;
With voiceless lips, I drift and lie
Upon the twilight sea.

The swallow sleeps. Her last low call
Had sound of warning.
Sweet little one, whate'er befall,
Thou wilt not know that it was all
In vain, thy warning.
I may not borrow
A hope, a help. I close my eyes;
Cold wind blows from the Bridge of Sighs;
Kneeling, I wait To-morrow.

H. H.

VENICE, May 30, 1869.

[1] The cry of the gondoliers in Venice whenever they approach a corner of the canals.

THE BOROUGH.

BY JOHN MALCOLM.[2]

"They ate and slept, good folks—what then?
Why then they ate and slept again." PRIOR.

In one of those small towns, situated no matter where, which, by some fortunate circumstance in past times, have been elevated from the rank of village to that of Royal Borough, I passed some of my early years.

The place might be about a mile in length, and consisted of one street, which meandered away through some low grounds, until its progress was somewhat abruptly stopped by the sea.

The houses, which were low, were built with their gables facing the street, and exhibited many other infallible symptoms of antiquity, both without and within; but some venerable old ruins, like chronicles of departed grandeur, gave an interest and an air of solemnity to the Borough.

The streets, which were extremely narrow, sloped down at each side in such wise as to render it expedient for the pedestrian to keep the "croun of the causey." They had no regular pavements, and lucky it was that they had not, for the few flags which here and there lay along the dwellings of the aristocracy seldom failed to resent the insult of being trodden upon, by squirting up a quantity of black venomous-looking matter into the face of the unwary intruder.

This sort of salutation they seemed to have a particular pleasure in bestowing upon such ladies and gentlemen as were proceeding in full decoration to the scenes of "feast and song;" and many a poor wight to whom fortune, in her capricious dealings, had assigned

[2] He gained some reputation as a poet by the publication of *The Buccaneer, Scenes of War*, and other poems. His *Tales of Field and Flood, with Sketches of Life at Home*—from which we quote—were received with much favour.

only one dress-suit, and that often none of the best, have they sent back, even from the very threshold of the ball-room, affording a striking proof "that man is born to trouble as the *sparks* fly upwards."

In walking along the streets the olfactory nerves were continually regaled with the most pungent odours, calling up, by the power of association, images of the most varied kinds. In illustration of this effect, I need only remind my poetical readers of the many sweet recollections of gardens and summer-glories, lapped up, as it were, in the perfume of a rose; and, in like manner, the effluvia arising from the heads of stale fish (the predominant smell in the streets of the Borough), presented to the susceptible imagination a vision of its dinner-tables and civic feasts, at which, by the way, fish were never relished until they were in the above-mentioned state.

It must doubtless have been highly gratifying to the stranger who visited the Borough, to find himself, perhaps for the first time in his life, the object of universal interest; and while progressing along the streets, to see doors and windows flying open at his approach, and heads popping out,—some with their hair in papers, others with no hair at all,—some covered with Welsh wigs, and still more with Kilmarnock nightcaps.

Such marks of attention, however, were only preparatory to others of a more substantial nature; for the inhabitants of the Borough were remarkable for their hospitality to strangers; respecting whom their conjectures were often but too favourable, since it frequently happened that the unknown persons, whom it was their pleasure to entertain and honour with all the attentions due to gentlemen of family and fortune, turned out after all to be mere *canaille*.

Their liability to deceptions of this kind was the more surprising, as they professed to have an intimate acquaintance with high life, and it was a common saying among them, that no person could reside for any length of time in the Borough, even though he were a native of the west end of London, without acquiring a greater elegance of manner and a more polished address.

Family pride, as it exists in society, seems to involve an absurdity, inasmuch as the honour of being descended from a great man increases exactly as the degree of consanguinity to him diminishes; for his immediate descendants are as mere upstarts compared to such of his remote posterity as can trace their origin to their great progenitor, back through a period of five hundred years; so that the honour increases with the distance from the fountain thereof. But the pride of ancestry with which the inhabitants of the borough were infected was more than usually absurd, having no foundation whatever whereon to rest, and, like the world, "hanging upon nothing;" the fathers being of a lower grade in society than the sons, and the grandfathers lower still, until an obscurity, deep as that which involves the origin of nations, in mercy spread out an impenetrable pall.

The magistrates (Heaven bless them if still alive, and rest their souls if dead!) bore a strong family likeness to their brethren in other royal boroughs; having the same corpulence as a corporation, the same sleek solemnity, and the same pomposity arising from "pride of place."

Methinks, even now, I see the venerable guardians of the city marching in heavy procession to church, heralded by their guard of honour—the town-officers, arrayed in long light-blue broad-bottomed coats, faced with yellow, and having triangular cocked hats perched upon one side of the head, which gave additional effect to the martial frown with which, in all the "insolence of office," they strutted along the church-aisle, and finally took post behind the great easy-chairs where the civic body reposed during divine service, in all the dozing dignity of lethargy and fat, immediately opposite to the pulpit.

The pulpit was a fine specimen of the antique, illustrative of the taste of the times in which it was made. Carved on its wooden canopy, over the head of the preacher, like so many cupids with outspread wings, hovered a whole flock of angels, to whose infantine and chubby faces a chastening solemnity was imparted by the overshadowing dignity of large full-bottomed wigs, such as decorate the Lords of Session while on the bench.

The clergyman was a judicious and benevolent person; but, not dealing in that terrific sort of eloquence and violent gesticulation which, with certain classes, have ever been considered the tests of orthodoxy, was rather undervalued by some of his flock, one of whom, a member of the kirk-session, gave him the definition of a good preacher, in the following panegyric on his predecessor:—

"Ah, sir!" exclaimed the elder, in the tone of pathetic recollection, "our late minister was the man! He was the poorfu' preacher, for i' the short time he delivered the Word amang us, he knocked three pulpits to pieces, and dang the guts out o' five Bibles!"

The magistrates, however, were well enough

satisfied with their pastor, the quiet tenor of whose discourses did not disturb their Sabbath slumbers. They were, indeed, a wise and philosophic body of men, who showed by their practice, if they did not avow it in words, their belief that eating, drinking, and sleeping comprehended the whole duty of man, and the great business of life, of which they were at once the means and the end,—an opinion, the blessed effects of which were visible in the florid cheek, and the full, fixed, and satisfied eye, which have ever distinguished the philosophers of this persuasion.

The only public amusements of the Borough were its assemblies, where youth indulged in the folly of dancing, and old age in that of cards; and where the *great men* of the place would occasionally honour the company, and create a delightful surprise, by popping in about the eleventh hour in top-boots and scarlet vests, and lead to the head of the country-dance the blushing modesty of seventeen, almost overpowered by the honour conferred.

But it most frequently happened that the dance was opened by some lady of *ton*, who had lately returned from Edinburgh, and whose very soul sickened at the old hackneyed figures, and delighted and luxuriated in those of whose complicated evolutions she had acquired a knowledge in the metropolis.

But, alas! we are not all equally gifted—"great heights are hazardous for the weak head"—errors generally ensued among the uninitiated in the newly-imported mystery, one blunder produced another, till the performers, reeling about, and jostling against each other, were making what billiard-players denominate "the cannon," and it seemed as "Chaos had come again."

Hitherto the good people of the Borough had never been molested by a foreign foe, their only wars being *civil* ones; but at length their latent energies were called into action by a most alarming and unexpected event.

During a severe snow-storm a French frigate, having on board a considerable number of troops, was wrecked upon the coast at no great distance from the Borough; and there being no military force of any description in the county, the citizens made a general turn-out; and a stirring sight it was to see them mustering upon the "Broad Street," in order to be drilled by an old gentleman, who, in his hot youth, had served his country at *home*, in a corps of Fencibles, which had marched in triumph from one end of the kingdom to the other, most gallantly scaling the hills, deploying into the valleys, taking possession of the best quarters in the towns, and carrying female hearts by storm.

Upon this alarming occasion patriotism seemed to have inspired every heart, and all distinctions of rank and wealth were for the time forgotten:

"Groom stood by noble, squire by knight;"

the highest with the humblest. The young hopeful, the heir-apparent of heather and seaweed, forsook the sport of the hill and the shore, and left the grouse and the wild duck for nobler game; the doctor threw his "physic to the dogs," and resigned the lancet for the lance; the lawyer gave up the cause of his clients for that of his country; for that, too, the shoemaker resigned his *awl;* and even the tailor, fancying himself a man, instead of a mere fraction thereof, left his *goose* and *cabbage*, and joined the glorious band who had assembled for the defence of their country.

Yet, notwithstanding all this promptitude of purpose, and chivalrous feeling, the appearance of the recruits would, I fear, have been far more appalling to a drill-sergeant than to an enemy. Drew up in line—

"A *horrid* front they form."

"Shoulder arms!" exclaimed the captain, in a voice intended to resemble thunder; but the execution of the order was anything but simultaneous, and one man, it was observed, was still "standing at ease." Upon being challenged by the captain, and asked why he had not "shouldered" along with the rest, "What the deil's a' the haste," quoth he, "canna ye wait till a body tak' a snuff?"

This single circumstance will enable the reader to form a tolerably correct estimate of the attainment of the citizens in the art of war.

Fortunately for themselves and their country their services were not required, in consequence of the arrival of a detachment of Volunteers from a neighbouring county, which had been sent for on the first alarm, to whom the poor Frenchmen, already half-dead with cold and hunger, surrendered themselves prisoners at discretion; and thus the cloud passed away, and the borough was restored to its usual state of tranquillity.

At the time of which I speak there existed, and, for aught I know to the contrary, there may still exist, a more than usual proportion of elderly unmarried ladies. The cause of this melancholy fact I cannot pretend to explain, for many of them I have heard were great beauties in their youth. Taken as a body they were as free from the peculiarities incident to single blessedness as any other class of society;

yet true it is, that a few of the sisterhood took such a warm interest in the characters and concerns of their fellow-citizens as had on several occasions well nigh set the town on fire; and such was their unquenchable hatred of scandal, that they would not for one moment allow it to sleep, or even to die in peace.

At the head of this Suppression-of-vice Society was Miss Tabitha Primrose, a lady of a *certain* age, which, according to Byron, is of all ages the most *un*certain. She had long made a dead halt at that of thirty, beyond which stage in the journey of life nothing could induce her to budge a single step.

One of the slowest movements in nature is the approximation of the nose and chin, these neighbours requiring the greater part of a century to effect a meeting, by travelling over the short space which divides them in youth; and in Tabby's case they had gone over fully half the distance, pointing like the index of a clock to a pretty late hour—but all in vain. Suns and seasons might roll away—moons wax and wane—sands might run and shadows sail, till dials grew green and tresses gray—but amidst this moving scene Tabby remained immovable, in protracted youth, with a bloom of that blessed kind which never fades, and a *wig* that bade defiance to the "snows of time."

Tabitha had been a great beauty in her youth, the evidence of which (as few people could speak of that period from their own recollection) rested on the best of all authority —her own, but having, it seems, had a tendency to corpulency, she had indulged rather too freely in the use of vinegar, to which ought probably to be ascribed a certain expression of sourness about the corners of her mouth, which she still retained. In common with all other fair ladies, she had been "beseeched and besieged" by a host of admirers; but, being remarkably fastidious, and perhaps not finding among her swains a perfect Sir Charles Grandison, and, moreover, the age of chivalry being past and gone, when men sighed seven years for a lady's smile, it somehow or other happened that Tabitha was left to

"Waste her sweetness on the desert air."

We have all heard of those wise ancients who wept when a child was born; but Tabby went a step beyond them, and, with a more prophetic philosophy of feeling, actually shed tears whenever she heard of a marriage; and, in the midst of her sorrow and pity for the unhappy bride, thanked Heaven for having preserved herself from such a fate.

She was such a determined enemy to every kind of youthful levity, that the very frisking of lambs seemed to displease her. Pure as new-fallen snow—severe as justice—and unerring as mathematical sequences—she stood alone—a woman without a weakness, and a very personification of *prim* propriety.

"But who can stand envy?" or when did ever such superhuman excellence escape the breath of calumny?—against that even Tabitha's virtue was no protection; and there were not wanting ill-disposed persons who called her severe reprobation of derelictions from virtue downright scandal, and by whom the tears which she shed for young brides were shrewdly suspected to flow from the regret she felt at not being one herself. But to return.

The evening entertainments were of that kind denominated "Tea and Turn-out,"—a mode of treating one's friends, having the show of hospitality, but denying the power thereof. Tea and Turn-out!—gentle readers, only think of such a hoax—my blood yet runs cold at the thought—Tea and Turn-out!

Early in the forenoon a maid-servant, all smiles and roses, would enter and present a gilt paper card, whereon the eye caught the words, "Compliments—company at tea—spend the evening," &c.—the last words seeming to insinuate a delicate hint of supper: but thus it is that our feelings are cruelly sported with, and hopes are excited which are never intended to be realized. In consequence of such *promissory notes*, how often have I risen from a comfortable fireside at home, have adjourned to a cold room above stairs, and dressed for supper, when, alas! supper was not dressed for me!

The festivities of the evening commenced about six or seven o'clock, according to the rank of our entertainers; and as it seldom happened that any waiters were in attendance to hand about the tea, an excellent opportunity was afforded to our Lotharios of showing their attention to the ladies in that way; but in doing the thing with an air the consequence frequently was, that the fair ones received into their laps instead of their hands the elegant china vases, together with their scalding contents. Next were presented various kinds of rich sweet-bread, pleasant indeed to the eye, but, upon a nearer acquaintance, betraying an air of antiquity not altogether agreeable.

As soon as the refreshments of the evening were over, the conversation became general, and occasionally *particular:* our absent friends were not forgotten, nor were their most private and delicate concerns overlooked.

About nine o'clock a general *rising* took place, which, not being resisted on the part

of our entertainers, we read our fate in each other's eyes, and made a simultaneous movement towards the door; whence, with ill-suppressed chagrin, we descended into the street and made the best of our way home.

Such was the nature of our evening pastime in the Borough at the time I first resided there; but returning after an absence of long years,

"I looked and saw the face of things quite changed;"

many old friends and old fashions had died, and among the rest "Tea and Turn-out" had given up the ghost, and better things, of which it was only the type and shadow, reigned in its place. Instead of that meagre mockery, the supper table, plethoric even to apoplexy, exhibited in beatific vision such varieties as the following:—A large round of boiled beef smothered among cabbage, through whose silvery canopy of mist appeared a smoked goose, a large mutton ham, a roast of pork, a dish of dogfish, and of welsh-rabbits melted in their own fat. The light meal was diluted by copious draughts of strong home-brewed ale, and the whole etherealized by several large bowls of rum-punch; after which the happy guests retired to rest, to enjoy those pleasant dreams which are the never-failing reward of such good living.

In this way they managed matters at the time of my last visit to the Borough; but, alas! there is nothing permanent on earth except change; for I have lately been informed that "Supper and Turn-in" hath gone the way of "Tea and Turn-out." A great and goodly conversion hath taken place at their evening parties, where controversial divinity is the standing dish. Mutton hams, smoked geese, and welsh-rabbits, are superseded by knotty points of faith, still harder of digestion, and punch has given place to prayers.

HE THAT LOVES A ROSY CHEEK.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain its fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires;
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

THOMAS CAREW (1635).

THE

ADVENTURES OF PARSON SCHMOLKE

AND THE

SCHOOLMASTER BAKEL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF AUGUSTUS F. LANGBEIN.

"Where are we now? See nought appears
But cattle on the hill;
I told you oft to shun the left,
But you would have your will.
You've brought us here;—now save us both
From rock, and pit, and rill."

"'*Hic hæret aqua*,' honoured sir,
Trust now no more to me;
But mark! I tremble not although
We thieves and wolves may see.
Says Horace,—'*Purus sceleris*
Non eget Mauri jaculis.'"

"Oh that you and your Latin were
In Styx, and I—in bed.
Is this a time to laugh and jest
With my distress and dread?
But see! low in the valley gleams
A light; O let us seek its beams!"

"'*Cur non, mi Domine*,' for there
A *mortal* must abide;
In such a place the cloven feet
And tail would ne'er reside.
On, quickly on! for now I think
How sweet their potent ale will drink."

Then, reeling, for the light they steer,
These heroes of my strain;
But whence they came, I, with your leave,
In one word may explain—
They staggered from a bridal feast
With all they could contain.

The hut is reach'd; a man appears
All clad in sullied brown,
Who eyes our two benighted friends
With dark suspicious frown.
They begg'd for beds, till rising day
Should dawn to light them on their way.

"Indeed, to tell your honours true
Of beds I've none to spare,
But solace such as straw may yield
You're welcome here to share.
If that can please you, soon you'll find
A truss and chamber to your mind."

Most piteously upon his paunch
The parson cast his eye;
"How now, thou fat rotundity,
On straw couch wilt thou lie?"—
"'*Sub sole nil perfectum est*,'"
Said Bakel—"here I'll take my rest."

He said, and soon was fast asleep.
The parson look'd around
For peg to hang his wig upon,
But no one could be found:
Himself upon the straw he cast,
His wig upon the ground.

Between the guests and host alone
A thin partition stood;
They heard him sing an evening hymn,
Then pray for faith and food;
And now the godly service done,
Unto his spouse he thus began—

"My dear, as soon as morning dawns,
The *black ones* I shall slay,
They will be, when I think again,
Much fatter than I say.
Oh how that bullet-round one will—
He makes my very chops distil!"

"Ah, Bakel! do you sleep? or hear
These cannibals declare,
That, when the morning sun ascends,
On us they mean to fare?
Oh from this horrid murderous den
Were I but out alive again!"

"*Proh dolor*,' sir; but still there's hope,
We're not in Charon's barge;
Still may some good *Convivia*
Your little paunch enlarge.
Nay ope your eyes,—look here and see
A window; from it leap with me."

"Yes! such a goose-quill thing as you
May leap, and dread no harm;
But, were I such a leap to take,
I'd die with pure alarm;
This ponderous body would but drop
Into Death's open arm."

Now Bakel used his eloquence
To urge his friend to fly;
He painted dangers great and dread
If they should longer lie;
Till he took courage from despair,
The unknown dreadful leap to dare.

But still there was a point to fix,
Which first the leap should try;
Each urged the other, and again
Replied, "Oh no, not I."
At last our friend the pedagogue
Down like a bird did fly.

He lighted, *salva venia*,
Upon a hill of dung,
And bounding from the dirt unhurt
Like dunghill cock he sprung:
But like a cliff from mountain cast,
Fell the fat parson, and stuck fast!

He sunk up to the waist, nor could
Move on a single hair;
While Bakel cursed and scampered round,
In impotent despair:
Meantime the roof poured torrents down
On the poor parson's naked crown.

Now Bakel found all efforts vain
To ope the dunghill's side;
And though his friend there still had lain,
No help could he provide.
At last a powerful lever's found;
With it he heaves him from the ground.

But ah, how adverse still their fate!
For now they found a court,
Whose towering walls and barred gate
Cut further egress short.
Thus fruitless all these dangers run
The dreadful cannibals to shun!

Now they prepare their hearts to sing
A "*valet*" ere they die,
And only seek a sheltering roof,
Till then to keep them dry.
Experience tells we best may claim
Success, if *humble* be our aim.

So found the candidates for death
A shelter in their need;
It was a hovel near a shade
Where cattle used to feed.
It chanced that in that hole, his swine
Our host, while feeding, did confine.

But *they* had burst their little door,
And so had stole away,
And in the garden with their snouts
Did hold their merry play;
While in their place our pious friends
Most fervently did pray.

"Oh think, dear Bakel, that the grave
Is but the gate of life;
There beggars equal mighty kings;
There ends all mortal strife;
The injured slave feels not the thong,
Nor drags his weary chain along."

"Ah yes, how truly says the bard,
Si hora mortis ruit
Is fit Irus subito
Qui modo Cræsus fuit."
Thus spent they all the hours of night
Till dawn the little court did light.

Now hideously the door did creak,
From which came out the man,
Whose eye beam'd murder; and he straight
To whet his knife began;
And mutter'd as he rubb'd away,
"Ye *black ones*, ye shall die to-day!"

The host a *Flesher* was by trade,
And spoke still of his swine.
While all these dreadful thoughts beset
The teacher and divine;
Who fell into the odd mistake,
That he their lives design'd to take.

So forth he stretch'd his hand to draw
The swine from out their hole:—
The first thing that he seized upon
Was Bakel's thickened sole:
He cried in terror and affright,
"The Devil! oh ye powers of light!"

Now was their foolish blunder clear;
They show'd themselves in day;
And soon the *Flesher's* deadly fears
And dread were chased away.
A hearty breakfast crown'd the board
And laughter loudly at it roar'd.

At parting all swore solemnly
The blunder to conceal,
But lately when I made a feast
Of venison and veal,
The parson in a merry mood
The whole truth did reveal.

Edinburgh Mag.

THE EVENING OF A VILLAGE FESTIVAL.

BY DEAN ALFORD.

While our shrub walks darken,
And the stars get bright aloft,
Sit we still and hearken
To the music low and soft.
By the old oak yonder
Where we watched the setting sun,
Listening to the far-off thunder
Of the multitude as one.

Sit, my best beloved,
In the waning light;
Yield thy spirit to the teaching
Of each sound and sight,
While those sounds are flowing
To their silent rest;
While the parting wake of sunlight
Broods along the west:

Sweeter 'tis to hearken
Than to bear a part;
Better to look on happiness
Than carry a light heart.
Sweeter to walk on cloudy hills
With a sunny plain below,
Than to weary of the brightness
Where the floods of sunshine flow.

Souls that love each other,
Join both joys in one;
Blest by others' happiness,
And nourished by their own.
So with quick reflection,
Each its opposite
Still gives back, and multiplies
To infinite delight.

S.W. AND BY W. ¾ W.

[Captain Frederick Marryat, R.N., C.B., born in London, 10th July, 1792; died in Norfolk, 2d August, 1848. As a naval officer, "he was brave, zealous, intelligent, and even thoughtful, yet active in the performance of his duties," was the verdict of the late Earl of Dundonald (Lord Cochrane). As the inventor of the code of signals for the merchant vessels of all nations Captain Marryat has earned the gratitude of all seafarers; but it is as a novelist that he is most distinguished. He was thirty-seven when his first work appeared—*Frank Mildmay*, and twenty-four others followed in rapid succession. It will suffice to mention *The King's Own; Newton Forster; Midshipman Easy; Jacob Faithful; Percival Keene; Snarly Yow; The Phantom Ship; Joseph Rustbrook, or the Poacher; Valerie; Diary in America; The Settlers in Canada; The Pacha of Many Tales, &c.* "His stories of the sea are unquestionably the first in their peculiar line."—*Dublin University Magazine.* Christopher North said "he would have stood in the first class of sea-scribes had he written nothing but *Peter Simple*." Various editions of his works are issued by Routledge and Sons, by whose permission the following tale is quoted from *Olla Podrida*. The biography of Captain Marryat, edited by his daughter Florence Marryat—herself a novelist—was published in 1872.]

Jack Littlebrain was, physically considered, as fine grown, and moreover as handsome a boy as ever was seen, but it must be acknowledged that he was not very clever. Nature is, in most instances, very impartial; she has given plumage to the peacock, but, as every ones knows, not the slightest ear for music. Throughout the feathered race it is almost invariably the same; the homeliest clad are the finest songsters. Among animals the elephant is certainly the most intelligent, but, at the same time, he cannot be considered as a beauty. Acting upon this well-ascertained principle, nature imagined that she had done quite enough for Jack when she endowed him with such personal perfection; and did not consider it was at all necessary that he should be very clever; indeed, it must be admitted, not only that he was not very clever, but (as the truth must be told) remarkably dull and stupid. However, the Littlebrains have been for a long while a well-known, numerous, and influential

family, so that, if it were possible that Jack could have been taught anything, the means were forthcoming: he was sent to every school in the country; but it was in vain. At every following vacation he was handed over from the one pedagogue to the other, of those whose names were renowned for the Busbian system of teaching by stimulating both ends: he was horsed every day and still remained an ass, and at the end of six months, if he did not run away before that period was over, he was invariably sent back to his parents as incorrigible and unteachable. What was to be done with him? The Littlebrains had always got on in the world, somehow or another, by their interest and connections; but here was one who might be said to have no brains at all. After many pros and cons, and after a variety of consulting letters had passed between the various members of his family, it was decided, that as his maternal uncle, Sir Theophilus Blazers, G.C.B., was at that time second in command in the Mediterranean, he should be sent to sea under his command; the admiral having, in reply to a letter on the subject, answered that it was hard indeed if he did not lick him into some shape or another; and that, at all events, he'd warrant that Jack should be able to box the compass before he had been three months nibbling the ship's biscuit; further, that it was very easy to get over the examination necessary to qualify him for lieutenant, as a turkey and a dozen of brown-stout sent in the boat with him on the passing day, as a present to each of the passing captains, would pass him, even if he were as incompetent as a camel (or, as they say at sea, a cable) to pass through the eye of a needle; that having once passed, he would soon have him in command of a fine frigate, with a good nursing first lieutenant; and that if he did not behave himself properly, he would make his signal to come on board of the flag-ship, take him into the cabin, and give him a sound horse-whipping, as other admirals have been known to inflict upon their own sons under similar circumstances. The reader must be aware that, from the tenor of Sir Theophilus' letter, the circumstances which we are narrating must have occurred some fifty years ago.

When Jack was informed that he was to be a midshipman, he looked up in the most innocent way in the world (and innocent he was, sure enough), turned on his heels, and whistled as he went for want of thought. For the last three months he had been at home, and his chief employment was kissing and romping with the maids, who declared him to be the handsomest Littlebrain that the country had ever produced. Our hero viewed the preparations made for his departure with perfect indifference, and wished everybody good-by with the utmost composure. He was a happy, good-tempered fellow, who never calculated, because he could not; never decided, for he had not wit enough to choose; never foresaw, although he could look straight before him; and never remembered, because he had no memory. The line, "If ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," was certainly made especially for Jack; nevertheless he was not totally deficient: he knew what was good to eat or drink, for his taste was perfect, his eyes were very sharp, and he could discover in a moment if a peach was ripe on the wall; his hearing was quick, for he was the first in the school to detect the footsteps of his pedagogue; and he could smell anything savoury nearly a mile off, if the wind lay the right way. Moreover, he knew that if he put his fingers in the fire that he would burn himself; that knives cut severely; that birch tickled, and several other little axioms of this sort which are generally ascertained by children at an early age, but which Jack's capacity had not received until at a much later date. Such as he was, our hero went to sea; his stock in his sea-chest being very abundant, while his stock of ideas was proportionably small.

We will pass over all the trans-shipments of Jack until he was eventually shipped on board the *Mendacious*, then lying at Malta, with the flag of Sir Theophilus Blazers at the fore—a splendid ship, carrying 120 guns, and nearly 120 midshipmen of different calibres. (I pass over captain, lieutenant, and ship's company, having made mention of her most valuable qualifications.) Jack was received with a hearty welcome by his uncle, for he came in pudding-time, and was invited to dinner; and the admiral made the important discovery, that if his nephew was a fool in other points, he was certainly no fool at his knife and fork. In a short time his messmates found out that he was no fool at his fists, and his knock-down arguments ended much disputation. Indeed, as the French would say, Jack was perfection in the *physique*, although so very deficient in the *morale*.

But if Pandora's box proved a plague to the whole world, Jack had his individual portion of it, when he was summoned to *box* the compass by his worthy uncle Sir Theophilus Blazers; who, in the course of six months, discovered that he could not make his nephew box it in the three, which he had warranted in his letter;

every day our hero's ears were boxed, but the compass never. It required all the cardinal virtues to teach him the cardinal points during the forenoon, and he made a point of forgetting them before the sun went down. Whenever they attempted it (and various were the teachers employed to drive the compass into Jack's head), his head drove round the compass; and try all he could, Jack never could compass it. It appeared, as some people are said only to have one idea, as if Jack could only have one *point* in his head at a time, and to that point he would stand like a well-broken pointer. With him the wind never changed till the next day. His uncle pronounced him to be a fool, but that did not hurt his nephew's feelings; he had been told so too often already.

I have said that Jack had a great respect for good eating and drinking, and, moreover, was blessed with a good appetite: every person has his peculiar fancies, and if there was anything which more titillated the palate and olfactory nerves of our hero, it was a roast goose with sage and onions. Now it so happened, that having been about seven months on board of the *Mendacious*, Jack had one day received a summons to dine with the admiral, for the steward had ordered a roast goose for dinner, and knew not only that Jack was partial to it, but also that Jack was the admiral's nephew, which always goes for something on board of a flag-ship. Just before they were sitting down to table, the admiral wishing to know how the wind was, and having been not a little vexed with the slow progress of his nephew's nautical acquirements, said, "Now, Mr. Littlebrain, go up and bring me down word how the wind is; and mark me, as, when you are sent, nine times out of ten you make a mistake, I shall now bet you five guineas against your dinner, that you make a mistake this time: so now be off and we will soon ascertain whether you lose your dinner or I lose my money. Sit down, gentlemen, we will not wait for Mr. Littlebrain."

Jack did not much admire this bet on the part of his uncle, but still less did he like the want of good manners in not waiting for him. He had just time to see the covers removed, to scent a whiff of the goose, and was off.

"The admiral wants to know how the wind is, sir," said Jack to the officer of the watch.

The officer of the watch went to the binnacle, and setting the wind as nearly as he could, replied, "Tell Sir Theophilus that it is *S. W. and by W. ¾ W.*"

"That's one of those confounded long points that I never can remember," cried Jack, in despair.

"Then you'll 'get goose,' as the saying is," observed one of the midshipmen.

"No; I'm afraid that I sha'n't get any," replied Jack, despondingly. "What did he say, S.W. and by N. ¾ E.?"

"Not exactly," replied his messmate, who was a good-natured lad, and laughed heartily at Jack's version. "S.W. and by W. ¾ W."

"I never can remember it," cried Jack. "I'm to have five guineas if I do, and no dinner if I don't; and if I stay here much longer, I shall get no dinner at all events, for they are all terribly peckish, and there will be none left."

"Well, if you'll give me one of the guineas, I'll show you how to manage it," said the midshipman.

"I'll give you two, if you'll only be quick and the goose a'n't all gone," replied Jack.

The midshipman wrote down the point from which the wind blew, at full length, upon a bit of paper, and pinned it to the rim of Jack's hat. "Now," said he, "when you go into the cabin, you can hold your hat so as to read it without their perceiving you."

"Well, so I can; I never should have thought of that," said Jack.

"You hav'n't wit enough," replied the midshipman.

"Well, I see no wit in the compass," replied Jack.

"Nevertheless, it's full of point," replied the midshipman: "now be quick."

Our hero's eyes served him well if his memory was treacherous; and as he entered the cabin door he bowed over his hat very politely, and said, as he read it off, "S.W. and by W. ¾ W.," and then he added, without reading at all, "if you please, Sir Theophilus."

"Steward," said the admiral, "tell the officer of the watch to step down."

"How's the wind, Mr. Growler?"

"S.W. and by W. ¾ W.," replied the officer.

"Then, Mr. Littlebrain, you have won your five guineas, and may now sit down and enjoy your dinner."

Our hero was not slow in obeying the order, and ventured, upon the strength of his success, to send his plate twice for goose. Having eaten their dinner, drunk their wine, and taken their coffee, the officers, at the same time, took the hint which invariably accompanies the latter beverage, made their bows and retreated. As Jack was following his seniors out of the cabin, the admiral put the sum which he had staked into his hands, observing, that "it was an ill wind that blew nobody good."

So thought Jack, who, having faithfully paid the midshipman the two guineas for his assistance, was now on the poop keeping his watch, as midshipmen usually do; that is, stretched out on the signal lockers and composing himself to sleep after the most approved fashion, answering the winks of the stars by blinks of his eyes, until at last he shut them to keep them warm. But, before he had quite composed himself, he thought of the goose and the five guineas. The wind was from the same quarter, blowing soft and mild; Jack lay in a sort of reverie, as it fanned his cheek, for the weather was close and sultry.

"Well," muttered Jack to himself, "I do love that point of the compass, at all events, and I think that I never shall forget S.W. and by W. ¾ W. No I never—never liked one before, though ——"

"Is that true?" whispered a gentle voice in his ear; "do you love 'S.W. and by W. ¾ W.,' and will you, as you say, never forget her?"

"Why, what's that?" said Jack, opening his eyes and turning half round on his side.

"It's me — 'S.W. and by W. ¾ W.,' that you say you love."

Littlebrain raised himself and looked round; —there was no one on the poop except himself and two or three of the after-guard, who were lying down between the guns.

"Why, who was it that spoke?" said Jack, much astonished.

"It was the wind you love and who has long loved you," replied the same voice; "do you wish to see me?"

"See you—see the wind?—I've been already sent on that message by the midshipmen," thought Jack.

"Do you love me as you say, and as I love you?" continued the voice.

"Well, I like you better than any other point of the compass, and I'm sure I never thought I should like one of them," replied Jack.

"That will not do for me; will you love only me?"

"I'm not likely to love the others," replied Jack, shutting his eyes again; "I *hate* them all."

"And love me?"

"Well, I do love you, that's a fact," replied Jack, as he thought of the goose and the five guineas.

"Then look round and you shall see me," said the soft voice.

Jack, who hardly knew whether he was asleep or awake, did at this summons once more take the trouble to open his eyes, and beheld a fairy female figure, pellucid as water, yet apparently possessing substance; her features were beautifully soft and mild, and her outline trembled and shifted as it were, waving gently to and fro. It smiled sweetly, hung over him, played with his chestnut curls, softly touched his lips with her own, passed her trembling fingers over his cheeks, and its warm breath appeared as if it melted into his. Then it grew more bold,—embraced his person, searched into his neck and collar, as if curious to examine him.

Jack felt a pleasure and gratification which he could not well comprehend: once more the charmer's lips trembled upon his own, now remaining for a moment, now withdrawing, again returning to kiss and kiss again, and once more did the soft voice put the question,—

"Do you love me?"

"Better than goose," replied Jack.

"I don't know who goose may be," replied the fairy form, as she tossed about Jack's waving locks; "you must love only me, promise me that before I am relieved."

"What, have you got the first watch, as well as me?" replied Jack.

"I am on duty just now, but I shall not be so long. We southerly winds are never kept long in one place; some of my sisters will probably be sent here soon."

"I don't understand what you talk about," replied Jack. "Suppose you tell me who you are, and what you are, and I'll do all I can to keep awake; I don't know how it is, but I've felt more inclined to go to sleep since you have been fanning me about, than I did before."

"Then I will remain by your side while you listen to me. I am, as I told you, a wind ——"

"That's puzzling," said Jack, interrupting her.

"My name is 'S.W. and by W. ¾ W.'"

"Yes, and a very long name it is. If you wish me to remember you, you should have had a shorter one."

This ruffled the wind a little, and she blew rather sharp into the corner of Jack's eye,—however she proceeded,—

"You are a sailor, and of course you know all the winds on the compass by name."

"I wish I did; but I don't," replied Littlebrain; "I can recollect you, and not one other."

Again the wind trembled with delight on his lips, and she proceeded:—"You know that there are thirty-two points on the compass, and these points are divided into quarters; so that there are, in fact, 128 different winds."

"There are more than I could ever remember; I know that," said Jack.

"Well, we are in all 128. All the winds which have northerly in them are coarse and ugly; all the southern winds are pretty."

"You don't say so?" replied our hero.

"We are summoned to blow, as required, but the hardest duty generally falls to the northerly winds, as it should do, for they are the strongest; although we southerly winds can blow hard enough when we choose. Our characters are somewhat different. The most unhappy in disposition, and I may say the most malevolent, are the north and easterly winds; the N.W. winds are powerful, but not unkind; the S.E. winds vary, but, at all events, we of the S.W. are considered the mildest and most beneficent. Do you understand me?"

"Not altogether. You're going right round the compass, and I never could make it out, that's a fact. I hear what you say, but I cannot promise to recollect it; I can only recollect S.W. and by W. ¾ W."

"I care only for your recollecting me; if you do that, you may forget all the rest. Now you see we South Wests are summer winds, and are seldom required but in this season; I have often blown over your ship these last three months, and I always have lingered near you, for I loved you."

"Thank you—now go on, for seven bells have struck some time, and I shall be going to turn in. Is your watch out?"

"No, I shall blow for some hours longer. Why will you leave me—why wo'n't you stay on deck with me?"

"What, stay on deck after my watch is out? No, if I do, blow me! We midshipmen never do that—but I say, why can't you come down with me, and turn in my hammock; it's close to the hatchway, and you can easily do it."

"Well, I will, upon one promise. You say that you love me, now I'm very jealous, for we winds are always supplanting one another. Promise me that you will never mention any other wind in the compass but me, for if you do, they may come to you, and if I hear of it I'll blow the masts out of your ship, that I will."

"You don't say so?" replied Jack, surveying her fragile, trembling form.

"Yes, I will, and on a lee-shore too; so that the ship shall go to pieces on the rocks, and the admiral and every soul on board her be drowned."

"No, you wouldn't, would you?" said our hero, astonished.

"Not if you promise me. Then I'll come to you and pour down your windsails, and dry your washed clothes as they hang on the rigging, and just ripple the waves as you glide along, and hang upon the lips of my dear love, and press him in my arms. Promise me, then, on no account ever to recollect or mention any other wind but me."

"Well, I think I may promise that," replied Jack, "I'm very clever at forgetting; and then you'll come to my hammock, won't you, and sleep with me? You'll be a nice cool bedfellow these warm nights."

"I can't sleep on my watch as midshipmen do; but I'll watch you while you sleep, and I'll fan your cheeks, and keep you cool and comfortable, till I'm relieved.

"And when you go, when will you come again?"

"That I cannot tell—when I'm summoned; and I shall wait with impatience, that you may be sure of."

"There's eight bells," said Jack, starting up; "I must go down and call the officer of the middle watch; but I'll soon turn in, for my relief is not so big as myself, and I can thrash him."

Littlebrain was as good as his word; he cut down his relief, and then thrashed him for venturing to expostulate. The consequence was, that in ten minutes he was in his hammock, and "S.W. and by W. ¾ W." came gently down the hatchway and rested in his arms. Jack soon fell fast asleep, and when he was wakened up the next morning by the quarter-master, his bedfellow was no longer there. A mate inquiring how the wind was, was answered by the quarter-master that they had a fresh breeze from the N.N.W., by which Jack understood that his sweetheart was no longer on duty.

Our hero had passed such a happy night with his soft and kind companion, that he could think of nothing else; he longed for her to come again, and, to the surprise of everybody, was now perpetually making inquiries as to the wind which blew. He thought of her continually; and in fact was as much in love with "S.W. and by W. ¾ W." as he possibly could be. She came again—once more did he enjoy her delightful company; again she slept with him in his hammock, and then, after a short stay, she was relieved by another.

We do not intend to accuse the wind of inconstancy, as that was not her fault; nor of treachery, for she loved dearly; nor of violence, for she was all softness and mildness; but we do say, that "S.W. and by W. ¾ W." was the occasion of Jack being very often in a scrape, for our hero kept his word; he forgot all other winds, and with him there was no other ex-

cept his dear "S.W. and by W. ¾ W." It must be admitted of Jack, that, at all events, he showed great perseverance, for he stuck to his point.

Our hero would argue with his messmates, for it is not those who are most capable of arguing who are most fond of it; and, like all arguers not very brilliant, he would flounder and diverge away right and left, just as the flaws of ideas came into his head.

"What nonsense it is your talking that way," would his opponent say; "why don't you come to the point?"

"And so I do," cried Jack.

"Well, then, what is your point?"

"S.W. and by W. ¾ W.," replied our hero.

Who could reply to this? But in every instance, and through every difficulty, our hero kept his promise, until his uncle, Sir Theophilus, was very undecided whether he should send him home to be locked up in a lunatic asylum, or bring him on in the service to the rank of post-captain. Upon mature consideration, however, as a man in Bedlam is a very useless member of society, and a teetotal nonproductive, whereas a captain in the navy is a responsible agent, the admiral came to the conclusion that Littlebrain must follow up his destiny.

At last Jack was set down as the greatest fool in the ship, and was pointed out as such. The ladies observed that such might possibly be the case, but at all events he was the handsomest young man in the Mediterranean fleet. We believe that both parties were correct in their assertions.

Time flies—even a midshipman's time, which does not fly quite so fast as his money—and the time came for Mr. Littlebrain's examination. Sir Theophilus, who now commanded the whole fleet, was almost in despair. How was it possible that a man could navigate a ship with only one quarter point of the compass in his head?

Sir Theophilus scratched his wig; and the disposition of the Mediterranean fleet, so important to the country, was altered according to the dispositions of the captains who commanded the ships. In those days there were martinets in the service; officers who never overlooked an offence, or permitted the least deviation from strict duty; who were generally hated, but at the same time were most valuable to the service. As for his nephew passing his examination before any of those of the first or second, or even of the third degree, the admiral knew that it was impossible. The consequence was, that one was sent away on a mission to Genoa about nothing; another to watch for vessels never expected, off Sardinia; two more to cruize after a French frigate which had never been built: and thus, by degrees, did the admiral arrange, so as to obtain a set of officers sufficiently pliant to allow his nephew to creep under the gate which barred his promotion, and which he never could have vaulted over. So the signal was made—our hero went on board—his uncle had not forgotten the propriety of a little *douceur* on the occasion; and, as the turkeys were all gone, three couple of geese were sent in the same boat, as a present to each of the three passing captains. Littlebrain's heart failed him as he pulled to the ship; even the geese hissed at him, as much as to say, "If you were not such a stupid ass, we might have been left alive in our coops." There was a great deal of truth in that remark, if they did say so.

Nothing could have been made more easy for Littlebrain than his examination. The questions had all been arranged beforehand; and some kind friend had given him all the answers written down. The passing captains apparently suffered from the heat of the weather, and each had his hand on his brow, looking down on the table at the time that Littlebrain gave his answers, so that of course they did not observe that he was reading them off. As soon as Littlebrain had given his answer, and had had sufficient time to drop his paper under the table, the captains felt better and looked up again.

There were but eight questions for our hero to answer. Seven had been satisfactorily got through; then came the eighth, a very simple one:—"What is your course and distance from Ushant to the Start?" This question having been duly put, the captains were again in deep meditation, shrouding their eyes with the palms of their hands.

Littlebrain had his answer—he looked at the paper. What could be more simple than to reply?—and then the captains would have all risen up, shaken him by the hand, complimented him upon the talent he had displayed, sent their compliments to the commander-in-chief, and their thanks for the geese. Jack was just answering, "North ——"

"Recollect your promise!" cried a soft voice, which Jack well recollected.

Jack stammered—the captains were mute—and waited patiently.

"I must say it," muttered Jack.

"You shan't," replied the little Wind.

"Indeed I must," said Jack, "or I shall be turned back."

The captains, surprised at this delay and the muttering of Jack, looked up, and one of them gently inquired if Mr. Littlebrain had not dropped his handkerchief or something under the table? And then they again fixed their eyes upon the green cloth.

"If you dare, I'll never see you again," cried "S.W. and by W. ¾ W."—"never come to your hammock—but I'll blow the ship on shore, every soul shall be lost, admiral and all; recollect your promise!"

"Then I shall never pass," replied Jack.

"Do you think that any other point in the compass shall pass you except me?—never! I am too jealous for that. Come now, dearest!" and the Wind again deliciously trembled upon the lips of our hero, who could no longer resist.

"S.W. and by W. ¾ W.," exclaimed Jack firmly.

"You have made a slight mistake, Mr. Littlebrain," said one of the captains. "*Look* again—I meant to say, *think* again."

"S.W. and by W. ¾ W.," again repeated Jack.

"Dearest, how I love you!" whispered the soft Wind.

"Why, Mr. Littlebrain," said one of the captains—for Jack had actually laid the paper down on the table—"what's in the wind now?"

"She's obstinate," replied Jack.

"You appear to be so, at all events," replied the captain. "Pray, try once more."

"I have it!" thought Jack, who tore off the last answer from his paper. "I gained five guineas by that plan once before." He then handed the bit of paper to the passing captain: "I believe that's right, sir," said our hero.

"Yes, that is right; but could you not have said it instead of writing it, Mr. Littlebrain?"

Jack made no reply; his little sweetheart pouted a little, but said nothing; it was an evasion which she did not like. A few seconds of consultation then took place, as a matter of form. Each captain asked of the other if he was perfectly satisfied as to Mr. Littlebrain's capabilities, and the reply was in the affirmative; and they were perfectly satisfied that he was either a fool or a madman. However, as we have had both in the service by way of precedent, Jack was added to the list, and the next day was appointed lieutenant.

Our hero did his duty as lieutenant of the forecastle; and as all the duty of that officer is, when hailed from the quarter-deck, to answer, "*Ay, ay, sir,*" he got on without making many mistakes. And now he was very happy; no one dared to call him a fool except his uncle; he had his own cabin, and many was the time that his dear little "S.W. and by W. ¾ W." would come in by the scuttle and nestle by his side.

"You won't see so much of me soon, dearest," said she, one morning, gravely,

"Why not, my soft one?" replied Jack.

"Don't you recollect that the winter months are coming on?"

"So they are," replied Jack. "Well, I shall long for you back."

And Jack did long, and long very much, for he loved his dear wind and the fine weather which accompanied her. Winter came on, and heavy gales and rain, and thunder and lightning; nothing but double-reefed top-sails and wearing in succession; and our hero walked the forecastle and thought of his favourite wind. The N.E. winds came down furiously, and the weather was bitter cold. The officers shook the rain and spray off their garments when their watch was over, and called for grog.

"Steward, a glass of grog," cried one; "and let it be strong."

"The same for me," said Jack; "only, I'll mix it myself."

Jack poured out the rum till the tumbler was half full.

"Why, Littlebrain," said his messmate, "that is a dose; that's what we call a regular *Nor-wester*."

"Is it?" replied Jack. "Well, then, Norwesters suit me exactly, and I shall stick to them like cobblers' wax."

And during the whole of the winter months our hero showed a great predilection for Norwesters.

It was in the latter end of February that there was a heavy gale; it had blown furiously from the northward for three days, and then it paused and panted as if out of breath—no wonder! And then the wind shifted and shifted again, with squalls and heavy rain, until it blew from every quarter of the compass.

Our hero's watch was over, and he came down and called for a "Nor-wester" as usual.

"How is the wind now?" asked the first lieutenant of the master, who came down dripping wet.

"S.S.W., but drawing now fast to the westward," said old Spunyarn.

And so it was; and it veered round until "S.W. and by W. ¾ W.," with an angry gust, came down the skylight, and blowing strongly into our hero's ear, cried—

"Oh, you false one!"

"False!" exclaimed Jack. "What! you here, and so angry too? What's the matter?"

"What's the matter!—do you think I don't know? What have you been doing ever since I was away, comforting yourself during my absence with *Nor-westers?*"

"Why, you an't jealous of a Nor-wester, are you?" replied Littlebrain. "I confess I'm rather partial to them."

"What!—this to my face!—I'll never come again, without you promise me that you will have nothing to do with them, and never call for one again. Be quick—I cannot stay more than two minutes; for it is hard work now, and we relieve quick—say the word."

"Well, then," replied Littlebrain, "you've no objection to *half-and-half?*"

"None in the world; that's quite another thing, and has nothing to do with the wind."

"It has though," thought Jack, "for it gets a man in the wind; but I won't tell her so; and," continued he, "you don't mind a raw nip, do you?"

"No—I care for nothing except a Nor-wester."

"I'll never call for one again," replied Jack; "it is but making my grog a little stronger; in future it shall be *half-and-half.*"

"That's a dear! Now I'm off—don't forget me;" and away went the wind in a great hurry.

It was about three months after this short visit, the fleet being off Corsica, that our hero was walking the deck, thinking that he soon should see the object of his affections, when a privateer brig was discovered at anchor a few miles from Bastia. The signal was made for the boats of the fleet to cut her out; and the admiral, wishing that his nephew should distinguish himself somehow, gave him the command of one of the finest boats. Now Jack was as brave as brave could be; he did not know what danger was; he hadn't wit enough to perceive it, and there was no doubt but he would distinguish himself. The boats went on the service. Jack was the very first on board, cheering his men as he darted into the closed ranks of his opponents. Whether it was that he did not think that his head was worth defending, or that he was too busy in breaking the heads of others to look after his own, this is certain, that a tomahawk descended upon it with such force as to bury itself in his skull (and his was a thick skull too). The privateer's men were overpowered by numbers, and then our hero was discovered, under a pile of bodies, still breathing heavily. He was hoisted on board and taken into his uncle's cabin: the surgeon shook his head when he had examined that of our hero.

"It must have been a most tremendous blow," said he to the admiral, "to have penetrated——"

"It must have been, indeed," replied the admiral, as the tears rolled down his cheeks; for he loved his nephew.

The surgeon having done all that his art would enable him to do, left the cabin to attend to the others who were hurt; the admiral also went on the quarter-deck, walking to and fro for an hour in a melancholy mood. He returned to the cabin and bent over his nephew; Jack opened his eyes.

"My dear fellow," said the admiral, "how's your head now?"

"*S. W. and by W.* ¾ *W.,*" faintly exclaimed our hero, constant in death, as he turned a little on one side and expired.

It was three days afterwards, as the fleet were on a wind making for Malta, that the bell of the ship tolled, and a body, sewed up in a hammock and covered with the Union Jack, was carried to the gangway by the admiral's bargemen. It had been a dull, cloudy day, with little wind; the hands were turned up, the officers and men stood uncovered; the admiral in advance with his arms folded, as the chaplain read the funeral service over the body of our hero,—and as the service proceeded, the sails flapped, for the wind had shifted a little; a motion was made, by the hand of the officer of the watch, to the man at the helm to let the ship go off the wind, that the service might not be disturbed, and a mizzling soft rain descended. The wind had shifted to our hero's much-loved *point*, his fond mistress had come to mourn over the loss of her dearest, and the rain that descended were the tears which she shed at the death of her handsome but not over-gifted lover.

PROVERBS.

As love and I late harbour'd in one inn,
With proverbs thus each other entertain:
"In love there is no lack," thus I begin;
"Fair words make fools," replieth he again;
"Who spares to speak doth spare to speed," quoth I;
"As well," saith he, "too forward as too slow;"
"Fortune assists the boldest," I reply;
"A hasty man," quoth he, "ne'er wanted woe;"
"Labour is light where love," quoth I, "doth pay;"
Saith he, "Light burden's heavy, if far borne;"
Quoth I, "The main lost, cast the by away;"
"Y'have spun a fair thread," he replies in scorn.
And having thus awhile each other thwarted
Fools as we met, so fools again we parted.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

AJAX.

[PINDAR, one of the greatest of Greek poets, born in Thebes, about 520 B.C. In Pindar's day, the composer of lyric poetry—that is, songs—composed also the music and dances which generally accompanied them. The music to which Pindar's verses were set having been lost, the metre seems to us strange. For centuries, the iron chair on which he sat while writing hymns to the gods was shown at Delphi. When Thebes was taken and leveled to the ground by command of Alexander the Great, he gave strict orders that no harm should be done to the house where Pindar had lived. He died when eighty years old (440 B.C.)]

"'Twas at the Island-Chieftain's lordly feast
The high heroic summons came—
Stood in the portal high a godlike guest.
No need to name his name
Who wore the lion's hide, and brindled mane,
With eager cheer, and welcome fain,
Great Telamon the guest to greet
Reached forth a bowl of nectar sweet,
A bowl all beauteous to behold
Foaming with wine, and rough with sculptured gold,
And loudly bade the hero pour
The rich libation on the sacred floor.
His conquering hands he lifted high,
And called the Sire, the Ruler of the Sky.
'If ever from my lips, Paternal Jove,
Thou heardest vow in love,
Grant me, my chief, my dearest prayer!
Be born of Eribœa's womb a boy,
His noble father's noble heir,
And crown his happy lot with perfect joy!
His be the unconquered arm in fight,
Might, like this lion's might,
In Nemea's vale which my first prowess slew;
And as his might, his courage!'—At the words,
Swooped from the sky the king of birds.
With keenest joy his father's will he knew.
Then spake he in a prophet's solemn tone:
'The son thou cravest shalt be thine,
And be his noble name, my Telamon,
Called from yon bird divine.
Wide as the eagle's be his monarch-sway;
Swoop he as eagle on his prey.'"

TRANSLATED BY THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY.

THE FOUR GREAT GAMES.

The special features in which the great games differed from those of Olympia need not detain us long. The Pythian contests were held in the Plains of Crissa, under the shadow of the towering crag of Delphi, the centre or "navel" of earth, as Greek poets described it. Here was the world-renowned temple and oracle of Apollo, the especial god of the Dorian race, and the patron of music and the arts. This fact may serve to explain the chief peculiarity of the Pythian games, the musical and poetical contests, which here accompanied the equestrian and gymnastic competitions. A single ode of Pindar's recalls this feature in the games of Pytho,—that in which he commemorates the victory of the Agrigentine Midas, victor in the competition of flute-players. Its brevity renders it suitable for quotation, and it introduces the remarkable legend of the invention of the flute, suggested to Athene (as tradition told) by the dying shrieks of the Gorgon! For the credit of the Greek music, we must hope that the inventress improved upon her model, or that Midas's performance had not too slavishly reproduced it.

Pythian XII.

To Midas of Acragas, winner of the prize for flute playing.

"I pray thee, Queen of splendour, city of peerless grace,
Persephone's home; O thou that on thy tower-clad hill
Dwellest, fair Queen, beside the streams of pastoral Acragas!
Propitious greet, with favour of Heaven and man's good-will,
The crown, at Pytho's festival that glorious Midas won;
And welcome him, victorious in that fair art, of old
That Pallas found, when wailed the Gorgons bold,
And she to music wove their dismal moan.

Antistrophe.

For maiden-shrieks and hiss of horrible snakes she heard,
Forth flowing in plaintive strain with weary anguish fraught;
What time as Perseus did to death that sister-triad's third,
And ruin to the hosts of Seriphos' island brought;
And blindness therewithal he poured on Phorcus' immortal race;
And Polydectes rued the gift, the son of Danae gave
To him, perforce that made her wife and slave;
When headless lay Medusa fair of face,

Strophe.

Slain by the hero, sprung, they say, from a golden rain!
But, when from his peril she had saved her champion dear,
Maiden Athene fashioned then the flute with its varied strain,
To echo back the wailing that smote upon her ear, As clamorously forth from fell Euryale's maw it came.

So found the goddess,—and forthwith on mortal man bestowed,
And named the strain her 'many-headed mode:' Memorial fair of each frequented game!

Antistrophe.

Through slender brass it flows; through many a reeden quill,
That grew by the Graces' town for choral dance renowned,
In nymph Cephisis' hallowed haunts; true witness of dancers' skill!
Ne'er, save by toiling, mortal aught of bliss hath found;
But all that lacks, is one brief day, can Destiny's power supply.
What fate ordains may none avoid: needs must a day befall,
Of chances unforeseen, that maugre all
Man's scheming, part will grant and part deny!"

"'Tis sung in ancient minstrelsy,
That Phœbus wont to wear
The leaves of any pleasant tree
Around his golden hair;
Till Daphne, desperate with pursuit
Of his imperious love
At her own prayer transformed took root
A laurel in the grove.

Then did the Penitent adorn
His brow with laurel green;
And 'mid his bright locks, never shorn,
No meaner leaf was seen:
And poets sage, through every age,
About their temples wound
The bay; and conquerors thanked the gods,
With laurel chaplets crowned."

PINDAR.

REYNARD THE FOX.

[This anonymous and remarkable poem of the Middle Ages seems to have originated quite certainly in Germany, and in the 13th century, though no man has ever discovered its author. The earliest printed edition bears date 1498, at Lübeck, of which only one copy is known to exist. This is in the Low-German tongue, and forms the basis of all the numerous variations of the fable which have since been printed in many languages. So great a critic as Thomas Carlyle says of it:—

"The story of *Reinecke Fuchs*, or, to give it the original Low-German name, *Reineke de Fos*, is, more than any other, a truly European performance: for some centuries, a universal household possession and secular Bible, read everywhere, in the palace and the hut; it still interests us, moreover, by its intrinsic worth, being on the whole the most poetical and meritorious production of our Western world in that kind; or perhaps of the whole world, though in such matters, the West has generally yielded to, and learned from the East.

"Thus has our old Fable gathered strength as it rolled on. Among the Germans it was long a house-book and universal best-companion: it has been lectured on in Universities, quoted in Imperial council-halls; it lay on the toilet of princesses, and was thumbed to pieces on the bench of the artisan; we hear of grave men ranking it only next to the Bible."

Reynard, like all cunning malefactors who get their deserts, comes to be hanged in the last scene of the poem. The German artist Kaulbach has lavished his illustrative powers upon a marvellous series of designs for Reynard the Fox, engraved for a sumptuous edition of Gœthe's version of the poem.

The following extracts are taken from Naylor's translation of Reynard the Fox.]

REYNARD AND BRUIN.

When Bruin crossed the castle yard,
And saw the gate was locked and barred;
Feeling a little bit perplext,
He paused and pondered well—"What next?"
"Good Reynard! uncle mine! what ho!"
At length his phlegm found overflow—
"Behold the royal message! odds
My life; the King hath sworn, by Gods!
That come ye not to court, to hear
The plaints against ye, and to clear
Yourself from stain,—will not with me
Return in friendly custody,
To give and take the law its due,—
Your obstinacy you shall rue.
Absent yourself, the forfeit's fixed:
The cord and wheel, with torture mixed;
I rede ye lose no time, but come!"

Goodsooth, to this, albeit dumb,
Was Reynard no whit deaf as well,
But listened every syllable,
As close within ensconsed he lay.
Thinks he, "Could I the Bear repay
For all his growl about the law,
'T would not so vastly choke my maw.
I'll con the matter through and through—"
This said, deep in his den withdrew.
Crammed full was Malepartus' sides
Of crevice-chinks, and panel-slides;
With many a sharp and narrow winding,
And passages for exit finding,
Which he, when he would lie secure,
With locks and bolts made doubly sure.
Whene'er with booty he returned,
Or, when some lurking foeman burned
A recent injury to repay,
Here found he safe retreat alway.
Here many an unsuspecting beast
Walked in, and served his bloody feast.

When Reynard Bruin's message heard,
And weighed its import, word by word,
He felt in no particular haste
To take for granted all that past;
Suspected treachery behind,
And listened long, some clew to find,
If Bruin came alone? which when
He ascertained, he left his den,
And with the Bear held converse then.
"'T is Bruin sure! welcome at once!
I crave your pardon for the nonce.
At vespers was I, when ye knocked,
And must apologize—I'm shocked—
Welcome! thrice welcome to my tent!
Small thanks to him, I ween, who sent
A gentleman of your degree
To take so long a journey—see!
Dear coz! you're tired, and panting hot:
Our lord the King hath he (God wot!)
Not one in all his territory
But 't is yourself must take such very
Long errands?—'pon my life! small thank!
One, too, of your exalted rank!
The first in consequence at Court,
As foremost in the public thought!
Whose weight and influence with the King
I'd count on as a priceless thing!—
In sooth, had you not come, I meant
At Court my poor self to present
This morrow, which I'm quite denied—
My wish, perforce, must lay aside—
In short, my stomach's out of sorts,
My diet's meagre, nor comports
With my accustomed ways—The question
Is ref'rable to indigestion."

Then Bruin, with commiserate look:
"Of what the food which you partook?"
Quoth Reynard, "'T is a dish, my dear,
Which you will heed not, when you hear.
Indifferent has been my fare
Of late—in truth, the poor man's share.
Often my Dame and I, at home
Eat rav'nously of honeycomb:
For lack of more substantial food,
We bolt down this, and call it good.
Forced thus against my will to swallow,
Sans appetite, what else should follow,
But colic, bile, dyspepsia?—Why,
I'd never budge a foot, not I,
For all the honey in an apiary!"

Then thus the Bear, with ears erect,
("What's this? His stomach doth reject
The honeycomb divine! Gadzooks!
I smell it in his savory looks!
I'd walk the world, o'er dale and hill,
Could I of honey get my fill!)
Beseech you, help me to the treasure!
Thenceforward I'm at your good pleasure."
"Ye jest, friend Bruin!" Reynard cried.
"By heaven! I jest not!" he replied;
"I never jest!" (that was not needed—
The Fox, the cunning rogue, proceeded)
"In earnest, quotha? You shall see
If I spake aught but verity.
From hence above scarce half a mile
There lives a peasant—Rustyfile—
He's got the honey! hive on hive!
Enough for all the Bears alive!"
Bruin was out of bounds at this;
For honey was his God, I wis!
Relaxing his sagacious snout,
He begged to know the whereabout
Of Rustyfile and his rich store?
Said he, "I'll serve you evermore"
And then began to think, did he,
If one could find satiety
In honey, or get half enough—
(He'd yet to learn the quantum suff.)
Quoth Reynard, "Come! an ye were twenty
Of honey shall ye sup, and plenty!
What though for walking I'm but queasy,
No pains I'll spare, no toil, to please ye.
For trust me, Cousin, when I say
I've held you next my heart alway.
An influential man art thou:
And, squares it with your mood, canst now
Important services confer
Whene'er your friend shall ask ye, Sir.
This day ye surfeit on such honey
As never Bear, for love or money,
Did elsewhere get!"

Now Reynard wight,
Although this wise he spake, though quite
In other fashion,—for, in sooth,
He knew the art to lie like truth.
The Bear, poor dupe! did not once question
The treat in store, nor good digestion.
Thought Reynard, "What a chance is here
To trounce the churl!" When lo! appear
The cotter's hut and snug enclosure!
Bruin, with ill-portrayed composure,
Awaits the feast,—nor dreamt mishaps,
(The way with fools!) nor afterclaps.
'T was night when Reynard Bruin led:
The clodpole slumbered sound abed:
A wheelwright was the man by trade,
And (Reynard knew it well) had laid
An oak stump in the yard, which he
Was shaping for an axletree.
The stump a good half-way was riven,
And in the cleft a wedge deep driven
Six inches down: quoth Reynard, "See!
More honey, coz! lies in this tree
Than you may think—just pop your snout in
The chink, there, and you'll not be doubting—
But do not spill the luscious comb!
Shouldst feed like a true gastronome,

With all deliberation due—
Now, with good appetite, fall to!"
"Reynard!" said Bruin, "never fear!
I ever held one anxious clear:
'All things in moderation,' dear!"

Poor Bruin thus was sheer betwattled,
And in his hurry wellnigh throttled.
At length his snout well in he squeezed—
Reynard, alert, the moment seized—
Slap! went the wedge from out the cleft!
And in the instant Bruin left
In pillory transfixed to swing!
No help his cries and curses bring—
Not twenty Elephants could free
His nose and paws from chancery.
With piteous howl he tore the ground,
And filled with fright the country round:
E'en Rustyfile's tromboning nose
Its music ceased, whilst he arose,
And sallied out with half his clothes:
Much marvelling what the noise could be!

REYNARD'S CONFESSION.

Good people all! be not amazed
To hear a penitent's last words,
As on the gallows, bound with cords,
He stands: you'll grant my prayer, I know:
Ere from the midst of ye I go!
One boon I beg, by all that's dear!
One little trifling boon—'t is here:
That you will move the King's good grace
For my reprieve one instant's space,
Whilst I before ye all confess me,
And shrive my soul of sins that press me
Whereby the world may learn to shun
The thorns through which my feet have run,
And 'ware the courses that, you see,
Have brought me to the fatal tree.
I would not one man's curse; but rather
By all be mourned as their own father."

The words were scarcely uttered, ere
The mass were touched by Reynard's prayer.
Said they: "It is a trifling thing;
To grant it him we'll urge the King."
No sooner was't accorded, than
Reynard once more to breathe began,
And fervently ejaculated
"Thank God! I'm safe!" With mien prostrated,
Deep hollow voice, and upcast eye,
He groaned, "*Spiritus Domini!*
Now help me! as I live, I see
None here whom I've not wronged: ah me!
All sorts of wickedness were sweet
To me, before I left the teat!
From early infancy inured
To waywardness—in vice matured!
The flesh of lambs was my delight!
Stray kids I chased from morn to night!
Their lamentable cries for me
Made most enchanting melody!
My lickerous tooth was never sated,
After its taste was titillated
With their warm blood, so sweet and tender
Four kidlings and a lambkin slender
Made my first meal; but as I grew
In size, my gluttony waxed too:
Both cocks and hens I made my prey,
And geese and ducks I did waylay;
And after feasting, what was over
I hoarded up in secret cover
Of bush, or hid in sand the treasure,
To feast my appetite at leisure.

One dreary winter, pinched for food,
The Wolf upon my threshold stood:
Spake of our blood relationship,
And strove to hide his empty scrip;
Whilst, with much eloquence, he shewed
What great advantages accrued
From partnerships; and then displayed
How mutual profit might be made
By clubbing, each, his several ration,
To make joint-stock association
Of all our booty.—Well-a-way!
I rued the bargain from that day!
Full sorely was my patience tried;
For when the spoil we did divide
I never got my share by half:
And were it sheep, or ox, or calf,
Or pig, or goat, or what beside,
Right o'er the carcass he would stride
And gobble all—his share and mine!
Then ask me 'where I meant to dine?'
Nor was this all: for did we hap
On something savory to snap,
His wife and seven children straight
Came up, and all my portion ate;
Nothing but bones for me were left,
And these were of the flesh clean reft.
Though (God be praised, he knew it not!)
Great store of wealth and means I'd got
In secret place—pearls, stones, and gold,
The which ten wagons would not hold."

Thereat the King, with ears erect:
"Whence did you all these goods collect?"
Reynard continued: "Why should I
Of this make any mystery?
I'll tell you—they were stolen, all,
From those who once conspired your fall,
By me, who, now about to shed
My blood, whilome did save your head!
The theft was mine; the goods belonged
To my own father, who had wronged
Your Highness; but your servant scented
The damned plot, and so prevented.
I saved my Sov'reign's life that time,
Certes!—if that be any crime!"

No sooner had the Fox made mention
Of plot, and murder, and prevention,
Than at the words the Queen, alarmed,
Nigh swooned before her fears were calmed
For her dear lord and master's life:
And when her speech returned, the wife,
Triumphing o'er the Queen, prevailed
'Gainst etiquette, and loud she railed:
Exhibited her teeth and claws,
And, opening her majestic jaws,
Forthwith she bade them ease the rope;
Conjured the Fox, by his last hope
Of mercy, and of happiness
Hereafter, he would straight confess
The whole of what he knew concerning
The treason; for her soul was burning
With thirst for vengeance!

Said the King;
"Let all the multitude form ring!
And from the gallows Reynard lift,
Whilst we this bloody treason sift.
The matter is of moment clearly!
Our person it concerneth nearly!"

INTOXICATED GEESE.

When geese take to drink the result is preposterous. For nature never meant geese to get intoxicated. In the first place, they have no hands to hold on to lamp-posts with; while at the best of times, their balance is precarious. Even when sober, a fat goose, if travelling on uneven ground, constantly cants forward on to its beak, or backward on to its tail; but when inebriated it is utterly helpless. A short while ago, a farmer's wife in Germany had been making some cherry brandy, but as she found during the process, that the fruit was unsound, she threw the whole mass out into the yard, and, without looking to see what followed, shut the window. As it fell out, a party of geese, good fellows all of them, happened to be waddling by at the time, and, seeing the cherries trundling about, at once investigated them. The preliminary inquiry proving satisfactory, these misguided poultry set to and ate the whole lot. "No heeltaps" was the order of the carouse, and so they finished the cherries off at one sitting, so to speak.

The effect of the spirituous fruit was soon apparent, for, on trying to make the gate which led from the scene of the debauch to the horse-pond, they found everything against them. Whether a high wind had got up, or what had happened, they could not tell, but it seemed to the geese that there was an uncommonly high sea running, and the ground set in toward them with a steady, strong swell that was most embarrassing to progress. To escape these difficulties some lashed their rudders and hove to; others tried to run before the wind, while the rest tacked for the pig-sty. But there was no living in such weather, and one by one, the craft lurched over and went down all standing. Meanwhile the dame, the unconscious cause of this disaster, was attracted by the noise in the fowl-yard, and looking out, saw all her ten geese behaving as if they were mad. The gander himself, usually so solemn and decorous, was balancing himself on his beak, and spinning round the while in a prodigious flurry of feathers and dust, while the old gray goose, remarkable even among her kind for the circumspection of her conduct, was lying stomach upwards in the gutter, feebly gesticulating with her legs. Others of the party were no less conspicuous for the extravagance of their attitudes and gestures, while the remainder were to be seen lying in a helpless confusion of feathers in the lee scupper—that is to say, the gutter by the pig-sty.

Perplexed by the spectacle, the dame called in her neighbours, and, after careful investigation, it was decided in council that the birds had died of poison. Under these circumstances their carcasses were worth nothing for food, but, as the neighbors said, the feathers were not poisoned, so they set to work then and there and plucked the ten geese bare.

Next morning the good woman got up as usual, and remembering the feathers down stairs, dressed betimes, for it was market day and she hoped to get them off her hands at once. And then she bethought her of ten plucked bodies lying in the porch and resolved that they should be buried before she went out. But as she approached the door on these decent rites intent, and was turning the key, there fell on her ears the sound of another familiar voice—and then another and another, until at last the astonished dame heard in full chorus the well-known accents of all her plucked and poisoned geese. The throat of the old gander was no doubt a trifle husky, and the gray goose spoke in muffled tones suggestive of a chastening headache; but there was no mistaking those tongues, and the dame fumbling at the door, wondered what it all

might mean. Has a goose a ghost? Did anyone ever read or hear of the spectre of a gander? The key turned at last, the door opened, and there, quacking in subdued tones, suppliant and shivering, stood all her flock. There they stood, the ten miserable birds, with splitting headaches and parched tongues, contrite and dejected, asking to have their feathers back again.

The situation was painful to both parties. The forlorn geese saw in each other's persons the humiliating reflection of their own condition, while the dame, guiltily conscious of that bagful of feathers and down, remembered how the one lapse of Noah, in that "aged surprisal of six hundred years and unexpected inebriation from the unknown effects of wine," has been excused by religion and the unanimous voice of his posterity. She and her neighbors with her, however, had hastily misjudged the geese, and, finding them dead drunk, had stripped them, without remembering for a moment, that if feathers are easy to get off they are very hard to put on. So she called in her neighbours again, but they proved only sorry comforters, for they reminded her that, after all, the fault was her own; that it was she, and no one else, who had thrown the brandied cherries to the geese. As it was with Job, these "oblique expostulations" of her friends were harder for the widow to bear "than the downright blows of the devil," and so, turning from her neighbours, she gathered her bald poultry about her round the kitchen fire, and sat down to make them flannel jackets.

The London Daily Telegraph.

JEFFERSON'S CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

I think I knew General Washington intimately and thoroughly, and were I called on to delineate his character, it should be in terms like these:

His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order, his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon or Locke; and as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in re-adjustment. The consequence was, that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and New York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern. Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence, never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed; refraining if he saw a doubt, but, when once decided, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known, no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the words, a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high-toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendency over it. If ever, however, it broke its bounds, he was most tremendous in his wrath. In his expenses he was honorable, but exact; liberal in contribution to whatever promised utility; but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects, and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections; but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it. His person, you know, was fine, his stature exactly what one could wish, his deportment easy, erect and noble; the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback. Although in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas, nor fluency of words. In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world, for his education was merely reading, writing and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and

English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within doors. On the whole, his character was, in its mass, perfect, in nothing bad, in few points indifferent; and it may truly be said, that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance. For his was the singular destiny and merit, of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war for the establishment of its independence; of conducting its councils through the birth of a government, new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down into a quiet and orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example. * * * These are my opinions of General Washington, which I would vouch at the judgment-seat of God, having been formed on an acquaintance of thirty years. I served with him in the Virginia Legislature from 1769 to the Revolutionary war, and again, a short time in Congress, until he left us to take command of the army. During the war and after it we corresponded occasionally, and in the four years of my continuance in the office of Secretary of State, our intercourse was daily, confidential and cordial. After I retired from that office, great and malignant pains were taken by our federal monarchists, and not entirely without effect, to make him view me as a theorist, holding French principles of government, which would lead infallibly to licentiousness and anarchy. And to this he listened the more easily, from my known disapprobation of the British treaty. I never saw him afterwards, or these malignant insinuations should have been dissipated before his just judgment, as mists before the sun. I felt on his death, with my countrymen, that "verily a great man hath fallen this day in Israel."

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

THE RECOVERY OF JERUSALEM.

The nation then with crisped locks and fair,
That dwell between the seas and Ardenne wood,
Where Moselle streams and Rhene the meadows wear,
A battle soil, for grain, for pasture good,
Their islanders with them, who oft repair
Their earthen bulwarks 'gainst the Ocean flood,
The flood, elsewhere that ships and barks devours,
But drowns cities, countries, towns and towers,
Both in one troop, and but a thousand all,
Under another Robert fierce they run;
When th' English squadron, soldiers stout and tall,
By William led, their Sovereign's younger son,
These Archers be, and with them come withal,
A people near the northern pole that won,
Whom Ireland sent from loughs and forests hoar,
Divided far by sea from Europe's shore.

Tancredie next, nor 'mongst them all was one,
Rinald except, a prince of greater might,
With majesty his noble count'nance shone,
High were his thoughts, his heart was bold in fight,
For shameful vice his worth had overgone.
His fault was love, by unadvised sight,
Bred in the dangers of adventurous arms,
And nurs'd with griefs, with sorrows, woes, and harms.

Fame tells, that on that ever-blessed day,
When Christian swords with Persian blood were died,
The furious prince Tancredie from that fray
His coward foes chacèd through forests wide,
Till tirèd with the fight, the heat, the way,
He sought some place to rest his weary side,
And drew him near a silver stream, that play'd
Among wild herbs, under the green-wood shade.

A pagan damsel there unawares he met,
In shining steel, all save her visage fair,
Her hair unbound she made a wanton net
To catch sweet breathing in the cooling air.
On her at gaze his longing looks he set,
Light, wonder; wonder, love; love bred his care;
O love, O wonder; love new born, new bred,
Now grown, now arm'd, this champion captive led.

Her helm the virgin don'd, and but some wight
She feared might come to aid him as they fought,

Her courage yearned to have assailed the knight,
Yet thence she fled, uncompanied, unsought,
And left her image in his heart upright,
Her sweet idea wander'd through his thought:
Her shape, her gesture, and her place in mind
He kept, and blew love's fire with that wind.

Well might you read his sickness in his eyes,
Their banks were full; their tide was at the flow,
His help far off, his hurt within him lies,
His hopes unsprung, his cares were fit to know.
Eight hundred horse, from Champaign came, he guies,
Champaign, a land where wealth, ease, pleasure grow,
Rich nature's pomp, and pride, the Tirrhene main
There woos the hills; hills woo the valleys plain.

Two hundred Greeks came next, in fight well-tried,
Not surely arm'd in steel or iron strong,
But each a glave had pendant by his side,
Their bows and quivers at their shoulders hung.
Their horses well inured to chase and ride,
In diet spare, untried with labour long,
Ready to charge and to retire at will,
Though broken, scattered, fled, they skirmish still.

Tatine, their guide, and except Tatine, none
Of all the Greeks went with the Christian host:
O Sin, O shame, O Greece accurs'd alone!
Did not this fatal war affront thy coast?
Yet sattest thou an idle looker-on,
And glad attendest which side won or lost:
Now if thou be a bond slave vile become—
No wrong is that, but God's most righteous doom.

In order last, but first in worth and fame,
Unfear'd in fight, untir'd with hurt or wound,
The noble squadron of adventurers came,
Terrors to all that tread on Asian ground;
Cease Orpheus of thy Minois, Arthur, shame
To boast of Launcelot, or thy table round,
For these whom antique times with laurel drest,
These far exce'. them, thee, and all the rest.

Dudon of Consa was their guide and Lord,
And for of worth and birth alike they been,
They chose him captain, by their free accord,
For he most acts had done, most battles seen;
Grave was the man in years, in looks, in word,
His locks were gray, yet was his courage green,
Of worth and might the noble badge he bore,
Old scars of grievous wounds receiv'd of yore.

* * * * * *

Aurora bright her chrystal gates unbarred,
And bridegroom-like forth-step'd the glorious sun,
When trumpets loud and clarions shrill were heard,
And every one to rouse him fierce begun,
Sweet music to each heart for war prepar'd
The soldiers glad by heaps to harness run,
So, if with drought endanger'd be their grain,
Poor ploughmen, joy, when thunders promise rain.

Some shirts of mail, some coats of plate put on,
Some donned a cuirass, some a corslet bright,
An hawberk some, and some a habergeon,
So every one in arms was quickly dight.
His wonted guide each soldier tends upon,
Loose in the wind, waved their banners light,
Their standard royal towards heaven they spread,
The cross triumphant on the Pagan dead.

Meanwhile the car that bears the light'ning brand,
Upon the eastern hill was mounted high,
And smote the glist'ning armies as they stand,
With quiv'ring beams which daz'd the wond'ring eye,
That Phaeton-like it fired sea and land,
The sparkles seem'd up to the skies to fly;
The horses neigh, and clatt'ring armours sowne,
Pursue the echo over dale and down.

[From Fairfax's Translation of Torquato Tasso.]

SCENERY OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

FROM ONEOTA.

[Henry Rowe Schoolcraft, a copious writer on the American Indians, born at Watervliet, N. Y., in 1793, died at Washington, D. C., in 1864. He early became a traveller in the Western States and Territories, and was

appointed, in 1822, Indian Agent for the Lake Superior Tribes, residing nearly twenty years near Mackinaw. His investigations of Indian languages, traditions and customs were industriously prosecuted through a long life. Although not critically accurate as an investigator, he has left in his voluminous works most valuable material to serve as contributions towards the history and description of the Indian tribes of North America. Schoolcraft's principal works were "*Algic Researches*" (1839); "*Oneota*" (1844); "*Notes on the Iroquois*" (1848); "*Thirty Years with the Indian Tribes*" (1851); and six quarto volumes of Information respecting the Indian Tribes (1851–57).

Few portions of America can vie in scenic attractions with this interior sea. Its size alone gives it all the elements of grandeur, but these have been heightened by the mountain masses which nature has piled along its shores. In some places these masses consist of vast walls of coarse gray or drab sandstone, placed horizontally until they have attained many hundred feet in height above the water. The action of such an immense liquid area, forced against these crumbling walls by tempests, has caused wide and deep arches to be worn into the solid structure at their base, into which the billows rush with a noise resembling low pealing thunder. By this means large areas of the impending mass are at length undermined and precipitated into the lake, leaving the split and rent parts from which they have separated standing like huge misshapen turrets and battlements. Such is the varied coast called the Pictured Rocks.

At other points of the coast volcanic forces have operated, lifting up these level strata into positions nearly vertical, and leaving them to stand like the leaves of an open book. At the same time the volcanic rocks sent up from below have risen in high mountain piles. Such is the condition of things at the Porcupine Mountains.

The basin and bed of this lake act as a vast geological mortar, in which the masses of broken and fallen stones are whirled about and ground down till all the softer ones, such as the sandstones, are brought into the state of pure yellow sand. This sand is driven ashore by the waves, where it is shoved up in long wreaths till dried by the sun. The winds now take it up and spread it inland, or pile it immediately along the coast, where it presents itself in mountain masses. Such are the great Sand Dunes of the Grandes Sables.

There are yet other theatres of action for this sublime mass of inland waters, where it has manifested perhaps still more strongly, if not strikingly, its abrasive powers. The whole force of the lake, under the impulse of a north-west tempest, is directed against prominent portions of the shore, which consist of the black and hard volcanic rocks. Solid as these are, the waves have found an entrance in veins of spar or minerals of softer structure, and have thus been led inland, and torn up large fields of amygdaloid and other rock, or left portions of them standing in rugged knobs or promontories. Such are the east and the west coasts of the great peninsula of Keweena, which has recently become the theatre of mining operations.

When the visitor to these remote and boundless waters comes to see this wide and varied scene of complicated attractions, he is absorbed in wonder and astonishment. The eye, once introduced to this panorama of waters, is never done looking and admiring. Scene after scene, cliff after cliff, island after island, and vista after vista, are presented. One day's scenes are but the prelude to another, and when weeks and months have been spent in picturesque rambles along its shores, the traveler has only to ascend some of its streams and go inland to find falls and cascades and cataracts of the most beautiful or magnificent character. Go where he will, there is something to attract him. Beneath his feet the pebbles are agates. The water is of the most crystalline purity. The sky is filled at sunset with the most gorgeous piles of clouds. The air itself is of the purest and most inspiriting kind. To visit such a scene is to draw health from its purest fountains, and to revel in intellectual delights.

OLD LAWYERS.

FROM SWALLOW BARN.

[John Pendleton Kennedy, born in Baltimore in 1795, died at Newport, R. I., in 1870. Graduated at Baltimore College in 1812, he was admitted to the bar in 1816, but practiced little, entering Congress in 1838, and becoming Secretary of the Navy in 1852. Mr.

Kennedy's numerous contributions to the press were chiefly works of fiction, and his "*Swallow Barn, or, a Sojourn in the Old Dominion*" (1832), "*Horseshoe Robinson*" (1835), and "*Rob of the Bowl*" (1838), are historical novels of Southern life. Mr. Kennedy's style is graceful and natural, and his pictures of nature, as well as his sketches of character, are carefully done, though none of his works display great imaginative power. He wrote an excellent "*Memoir of William Wirt*" (2 vols., 1849.)]

I have a great reverence for the profession of the law and its votaries; but especially for that part of the tribe which comprehends the old and thorough-paced stagers of the bar. The feelings, habits, and associations of the bar in general, have a very happy influence upon the character. It abounds with good fellows: And, take it altogether, there may be collected from it a greater mass of shrewd, observant, droll, playful and generous spirits, than from any other equal numbers of society. They live in each other's presence like a set of players; congregate in courts like the former in the green room; and break their unpremeditated jests, in the interval of business, with that sort of undress freedom that contrasts amusingly with the solemn and even tragic seriousness with which they appear, in turn, upon the boards. They have one face for the public, rife with the saws and learned gravity of the profession, and another for themselves, replete with broad mirth, sprightly wit, and gay thoughtlessness. The intense mental toil and fatigue of business give them a peculiar relish for the enjoyment of their hours of relaxation, and, in the same degree, incapacitate them for that frugal attention to their private concerns which their limited means usually require. They have, in consequence, a prevailing air of unthriftiness in personal matters, which, however it may operate to the prejudice of the pocket of the individual, has a mellow and kindly effect upon his disposition.

In an old member of the profession,—one who has grown gray in the service, there is a rich unction of originality, that brings him out from the ranks of his fellow-men in strong relief. His habitual conversancy with the world in its strangest varieties, and with the secret history of character, gives him a shrewd estimate of the human heart. He is quiet and unapt to be struck with wonder at any of the actions of men. There is a deep current of observation running calmly through his thoughts, and seldom gushing out in words; the confidence which has been placed in him, in the thousand relations of his profession, renders him constitutionally cautious. His acquaintance with the vicissitudes of fortune, as they have been exemplified in the lives of individuals, and with the severe afflictions that have "tried the reins" of many, known only to himself, makes him an indulgent and charitable apologist of the aberrations of others. He has an impregnable good humour, that never falls below the level of thoughtfulness into melancholy. He is a creature of habits; rising early for exercise; temperate from necessity, and studious against his will. His face is accustomed to take the ply of his pursuits with great facility, grave and even severe in business, and readily rising into smiles at a pleasant conceit. He works hard when at his task; and goes at it with the reluctance of an old horse in a bark-mill. His common-places are quaint and professional: they are made up of law maxims, and first occur to him in Latin. He measures all the sciences out of his proper line of study, (and with these he is but scantily acquainted), by the rules of law. He thinks a steam-engine should be worked with *due diligence*, and without *laches:* a thing little likely to happen, he considers as *potentia remotissima;* and what is not yet in existence, or *in esse*, as he would say, is *in nubibus*. He apprehends that wit best that is connected with the affairs of the term; is particularly curious in his anecdotes of old lawyers, and inclined to be talkative concerning the amusing passages of his own professional life. He is, sometimes, not altogether free of outward foppery; is apt to be an especial good liver, and he keeps the best company. His literature is not much diversified; and he prefers books that are bound in plain calf, to those that are much lettered and gilded. He garners up his papers with a wonderful appearance of care; ties them in bundles with red tape; and usually has great difficulty to find them when he wants them. Too much particularity has perplexed him; and just so it is with his cases; they are well assorted, packed and hid away in his mind, but are not easily to be brought forth again without labour. This makes him something of a procrastinator, and rather to delight in new business than finish his old. He is, however, much beloved, and affectionately considered by the people.

THE JOURNEY TO PALMYRA.

FROM ZENOBIA.

[WILLIAM WARE, an American scholar and historical writer, born at Hingham, Mass, 1797, died at Cambridge, 1852. Mr. Ware was a Unitarian preacher, editor of the "*Christian Examiner*," and author of three historical romances, still widely read, "*Zenobia, or the Fall of Palmyra*," (1837), "*Probus or Aurelian*," (1838), and "*Julian, or Scenes in Judea*," (1841). Besides these Mr. Ware published "*Sketches of European Capitals*," and "*Lectures on Washington Allston.*"]

I will not detain you long with our voyage, but will only mark out its course. Leaving the African shore, we struck across to Sicily, and coasting along its eastern border, beheld with pleasure the towering form of Ætna, sending up into the heavens a dull and sluggish cloud of vapours. We then ran between Peloponnesus and Crete, and so held our course till the Island of Cyprus rose like her own fair goddess from the ocean, and filled our eyes with a beautiful vision of hill and valley, wooded promontory, and glittering towns and villas. A fair wind soon withdrew us from these charming prospects, and after driving us swiftly and roughly over the remainder of our way, rewarded us with a brighter and more welcome vision still—the coast of Syria and our destined port, Berytus.

As far as the eye could reach, both toward the north and the south, we beheld a luxuriant region, crowded with villages, and giving every indication of luxury and wealth. The city itself, which we rapidly approached, was of inferior size, but presented an agreeable prospect of warehouses, public and private edifices, overtopped here and there by the lofty palm, and other trees of a new and peculiar foliage. Four days were consumed here in the purchase of slaves, camels, and horses, and in other preparations for the journey across the desert. Two routes represented themselves, one more, the other less direct; the last, though more circuitous, appeared to me the more desirable, as it would take me within sight of the modern glories and ancient remains of Heliopolis. This, therefore, was determined upon: and on the morning of the fifth day we set forward upon our long march. Four slaves, two camels, and three horses, with an Arab conductor, constituted our little caravan; but for greater safety we attached ourselves to a much larger one than our own, in which we were swallowed up and lost, consisting of travellers and traders from all parts of the world, and who were also on their way to Palmyra, as a point whence to separate to various parts of the vast east. It would delight me to lay before you, with the distinctness and minuteness of a picture, the whole of this novel and to me interesting route; but I must content myself with a slight sketch, and reserve fuller communications to the time when, once more seated with you upon the Cœlian, we enjoy the freedom of social converse.

Our way through the valleys of Libanus was like one long wandering among the pleasure grounds of opulent citizens. The land was everywhere richly cultivated, and a happier peasantry, as far as the eye of the traveller could judge, nowhere exists. The most luxuriant valleys of our own Italy are not more crowded with the evidences of plenty and contentment. Upon drawing near to the ancient Baalbec, I found on inquiry of our guide, that we were not to pass through it, as I had hoped, nor even very near it, not nearer than between two and three miles. So that in this I had been clearly deceived by those of whom I had made the most exact inquiries at Berytus. The event proved, however, that it was not for nothing; for soon after we had started on our journey, on the morning of the second day, turning suddenly around the projecting rock of a mountain ridge, we all at once beheld, as if a vail had been lifted up, Heliopolis and its suburbs spread out before us in all their various beauty. The city lay about three miles distant. I could only therefore identify its principal structure, the Temple of the Sun, as built by the first Antonine. This towered above the walls and over all the other buildings, and gave vast ideas of the greatness of the place, leading the mind to crowd it with other edifices that should bear some proportion to this noble monument of imperial magnificence. As suddenly as the view of this imposing scene had been revealed, so suddenly was it again eclipsed by another short turn in the road, which took us once more into the mountain valleys. But the overhanging and impenetrable foliage of a Syrian forest shielding me from the fierce rays of a burning sun, soon reconciled me to my loss—more especially as I knew that in a short time we were to enter upon the sandy desert which

stretches from the Anti-Libanus almost to the very walls of Palmyra.

Upon this boundless desert we now soon entered. The scene which it presented was more dismal than I can describe. A red, moving sand—or hard and baked by the heat of a sun such as Rome never knows—low, gray rocks just rising here and there above the level of the plain, with now and then the dead and glittering trunk of a vast cedar, whose roots seemed as if they had outlasted centuries—the bones of camels and elephants, scattered on either hand, dazzling the sight by reason of their excessive whiteness—at a distance occasionally an Arab of the desert, for a moment surveying our long line, and then darting off to his fastnesses—these were the objects which, with scarce any variation, met our eyes during the four wearisome days that we dragged ourselves over this wild and inhospitable region. A little after the noon of the fourth day, as we started on our way, having refreshed ourselves and our exhausted animals at a spring which here poured out its warm but still grateful waters to the traveller, my ears received the agreeable news that toward the east there could now be discerned the dark line which indicated our approach to the verdant tract that encompasses the great city. Our own excited spirits were quickly imparted to our beasts, and a more rapid movement soon revealed into distinctness the high land and waving groves of palm trees which mark the site of Palmyra.

It was several miles before we reached the city, that we suddenly found ourselves —landing as it were from a sea upon an island or continent—in a rich and thickly peopled country. The roads indicated an approach to a great capital in the increasing numbers of those who thronged them, meeting and passing us, overtaking us, or crossing our path. Elephants, camels, and the dromedary, which I had before seen only in the amphitheatres, I here beheld as the native inhabitants of the soil. Frequent villas of the rich and luxurious Palmyrenes, to which they retreat from the greater heats of the city, now threw a lovely charm over the scene. Nothing can exceed the splendour of these sumptuous palaces. Italy itself has nothing which surpasses them. The new and brilliant costumes of the persons whom we met, together with the rich housings of the animals they rode, served greatly to add to all this beauty. I was still entranced, as it were, by the objects around me, and buried in reflection, when I was aroused by the shout of those who led the caravan, and who had attained the summit of a little rising ground, saying, "Palmyra! Palmyra!" I urged forward my steed, and in a moment the most wonderful prospect I ever beheld—no, I cannot except even Rome—burst upon my sight. Flanked by hills of considerable elevation on the east, the city filled the whole plain below as far as the eye could reach, both toward the north and toward the south. This immense plain was all one vast and boundless city. It seemed to me to be larger than Rome. Yet I knew very well that it could not be, that it was not. And it was some time before I understood the true character of the scene before me, so as to separate the city from the country and the country from the city, which here wonderfully interpenetrate each other and so confound and deceive the observer. For the city proper is so studded with groups of lofty palm trees, shooting up among its temples and palaces, and on the other hand, the plain in its immediate vicinity is so thickly adorned with magnificent structures of the purest marble, that it is not easy, nay it is impossible at the distance at which I contemplated the whole, to distinguish the line which divides the one from the other. It was all city and all country, all country and all city. Those which lay before me I was ready to believe were the Elysian Fields. I imagined that I saw under my feet the dwellings of purified men and of gods. Certainly they were too glorious for the mere earthborn. There was a central point, however, which chiefly fixed my attention, where the vast Temple of the Sun stretched upward its thousand columns of polished marble to the heavens, in its matchless beauty casting into the shade every other work of art of which the world can boast. I have stood before the Parthenon, and have almost worshipped the divine achievement of the immortal Phidias. But it is a toy by the side of this bright crown of the eastern capital. I have been at Milan, at Ephesus, at Alexandria, at Antioch; but in neither of these renowned cities have I beheld any thing that I can allow to approach in united extent, grandeur, and most consummate beauty, this almost more than work of man. On each side of this, the central point, there rose upward slender pyramids —pointed obelisks—domes of the most graceful proportions, columns, arches, and

lofty towers, for number, and for form, beyond my power to describe. These buildings, as well as the walls of the city, being all either of white marble or of some stone as white, and being everywhere in their whole extent interspersed, as I have already said, with multitudes of overshadowing palm trees, perfectly filled and satisfied my sense of beauty, and made me feel for the moment, as if in such a scene I should love to dwell and there end my days. Nor was I alone in these transports of delight. All my fellow-travellers seemed equally affected: and from the native Palmyrenes, of whom there were many among us, the most impassioned and boastful exclamations broke forth. "What is Rome to this?" they cried. "Fortune is not constant. Why may not Palmyra be what Rome has been—mistress of the world? Who more fit to rule than the great Zenobia? A few years may see great changes. Who can tell what shall come to pass?" These, and many such sayings, were uttered by those around me, accompanied by many significant gestures and glances of the eye. I thought of them afterward. We now descended the hill, and the long line of our caravan moved on toward the city.

CHARACTERISTICS OF CHILDREN.

[John Neal, an American prose writer, born at Portland, Me., in 1793, died there in 1876. His early education was very slight, and he engaged in business, in which he was unsuccessful, being afterward admitted to the bar. He has been a most copious contributor to the press, and published many volumes of stories and essays, now little read, besides his "*Wandering Recollections of a Somewhat Busy Life*" (1870).]

Now to me there is no study half so delightful as that of these little creatures, with hearts fresh from the gardens of the sky, in their first and fairest and most unintentional disclosures, while they are indeed a mystery, a fragrant, luminous and beautiful mystery. And I have an idea that if we only had a name for the study, it might be found as attractive and as popular, and perhaps—though I would not go too far—perhaps about as advantageous in the long run to the future fathers and mothers of mankind as the study of shrubs and flowers, or that of birds and fishes. And why not? They are the cryptogamia of another world, the infusoria of the skies.

Then why not pursue the study for yourself? The subjects are always before you. No books are needed, no costly drawings, no lectures, neither transparencies nor illustrations. Your specimens are all about you. They come and go at your bidding. They are not to be hunted for along the edge of a precipice, on the borders of the wilderness, in the desert, nor by the sea-shore. They abound not in the uninhabited or unvisited place, but in your very dwelling-houses, about the steps of your doors, in every street of every village, in every green field, and every crowded thoroughfare. They flourish bravely in snow-storms, in the dust of the trampled highway, where drums are beating and colors flying, in the roar of cities. They love the sounding sea-breeze and the open air, and may always be found about the wharves and rejoicing before the windows of toy shops. They love the blaze of fireworks and the smell of gunpowder, and where that is they are, to a dead certainty.

You have but to go abroad for half an hour in pleasant weather, or to throw open your doors and windows on a Saturday afternoon, if you live anywhere in the neighborhood of a school-house, or a vacant lot with here and there a patch of green or a dry place in it, and steal behind the curtains, or draw the blinds and let the fresh winds blow through and through the chambers of your heart for a few minutes, winnowing the dust and scattering the cobwebs that have gathered there while you were asleep, and lo! you will find it ringing with the voices of children at play, and all alive with the glimmering phantasmagoria of leap-frog, prison-base, or knock-up-and-catch.

Even fathers and mothers look upon children with a strange misapprehension of their dignity. Even with the poets they are only the flowers and blossoms, the dew-drops or the playthings of earth. Yet "of such is the kingdom of Heaven." The Kingdom of Heaven! with all its principalities and powers, its hierarchies, dominations, thrones! The Saviour understood them better; to Him their true dignity was revealed. Flowers! They are the flowers of the invisible world; indestructible, self-perpetuating flowers, with each a multitude of angels and evil spirits underneath its leaves, toiling and wrestling for dominion over it! Blossoms!

They are the blossoms of another world, whose fruitage is angels and archangels. Or dew-drops! They are dew-drops that have their source, not in the chambers of the earth, nor among the vapors of the sky, which the next breath of wind, or the next flash of sunshine, may dry up forever, but among the everlasting fountains and inexhaustible reservoirs of mercy and love. Playthings! God! If the little creatures would but appear to us in their true shape for a moment we should fall upon our faces before them, or grow pale with consternation, or fling them off with horror and loathing.

SAMUEL BISHOP.

[Samuel Bishop was born in 1731, and died in 1795. He was an English clergyman, master of Merchant Tailors' School, London, and author of a volume of Latin pieces, entitled "*Feriæ Poeticæ*," and of various other poetical pieces. We give some verses to his wife, from which it appears that he remained an ardent lover long after having become a husband.]

TO HIS WIFE.

"Thee, Mary, with this ring I wed."
So, fourteen years ago, I said.—
Behold another ring!—"for what?"
"To wed thee o'er again?"—Why not?

With that first ring I married youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth:
Taste long admired, sense long revered,
And all my Molly then appear'd.

If she, by merit since disclosed,
Prove twice the woman I supposed,
I plead that double merit now,
To justify a double vow.

Here then to-day with faith as sure,
With ardour as intense, as pure,
As when, amidst the rites divine,
I took thy troth, and plighted mine
To thee, sweet girl, my second ring
A token and a pledge I bring:
With this I wed, till death us part,
Thy riper virtues to my heart;
Those virtues, which before untried,
The wife has added to the bride:
Those virtues, whose progressive claim,
Endearing wedlock's very name,
My soul enjoys, my song approves,
For conscience' sake as well as love's.

And why?—they show me every hour
Honour's high thought, Affection's power,
Discretion's deed, sound Judgment's sentence,
And teach me all things—but repentance.

CHRISTOPHER SMART.

["We hear of 'Single-speech Hamilton.' We have now to say something of 'Single-poem Smart' the author of one of the grandest bursts of devotional and poetical feeling in the English language—the 'Song to David.' This poor unfortunate was born at Shipbourne, Kent, in 1722. His father was steward to Lord Barnard, who after his death continued his patronage to the son, who was then eleven years of age. The Duchess of Cleveland, through Lord Barnard's influence, bestowed on Christopher an allowance of £40 a year. With this he went to Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, in 1739; was in 1745 elected a Fellow of Pembroke, and in 1747 took his degree of M. A. At college, Smart began to display that reckless dissipation which led afterwards to such melancholy consequences. He studied hard, however, at intervals; wrote poetry both in Latin and English; produced a comedy called a '*Trip to Cambridge;* or, *The Grateful Fair*,' which was acted in the hall of Pembroke College; and, in spite of his vices and follies, was popular on account of his agreeable manners and amiable dispositions. Having become acquainted with Newberry, the benevolent, red-nosed bookseller, commemorated in '*The Vicar of Wakefield*,'—for whom he wrote some trifles—he married his step-daughter, Miss Carnan, in the year 1753. He now removed to London, and became an author by trade. He wrote a clever satire, entitled 'The Hilliad,' against Sir John Hill, who had attacked him in an underhand manner. He translated the fables of Phædrus into verse,—Horace into prose ('*Smart's Horace*' used to be a great favourite, under the rose, with school boys): made an indifferent version of the Psalms and Paraphrases, and a good one, at a former period, of Pope's '*Ode on St. Cecelia's Day*,' with which that poet professed himself highly pleased. He was employed on a monthly publication called 'The Universal Visitor.' We find Johnson giving the following account of this matter in Boswell's Life:—Old Gardner, the bookseller, employed Rolt and Smart to write a monthly miscellany, called 'The Universal Visitor.' There was a formal written contract. They were

bound to write nothing else,—they were to have, I think, a third of the profits of the sixpenny pamphlet, and the contract was for ninety-nine years. I wrote for some months in 'The Universal Visitor' for poor Smart, while he was mad, not then knowing the terms on which he was engaged to write, and thinking I was doing him good. I hoped his wits would soon return to him. Mine returned to me, and I wrote in the 'Universal Visitor' no longer.

"Smart at last was called to pay the penalty of his blended labour and dissipation. In 1763 he was shut up in a mad-house. His derangement had exhibited itself in a religious way: he insisted upon people kneeling down with him in the street and praying. During his confinement, writing materials were denied him, and he used to write his poetical pieces with a key on the wainscot. Thus 'scrabbling,' like his own hero, on the wall, he produced his immortal 'Song to David.' He became by and by sane; but, returning to his old habits, got into debt, and died in the King's Bench prison, after a short illness, in 1770.

"The 'Song to David' has been well called one of the greatest curiosities of literature. It ranks in this point with the tragedies written by Lee, and the sermons and prayers uttered by Hall in a similar melancholy state of mind. In these cases, as well as in Smart's, the thin partition between genius and madness was broken down in thunder,—the thunder of a higher poetry than perhaps they were capable of even conceiving in their saner moments. Lee produced in that state—which was, indeed, nearly his normal one—some glorious extravagancies. Hall's sermons, monologized and overheard in the madhouse, are said to have transcended all that he preached in his healthier moods. And, assuredly, the other poems by Smart scarcely furnish a point of comparison with the towering and sustained loftiness of some parts of the 'Song to David.' Nor is it loftiness alone,—although the last three stanzas are absolute inspiration, and you see the waters of Castalia tossed by a heavenly wind to the very summit of Parnassus,—but there are innumerable exquisite beauties and subtleties dropt as if by the hand of rich haste, in every corner of the poem. Witness his description of David's muse as a

> 'Blest light, still gaining on the gloom,
> The more than Michal of his bloom,
> The Abishag of his age.'

The account of David's object—

> 'For further knowledge, silence vice,
> And plant perpetual paradise,
> When God had calmed the world.'

Of David's Sabbath—

> 'Twas then his thoughts self-conquest pruned,
> And heavenly melancholy tuned,
> To bless and bear the rest.'

One of David's themes—

> 'The multitudinous abyss,
> Where secrecy remains in bliss,
> And wisdom hides her skill.'

And, not to multiply instances to repletion, this stanza about gems—

> 'Of gems—their virtue and their price,
> Which, hid in earth from man's device,
> Their darts of lustre sheath;
> The jasper of the master's stamp,
> The topaz blazing like a lamp,
> Among the mines beneath.'

"Incoherence and extravagance we find here and there; but it is not the flutter of weakness, it is the fury of power: from the very stumble of the rushing steed, sparks are kindled. And, even as Baretti, when he read 'The Rambler' in Italy, thought within himself, If such are the lighter productions of the English mind, what must be the grander and sterner efforts of its genius? and formed, consequently, a strong desire to visit that country; so might he have reasoned, If such poems as 'David' issue from England's very madhouses, what must be the writings of its saner and nobler poetic souls? And thus might he from the parallax of a Smart, have been able to rise toward the ideal altitude of a Shakspeare or a Milton. Indeed, there are portions of the 'Song to David,' which a Milton or a Shakspeare has never surpassed. The blaze of the meteor often eclipses the light of

> 'The loftiest star of unascended heaven,
> Pinnacled dim in the intense inane.'"]

A SONG TO DAVID.

Oh thou that sit'st upon a throne
With harp of high majestic tone,
To praise the King of Kings:
And voice of heaven-ascending swell
Which, while its deeper notes excel,
Clear as a clarion rings.

Sweet is the dew that falls betimes,
And drops upon the leafy limes;
Sweet Hermon's fragrant air:
Sweet is the lily's silver bell,
And sweet the wakeful tapers smell
That watch for early prayer.

Sweet the young nurse, with love intense,
Which smiles o'er sleeping innocence;
Sweet when the lost arrive:
Sweet the musician's ardour beats.
While the vague mind's in quest of sweets,
The choicest flowers to hive.

Sweeter, in all the strains of love,
The language of thy turtle-dove,

Pair'd to thy swelling chord;
Sweeter, with every grace endued,
The glory of thy gratitude,
Respired unto the Lord.

Strong is the horse upon his speed;
Strong in pursuit the rapid glede,
Which makes at once his game:
Strong the tall ostrich on the ground;
Strong through the turbulent profound
Shoots Xiphias to his aim.

Strong is the lion—like a coal
His eye-ball—like a bastion's mole
His chest against his foes:
Strong the gier-eagle on his sail,
Strong against tide the enormous whale
Emerges as he goes.

But stronger still in earth and air,
And in the sea, the man of prayer,
And far beneath the tide:
And in the seat to faith assign'd,
Where ask is have, where seek is find,
Where knock is open wide.

Beauteous the fleet before the gale;
Beauteous the multitudes in mail,
Rank'd arms, and crested heads;
Beauteous the garden's umbrage mild,
Walk, water, meditated wild,
And all the bloomy beds.

Beauteous the moon full on the lawn,
And beauteous when the veil's withdrawn,
The virgin to her spouse:
Beauteous the temple, deck'd and fill'd,
When to the heaven of heavens they build
Their heart-directed vows.

Glorious the sun in mid career;
Glorious th' assembled fires appear;
Glorious the comet's train:
Glorious the trumpet and alarm;
Glorious the Almighty's stretch'd-out arm,
Glorious the enraptured main:

Glorious the northern light's astream;
Glorious the song, when God's the theme;
Glorious the thunder's roar:
Glorious hosannah from the den;
Glorious the catholic amen;
Glorious the martyr's gore;

Glorious—more glorious is the crown
Of Him that brought salvation down,
By meekness call'd thy Son;
Thou that stupendous truth believed,
And now the matchless deed's achieved,
Determined, dared, and done.

AMERICAN HISTORY.

FROM DISCOURSE BEFORE THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

[GULIAN C. VERPLANCK, LL.D. Born New York, 1786. Died there in 1870. He was a lawyer and elegant scholar, served in Congress from 1825 to 1833, and published "*Discourses and Addresses*," 1833, besides several minor volumes, and numerous contributions to periodicals. He edited an edition of Shakespeare in three volumes.]

The study of the history of most other nations fills the mind with sentiments not unlike those which the American traveller feels on entering the venerable and lofty cathedral of some proud old city of Europe. Its solemn grandeur, its vastness, its obscurity strike awe to his heart. From the richly painted windows, filled with sacred emblems, and strange antique forms, a dim religious light falls around. A thousand recollections of romance and poetry, and legendary story, come thronging in upon him. He is surrounded by the tombs of the mighty dead, rich with the labors of ancient art, and emblazoned with the pomp of heraldry.

What names does he read upon them? Those of princes and nobles who are now remembered only for their vices; and of sovereigns, at whose death no tears were shed, and whose memories lived not an hour in the affections of their people. There, too, he sees other names, long familiar to him for their guilty or ambiguous fame. There rest the blood-stained soldier of fortune—the orator, who was ever the ready apologist of tyranny—great scholars, who were the pensioned flatterers of power—and poets, who profaned the high gift of genius to pamper the vices of a corrupted court.

Our own history, on the contrary, like that poetical temple of fame reared by the imagination of Chaucer, and decorated by the taste of Pope, is almost exclusively dedicated to the memory of the truly great. Or, rather, like the Pantheon of Rome, it

stands in calm and severe beauty, amid the ruins of ancient magnificence and "the toys of modern state." Within, no idle ornament encumbers its bold simplicity. The pure light of heaven enters from above, and sheds an equal and serene radiance around. As the eye wanders about its extent it beholds the unadorned monuments of brave and good men, who have bled or toiled for their country, or it rests on votive tablets inscribed with the names of the best benefactors of mankind.

Hic manus, ob patriam pugnando, volnera passi,
Quique sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat,
Quique pii vates, et Phoebo digna locuti,
Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,
Quique sui memores, alios fecere merendo.*

Doubtless this is a subject upon which we may be justly proud. But there is another consideration, which, if it did not naturally arise of itself, would be pressed upon us by the taunts of European criticism.

What has this nation done to repay the world for the benefits we have received from others? We have been repeatedly told, and sometimes, too, in a tone of affected impartiality, that the highest praise which can fairly be given to the American mind, is that of possessing an enlightened selfishness; that if the philosophy and talents of this country, with all their effects, were forever swept into oblivion, the loss would be felt only by ourselves; and that if to the accuracy of this general charge the labors of Franklin present an illustrious, it is still but a solitary exception.

The answer may be given, confidently and triumphantly. Without abandoning the fame of our eminent men, whom Europe has been slow and reluctant to honor, we would reply that the intellectual power of this people has exerted itself in conformity to the general system of our institutions and manners; and, therefore, that, for the proof of its existence and the measure of its force, we must look not so much to the works of prominent individuals as to the great aggregate results; and if Europe has hitherto been wilfully blind to the value of our example and the exploits of our sagacity, courage, invention, and freedom, the blame must rest with her, and not with America.

Is it nothing for the universal good of mankind to have carried into successful operation a system of self-government, uniting personal liberty, freedom of opinion, and equality of rights, with national power and dignity; such as had before existed only in the Utopian dreams of philosophers? Is it nothing, in moral science, to have anticipated, in sober reality, numerous plans of reform in civil and criminal jurisprudence, which are but now received as plausible theories by the politicians and economists of Europe? Is it nothing to have been able to call forth on every emergency, either in war or peace, a body of talents always equal to the difficulty? Is it nothing to have, in less than a-half century, exceedingly improved the sciences of political economy, of law, and of medicine, with all their auxiliary branches; to have enriched human knowledge by the accumulation of a great mass of useful facts and observations, and to have augmented the power and the comforts of civilized man, by miracles of mechanical invention? Is it nothing to have given the world examples of disinterested patriotism, of political wisdom, of public virtue; of learning, eloquence, and valor, never exerted save for some praiseworthy end? It is sufficient to have briefly suggested these considerations; every mind would anticipate me in filling up the details.

No—Land of Liberty! thy children have no cause to blush for thee. What though the arts have reared few monuments among us, and scarce a trace of the Muse's foot step is found in the paths of our forests, or along the banks of our rivers; yet our soil has been consecrated by the blood of heroes, and by great and holy deeds of peace. Its wide extent has become one vast temple and hallowed asylum, sanctified by the prayers and blessings of the persecuted of every sect, and the wretched of all nations.

Land of Refuge—Land of Benedictions! Those prayers still arise, and they still are heard: "May peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces!" "May there be no decay, no leading into captivity, and no complaining in thy streets!" "May truth flourish out of the earth, and righteousness look down from Heaven!"

*Patriots are here, in Freedom's battle slain,
Priests, whose long lives were closed without a stain,
Bards, worthy him who breathed the poet's mind,
Founders of arts that dignify mankind,
And lovers of our race, whose labors gave
Their names a memory that defies the grave.
VIRGIL—From the MS. of Bryant.

THE ALHAMBRA.

[Francisco Martinez De La Rosa, one of the most charming modern poets of Spain, born at Granada in 1789. His early life was spent in opposing the French invasion of his country, and in 1812 he composed his tragedy of *La Viuda de Padilla*. He was a member of the Spanish Cortez in 1820, and of the Cabinet in 1822, and has written a great variety of lyric, dramatic and historical works.]

Come to my bidding, gentle damsels fair,
That haunt the banks of Douro and Genil!
Come, crowned with roses in your fragrant hair,
More fresh and pure than April balms distil!

With long, dark locks adown your shoulders straying;
With eyes of fire, and lips of honeyed power:
Uncinctured robes, the bosom bare displaying,
Let songs of love escort me to the bower.

With love resounds the murmur of the stream;
With love the nightingale awakes the grove;
O'er wood and mountain love inspires the theme,
And Earth and Heaven repeat the strain of love.

Even there, where, 'midst the Alcazar's Moorish pride,
Three centuries of ruin sleep profound,
From marble walls, with gold diversified,
The sullen echoes murmur love around.

Where are its glories now?—the pomps, the charms,
The triumph, the emprise of proud display,
The song, the dance, the feast, the deeds of arms,
The gardens, baths, and fountains,—where are they?

Round jasper columns thorns and ivy creep;
Where roses blossomed, brambles now o'erspread:
The mournful ruins bid the spirit weep;
The broken fragments stay the passing tread.

Ye nymphs of Douro! to my words give heed;
Behold how transient pride and glory prove.
Then, while the headlong moments urge their speed,
Taste happiness, and try the joys of love.

THE PARROT.

[Jean Baptiste Louis Gresset, an elegant French poet, born at Amiens in 1709, died in 1777. His principal poem, "*Ver-Vert*," containing the humorous adventures of a parrot, has been translated into many languages. We cite the following extracts.]

The public soon began to ferret
The hidden nest of so much merit,
And, spite of all the nuns' endeavours,
The fame of Ver-Vert filled all Nevers;
Nay, from Moulines folks came to stare at
The wondrous talent of this parrot;
And to fresh visitors, *ad libitum*,
Sister Sophie had to exhibit him.
Dressed in her tidiest robes, the virgin,
Forth from the convent cells emerging,
Brings the bright bird, and for his plumage
First challenges unstinted homage;
Then to his eloquence adverts,—
"What preacher's can surpass Ver-Vert's?"
Truly, in oratory, few men
Equal this learned catechumen,
Fraught with the convent's choicest lessons,
And stuffed with piety's quintessence;
A bird most quick of apprehension,
With gifts and graces hard to mention;
Say, in what pulpit can you meet
A Chrysostom half so discreet,
Who 'd follow, in his ghostly mission,
So close the fathers and tradition?"
Silent, meantime, the feathered hermit
Waits for the sister's gracious permit,
When, at a signal from his Mentor,
Quick on a course of speech he 'll enter:
Not that he cares for human glory,
Bent but to save his auditory;
Hence he pours forth with so much unction,
That all his hearers feel compunction.

Thus for a time did Ver-Vert dwell
Safe in his holy citadel;
Scholared like any well-bred abbé
And loved by many a cloistered Hebe:
You 'd swear that he had crossed the same bridge
As any youth brought up in Cambridge.
Other monks starve themselves; but his skin
Was sleek, like that of a Franciscan,
And far more clean; for this grave Solon
Bathed every day in *eau de Cologne*.
Thus he indulged each guiltless gambol,
Blessed had he ne'er been doomed to ramble!

* * * * *

The prodigal, reclaimed and free,
Became again a prodigy,
And gave more joy, by works and words,
Than ninety-nine Canary-birds,

Until his death;—which last disaster
(Nothing on earth endures!) came faster
Than they imagined. The transition
From a starved to a stuffed condition,
From penitence to jollification,
Brought on a fit of constipation.
Some think he would be living still,
If given a *vegetable pill;*
But from a short life, and a merry,
Poll sailed one day per Charon's ferry.

By tears from nuns' sweet eyelids wept
Happy in death this parrot slept;
For him Elysium oped its portals,
And there he talks among immortals.
But I have read, that, since that happy day
(So writes Cornelius à Lapidé,
Proving, with commentary droll,
The transmigration of the soul),
Still Ver-Vert this earth doth haunt,
Of convent bowers a visitant;
And that gay novices among
He dwells, transformed into a tongue!

THE MIDNIGHT WRECK.

From the harbor, richly laden,
Sailed the gallant ship;
'T was a precious freight she carried:
Father, mother, youth, and maiden,
Wife and husband newly married,
Watch her cable slip.

And upon her deck they tarried,
While the land they left was fading,
Some their eager eyes are shading
From the morning sun;
As away they glide,
How the waters heave and glitter!
And how many a one,
Leaning o'er the vessel's side,
Seems to watch, but droppeth bitter
Tears into the tide!

What though, at the consummation,
We shall know our sad emotion,
To the joy of all creation,
Was a teardrop to an ocean?
Ere midnight the wind had shifted,
Rising to a gale.
Backward on her course she drifted,
Heeding not her helm;
Now on giant waves uplifted,
Threat'ning to o'erwhelm;
Now adown a vale
Of dark angry waters driven;
While, like spirits chased from heaven,
Loud the wild winds wail.

None that night had sought a pillow,
Still the deck they crowd;
While to each successive billow
The tall mast is bowed.
Hoarser sounds now meet their hearing—
'Tis the breakers' roar.
And the hapless bark is nearing
Fast the fatal shore.

A shock.
She hath struck the sunken rock,
And her lofty hull is shattered;
All her wealth must now be scattered
On the raging waves.
Ah! but she was richly laden!
And the precious freight she carried,
Father, mother, youth, and maiden,
Bride and bridegroom newly married,
These must find their graves,
In the darkness, near each other,
Clinging close by friend and brother—
And the tender nursing mother
With her babe is there—
Some with hearts for terror failing,
Some with shrieking, some with wailing,
Some with faith and prayer,
Some with noble, self-devotion,
Stifling their own wild emotion,
Seek to calm despair.

On the waves again uplifted,
Now her giant bulk is rifted,
On the sharp rock driven.
O'er the breach the white foam streameth,
Now no hope on earth there seemeth,
And no help in Heaven!
One small boat is filled,
And amid the surges boiling,
Through the darkness men are toiling,
Strong and bravely skilled.
On the strand the boat doth shiver;
Few are saved—it may be never
Known how many lost—
Lost for ever! Lost for ever!
What a mighty cost!

Ah! the saved shall stand to-morrow,
With the dawn, in awful sorrow,
On the wreck-strewn shore;
None who hath not lost another,
Child or parent, friend or brother,
Than his soul loved more.
Does the sea deplore its doing?
Are the waves their wild work ruing?
With a mighty sorrow swelling
Seems the ocean's breast;
Which its mournful voice seems telling,
Thus—"No rest, No rest!"
What though, at the consummation,
We shall know our sad emotion,
To the joy of all creation,

Is a teardrop to an Ocean?
Wherefore all this wreck and ruin,
O Beneficent?
And in Thine eternity,
Like the great and boundless sea,
To o'erwhelm us meant?
Shall a few be safely landed
On the eternal shore?
And a countless number stranded
Where Thy breakers roar?
Ah! methinks the saved—
Few without one friend or other,
Child or parent, wife or brother,
'Mong that awful host,
Evermore the glory scorning,
On that shore would wander mourning,
Seeking for the lost.

ISA CRAIG KNOX.

THE STARLING.—CAPTIVITY.

And as for the Bastille, the terror is in the word. Make the most of it you can, said I to myself, the Bastille is but another word for a tower, and a tower is but another word for a house you can't get out of. Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a year; but with nine livres a day, and pen, and ink, and paper, and patience; albeit a man can't get out, he may do well within, at least, for a month or six weeks, at the end of which, if he is a harmless fellow, his innocence appears, and he comes out a better and a wiser man than he went in.

I had some occasion (I forget what) to step into the court-yard as I settled this account; and remember I walked down stairs in no small triumph with the conceit of my reasoning. Beshrew the sombre pencil! said I, vauntingly, for I envy not the powers which paint the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself and blackened: reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them.

'Tis true, said I, correcting the proposition, the Bastille is not an evil to be despised; but strip it of its towers, fill up the fosse, unbarricade the doors, call it simply a confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrant of a distemper and not of a man which holds you in it, the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the heyday of this soliloquy with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained "it could not get out." I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention. In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and looking up, I saw it was a starling, hung in a little cage. "I can't get out! I can't get out!" said the starling. I stood looking at the bird; and to every person who came through the passage, it ran fluttering to the side toward which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity—"I can't get out," said the starling.

God help thee! said I; but I'll let thee out, cost what it will; so I turned about the cage to get the door. It was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces. I took both hands to it. The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it as if impatient. I fear, poor creature, said I, I cannot set thee at liberty. "No," said the starling, "I can't get out, I can't get out." I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been but a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastille, and I heavily walked up-stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery, said I, still thou art a bitter draught; and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. 'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, addressing myself to Liberty, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall change; no tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron; with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled. Gracious Heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent, grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion, and shower down thy mitres, if it seem good unto thy Divine Providence, upon those heads which are aching for them.

The bird in his cage pursued me into my

room. I sat down close by the table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of a confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me, I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated doors to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish. In thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood: he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time, nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice: his children—but here my heart began to bleed, and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the furthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed. A little calendar of small sticks lay at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there. He had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down, shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle. He gave a deep sigh: I saw the iron enter into his soul. I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

I started up from my chair, and calling La Fleur, I bid him bespeak me a *remise*, and have it ready at the door of the hotel by nine in the morning.

"I'll go directly," said I, "myself to Monsieur the Duc de Choiseul."

La Fleur would have put me to bed; but, not willing that he should see anything upon my cheek which would cause the honest fellow a heart-ache, I told him I would go to bed by myself; and bid him go do the same.

LAURENCE STERNE, *in "Sentimental Journey."*

DEATH OF TWO LOVERS BY LIGHTNING.

FROM POPE'S LETTERS TO LADY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

I have a mind to fill the rest of this paper with an accident that happened just under my eyes, and has made a great impression upon me. I have just passed part of this summer at an old romantic seat of my Lord Harcourt's, which he lent me. . . . It overlooks a common field, where, under the shade of a haycock, sat two lovers, as constant as ever were found in romance, beneath a spreading beech. The name of one—let it sound as it will—was John Hewet; of the other, Sarah Drew. John was a well-set man, about five-and-twenty; Sarah, a brown woman of eighteen. John had for several months borne the labour of the day in the same field with Sarah; when she milked, it was his morning and evening charge to bring the cows to her pail. Their love was the talk, but not the scandal, of the whole neighbourhood; for all they aimed at was the blameless possession of each other in marriage. It was but this very morning that she had obtained her parents' consent, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps this very day, in the intervals of their work, they were talking of their wedding clothes; and John was now matching several kinds of poppies and field flowers to her complexion, to make her a present of knots for the day. While they were thus employed (it was on the last of July), a terrible storm of thunder and lightning arose, that drove the labourers to what shelter the trees or hedges afforded. Sarah, frightened and out of breath, sank on a haycock; and John, who never separated from her, sat by her side, having raked two or three heaps together to secure her. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack as if heaven had bursted asunder. The labourers, all solicitous for each other's safety, called to one another. Those that were nearest our lovers, hearing no answer, stepped to the place where they lay; they first saw a little smoke, and after this the faithful pair—John with one arm about his Sarah's neck, and the other held over her face, as if to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and already grown stiff and cold in this tender posture. There was no mark or disco-

louring on their bodies, only that Sarah's eyebrow was a little singed, and a small spot between her breasts. They were buried the next day in one grave, where my Lord Harcourt, at my request, has erected a monument over them.

Upon the whole, I cannot think these people unhappy. The greatest happiness, next to living as they would have done, was to die as they did. The greatest honour people of this low degree could have, was to be remembered on a little monument.

ALEXANDER POPE.

MR. MUMFORD'S STORY.

[Mr. T. W. ROBERTSON, author of "*Ours*," and "*Society*," although he has made his chief success as a dramatist, has long been favourably known as a contributor to the light literature of the day.]

The name of Mephistopheles Mumford is too familiar to the British public to require introduction: not that my Christian name is Mephistopheles—but John. Mephistopheles is a "sobriquet" bestowed on me, after my great success in the year '28, at Tutbury, in the drama of the "Fate of Faustus; or, the Fourth of February and the Midnight Hour." My Mephistopheles was the rage in Tutbury. I played it at least six times during the season—an unprecedented run. I afterwards acted it, with similar results, at Eckington, Bunborough, Stickton-le-Clay, Fagthorpe, and Queerham, and was complimented by Lord Landstraddlin, on the occasion of the bespeak of the East Loamshire Yeomanry Cavalry, of which his lordship was Colonel-Commandant, at the T. R. Butterfurrow.

According to a custom, seldom departed from in the dramatic profession, I married young; and according to another equally-established theatrical precedent, the lady I married was possessed only of the treasures of youth, beauty, and amiability. I once scorned the idea of marriage for money, but my views upon that subject have considerably modified. My salary (my wife did not act) was small, but as a compensation, my family was large. Six precious but expensive pledges of affection were born to us in as many years, and I had to work hard to find the necessary boots and batter puddings. Rehearsal in the morning, study in the afternoon, the theatre at even, and often study all the night, such is the laborious life which the enemies of our profession stigmatize as lazy.

Evil days fell upon us; fever swept away my children. I had toiled to maintain them; I had to toil to bury them. They died of a terrible epidemic that raged in the year that the "Brigand" was brought out at Drury Lane. I was studying Massaroni at the time. I'll not endeavour to say how we felt it. My wife kept all their little shoes—she has them by her now.

Four months after the interment of our last darling, my wife was again confined. I had my little daughter christened Evadne. I had played Colonna the night before.

Evadne, I need hardly say, was educated for the stage; that is, she was made to act as soon as she could toddle. Often as Rolla have I borne her on my shoulders across the bridge over the cataract, while the applause was thundered in my ears. Often have I wept over her, as I gently repudiated Mrs. Haller; and often, when I carried her home at night beneath my cloak, the darling would warm her little hands in my breast, and by the time I reached our lodgings have fallen fast asleep in my arms; in short, as my friend Tom Tearlungs (poor Tom was a tragedian at the east-end of London, and died of delirium tremens) said of her, "She was cradled in a helmet, nursed on rose-pink, and weaned on properties."

I have remarked that, generally, the fathers of actresses are absurdly prejudiced in favour of their daughters. They think no other girls can be so handsome, fascinating, or talented. I remember reading a very humorous description, in a work written by a gentleman who, in my poor opinion, would have done more service to his country had he constructed a tragedy rather than a mere novel. It was of one Captain Costigan, the father of Miss Fotheringay, and I laughed heartily at his ridiculous doting. I need not say that I am superior to that sort of weakness, and that in asserting that my Evadne was the loveliest girl ever seen, and the finest actress in certain parts that ever graced the stage, I am not influenced by partiality, but uttering a simple fact that would be endorsed by every check-taker in front of the house. You should have seen the box-plan on her benefits; you should have heard her receptions; you should have read the verses in the Poet Corner of the *Flamtattleton*

Free Press and the *Slocum Advertiser;* and you should have seen the child herself. My dear old friend Jack Madigag, who played the low-comedy in the Cwymrymwymwygeiddon circuit, used to say, "Vad" (he always called her Vad) "has the sort of eyes that go right through a man like a gimlet, and come out at the back of his coat in the shape of brass buttons!" We worshipped her, Mistress Mephistopheles and I. We had lost six, we had to love her for seven!

When Evadne was nearly nineteen years of age, we were acting in a small town in Ireland. I had played Virginius that night, the child, of course, playing Virginia. We were walking home together, when a young man, an officer of the barracks (I recognized him from having seen him in the boxes), came up to us, and asked Evadne if he should have the pleasure of seeing her home?

I saw that he had been drinking, and I told him positively but politely, that I was my daughter's escort.

"Never mind, old fellow," said he, "you can walk behind, you know."

He advanced towards the child. I held out my disengaged arm, which carried a short Roman sword, wrapped in a gun-case. The young man ran his nose on to the hilt, which peeped out of the case, and I dare say hurt himself very much; he swore an awful oath and cried—

"You infernal old vagabond, I'll wring your neck off!"

Evadne threw herself between us, just as the heroines do in dramas; and I believe the drunken ruffian would have attacked me, but for the arrival of another young officer, in uniform.

"Hallo! what's the row?" asked the new comer.

The tipsy fellow swore. I explained: and Evadne trembled violently.

"Look here, Hops," said he in uniform; "you've frightened the young lady. You'd better go to barracks."

The tipsy officer was the son of an eminent English brewer (if eminence can be obtained by brewing beer, which I doubt), and in the regiment was called "Hops."

To cut short a long story, Hops was with difficulty prevailed upon to leave us, and the stranger asked my permission to accompany us as far as our door.

The young man, whom I found to be a perfect gentleman, but lamentably ignorant of theatricals, walked by Evadne's side, and when we parted we both expressed our sense of obligation.

"Don't mention it," was the reply. "With your permission, I will call to-morrow, and bring the man who left us to apologize."

"Oh! don't bring him again," said the child. "I couldn't bear the sight of him!"

"Then I must hope to bring his written apology."

"At all times, sir, I shall be most happy to see YOU!"

We went in, told our adventure to Mistress Mephistopheles, and were so excited by the event that we could eat no supper.

The next day Lieutenant Lysart, for that was the name of our escort, brought an apologetic note from "Hops," and stayed with us to tea. After that he called upon us every day, and watched Evadne from his box every night, to such an extent that Miss Panker, who had a pretty wit, and played the chambermaids, began to tease Evadne, and to call Lieutenant Lysart Romeo.

My wife and I soon saw that they loved each other. The child lost her appetite and her spirits, but as a sort of compensation, acted with frantic enthusiasm. The exercise of her art was a safety-valve for overcharged and excited sentiment. I spoke to her upon the subject; so did her mother, but she only answered us with tears, and we could not bear to see her weep.

For the young man, his conduct was respectful and becoming. I showed him by my manner that I thought his visits too frequent, but he called as usual. I discovered that, though an only son, he was poor, for the estate had borne the burthen of a long lawsuit, arising out of a disputed inheritance.

It was the last week of the season. After I had played in the first piece — the "Warlock of the Glen"—I went home to supper. Mistress Mephistopheles had prepared some tripe. I ate heartily, and, after a pipe, returned to the theatre to fetch Evadne, who acted in the interlude. She was not in her dressing-room. I knocked at the door, and was told by Miss Panker that she had dressed herself hurriedly and gone. I thought it odd that she should not have waited for me, and walked home again hastily, hoping to catch her. Her mother told me she had not seen her. I ran back to the theatre; the curtain had not fallen on the last piece. Evadne was

nowhere to be found. By this time I grew seriously alarmed. I flew home, and found my wife in strong hysterics. With the assistance of the landlady, I restored her. She could not speak, but she held in her hand a crumpled letter. It ran:

DEAREST, *dearest*, FATHER and MOTHER,—I write this in great anguish, for I know that you will think me unaffectionate and undutiful. Oh! do not—*do not* think ill of me till you know all. It will be useless attempting to seek me, or to find out where we have gone. Heaven bless you! my dear father and mother.

E.

I learned afterwards that the note had been brought by a boy—a soldier's son—from the barracks.

I will pass over our terrible trouble. The abandonment of fond parents by a young girl has been described too often for me to dwell upon it here. Suffice it, the child had quitted the town with Lysart.

I made inquiries, but in vain. At the first inn on the road, I could hear nothing of them.

Fortunately, the two following nights I was out of the bills, but on the last night of the season I played Rolamo in the interesting and pathetic drama of "Clare; or, Home, sweet Home." It is not a piece played much now-a-days. It would not suit the modern, natural, impertinently familiar style of acting—among the "how-do-you-to-day"—"half-a-pound-of-bacon-and-cut-it fat" school, as I call it—the school which teaches Richard, when, on the eve of the battle that is to decide his fate, crown, and kingdom, he asks Catesby, "Is ink and paper ready?" to do so in the tone that he would order a tavern-waiter to bring a fried sole and a chop to follow.

A large house was attracted by my appearance in "Clari," for the piece treats of a father whose daughter has deserted him for the arms of a betrayer—in fact, the situation was exactly mine. It was a painful trial for me, but I owed a duty to the public, and I resolved to go through with it.

The audience held their breath as the slow music played, and I appeared upon the bridge with my gun upon my shoulder. They received all that I said with the greatest attention, but no applause. Every eye was watching me to see how much of the emotion I expressed was real or false, human or dramatic.

I felt my heart sink when Miss Panker played Clari (the child had been cast for the part), came on veiled, and told me a story so nearly resembling my own. When she asked my counsel as to the course she should pursue towards her father, I recited, amid a solemn silence—

"Shall I paint his (her father's) agonizing sufferings to you? I can do so, for I have felt it—I feel it now. I once had a daughter; oh! how I doated on her, words cannot speak—thoughts cannot measure; yet she sacrificed me to a villain. Her ingratitude has bleached this head, her wickedness has broken this heart, and now my detestation is upon her. Oh! do not you resemble her! Remain not a moment longer from your father. Fly to him ere his heart give way as mine does now—ere he curses you as I now curse——"

I could say no more; my feelings flooded my throat, and I fell on the stage senseless.

I was laid on my bed with fever for three weeks; when I recovered, my wife—whose devotion during my illness deserved a piece of plate—caught it from me, and I had to nurse her. We pulled through it, though, and left the town, both very old and broken.

Four years passed away. Each summer we received a letter containing five Bank of England notes, each for £10. The envelope bore a London post-mark, but, though the address was written in an unfamiliar hand, we knew from whom they came. I need not say they were left untouched.

Our life was a sad one. After my illness, my voice lost much of its strength and mellowness and even the most indulgent of British publics like plenty of lungs. I could only get engagements in small theatres, where the salary was inconsiderable, even when paid.

I was acting at Crumblecrag. It was a bitter winter, the snow was on the ground, and the business had been wretched. I was playing Rolla to a small but highly intelligent audience, and as the curtain fell, and I lay upon my bier, I was informed that a gentleman wished to speak to me. I got off my bier, dressed myself and went out. A tall man in a light coat was standing under a gas-lamp. I stepped forward and said—

"Pray, sir, are you the——"

The man turned round and said, Mr. Mumford!"

I nearly fell. It was Lysart!

"Allow me to assist you."

"How dare you to touch me?" I cried, feeling, partly from indignation, partly from

dramatic habit—Heaven help me! for the hilt of my sword.

"I want to speak to you," said Lysart. "We cannot talk in the open air; oblige me by coming to the hotel for a few minutes—only for a few minutes."

He seemed not only easy and unconcerned, but in high spirits and good humour. I followed him mechanically. We were shown into a room, and he shut the door.

"Now, my dear Mr. Mumford," he began.

"Have you brought me here to insult me, Mr. Lysart?"

"Pardon me, I am now Sir Percy Lysart!"

"You are a villain, sir!" I exclaimed. Where is my child? my daughter? where is she? Give her to me!"

"Evadne Mumford," he replied, "exists no longer!"

"Dead!"

He made no answer, but went to the door, opened it, and admitting a woman elegantly dressed, said—

"Allow me to present you to Lady Lysart!"

Great Heaven! It was Evadne!

I knew it was Evadne, for the next moment I had her in my arms and on my knees. Oh! how we kissed each other, and how we cried and sobbed, and how happy we were! (Sir Percy walked away and pulled out his pocket-handkerchief.) It was herself, Evadne; oh! my darling and my joy! My Vad! Vad!! Vad!!! And it was all real and true, and not a dream, and I shouldn't wake up to watch the squares of the window-panes upon the blind.

"But mamma," said Evadne—I beg her pardon, Lady Lysart.

"Never mind mamma, my pet, she's in bed and asleep. Tell me all about it."

"Well then, dear daddy—how thin you are, and you've got a wig on—we were married in London two days after I left you, but I knew you would not keep the secret."

"Never mind that, my beautif——"

"And Percy expected all his money from an aunt, a very haughty lady, who prided herself on her birth, and who, if she had known of his marriage with an obscure actress, would have cut him off——"

"Without a shilling," laughed Evadne's husband, the baronet; "but three months ago she died——"

"And we have only just found out where you were," added the baronet's wife.

I blessed them both and then shook hands with my son-in-law. I had begun to cry copiously when I remembered I hadn't time for it. Lady Lysart threw a cloak over her head and shoulders—she looked exactly as she used to do in Little Red Riding Hood, in the opening of the pantomime at Bagshot-in-the-Wold—and ran home with me.

My wife had gone to bed, leaving a tripe supper in a vegetable dish on the hob for me. It is odd, but in all the important events of my life tripe has ever pursued me—ever been on my track!

The fire had gone out, and the lucifers were in the bedroom. We groped up-stairs in the dark.

"That you?" said my wife, from under the bed-clothes. "Had your tripe?"

"Tripe be hanged, madam. Behold your child!" And I struck a lucifer. Need I describe the meeting?

We all went back to the hotel, where a table was laid with all the delicacies of the season—including lobster-salad; but we none of us could eat, except Sir Percy, who enjoyed himself with the lobster salad amazingly.

After supper, when we were all seated round the fire, Evadne left the room for a few minutes and returned with—what do you think? A baby! A real live baby, with practicable mouth, and eyes to work—a baby who, as soon as it was in my arms, seized my wig and sucked my eyebrows.

"That's mine, papa!" said Lady Lysart.

"And mine," said the baronet; "allow me to put in my claim to joint-proprietorship."

The baby—a son eight months old—was a great success; he was good with me, but would not go to his grandmamma — a course of conduct that enabled me to triumph over Mistress Mephistopheles for a week.

The next morning the baronet asked me when I could leave the company I was engaged in. He told me, too, that he was expecting a cheque from his banker's.

"If it will be of any accommodation, Sir Percy," I said, "here is a cool two hundred I can lend you."

I placed on the table the notes that had been sent me.

Evadne looked at them, showed them to her husband, and then, throwing her arms round my neck, said, "Oh! you dear, good, old daddy. I thought you wouldn't use

them. If you had you could have taken a theatre."

It is probable I might.

I did not take a public farewell of the stage, nor do I regret that I did not. The British public has neglected me. The British public must take the consequences. My son-in-law repudiates the idea of my taking a national theatre, and, by means of my own performances, restoring the legitimate drama to its proper home. I proposed it to him, but his answer was, "he didn't see it," nor, strange to say, did Evadne either.

There are no actors now-a-days, nor do I wonder at it. Though I have not made as great a name as Garrick or Kemble, I shall be the means of introducing to the House of Commons those graces of oratory so long neglected there. I am teaching my grandson, Master Lysart, the art of elocution, and when he becomes a member, my declamatory powers will live again in him.

THE INDIANS.

[JOSEPH STORY, LL. D., an eminent American jurist, born at Marblehead, Mass., 1779, died at Cambridge, 1845. Educated at Harvard College, Story served in Congress one term (1808–9,) and was chosen Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives. His distinction as a legal student and writer led to his appointment as an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States in 1811, a position which he held till his death in 1845. Among his numerous treatises on jurisprudence, the most noted are those on the "*Constitution of the United States*," (1833), often reprinted, "*The Conflict of Laws*," (1834,) "*Equity Jurisprudence*," (1835,) "*Equity Pleadings*," (1838,) "*The Law of Partnership*," (1841,) "*The Law of Bills of Exchange*," (1843,) and the "*Law of Promissory Notes*," (1848). Besides these, his numerous opinions in the Circuit Court and in the Supreme Court of the United States and his lectures as professor of law in Harvard College marked his notable industry and devotion to labor. Story's "*Miscellaneous Writings*" were published in 1852, and his life by his son, William W. Story, in 1851.]

There is, in the fate of these unfortunate beings, much to awaken our sympathy, and much to disturb the sobriety of our judgment; much which may be urged to excuse their own atrocities; much in their characters, which betrays us into an involuntary admiration. What can be more melancholy than their history? By a law of their nature, they seem destined to a slow, but sure extinction. Everywhere, at the approach of the white man, they fade away. We hear the rustling of their footsteps, like that of the withered leaves of autumn, and they are gone forever. They pass mournfully by us, and they return no more. Two centuries ago, the smoke of their wigwams and the fires of their councils rose in every valley, from Hudson's Bay to the farthest Florida, from the ocean to the Mississippi and the lakes. The shouts of victory and the war-dance rang through the mountains and the glades. The thick arrows and the deadly tomahawk whistled through the forests; and the hunter's trace and dark encampment startled the wild beasts in their lairs. The warriors stood forth in their glory. The young listened to the songs of other days. The mothers played with their infants, and gazed on the scene with warm hopes of the future. The aged sat down; but they wept not. They should soon be at rest in fairer regions, where the great Spirit dwelt, in a home prepared for the brave, beyond the western skies. Braver men never lived; truer men never drew the bow. They had courage, and fortitude, and sagacity, and perseverance, beyond most of the human race. They shrank from no dangers, and they feared no hardships. If they had the vices of savage life, they had the virtues also. They were true to their country, their friends, and their homes. If they forgave not injury, neither did they forget kindness. If their vengeance was terrible, their fidelity and generosity were unconquerable also. Their love, like their hate, stopped not on this side of the grave.

But where are they? Where are the villagers, and warriors, and youth; the sachems and the tribes; the hunters and their families? They have perished. They are consumed. The wasting pestilence has not alone done the mighty work. No,—nor famine, nor war. There has been a mightier power, a moral canker, which has eaten into their heart-cores—a plague, which the touch of the white man communicated—a poison, which betrayed them into a lingering ruin. The winds of the Atlantic fan not a single region, which they may now call their own. Already the last feeble remnants of the race are preparing for their journey beyond the Mississippi. I see them leave their miserable homes, the aged, the helpless, the women, and the warriors, "few and faint, yet fearless still." The ashes are cold on their native hearths. The smoke no

longer curls round their lowly cabins. They move on with a slow, unsteady step. The white man is upon their heels, for terror or despatch; but they heed him not. They turn to take a last look of their deserted villages. They cast a last glance upon the graves of their fathers. They shed no tears; they utter no cries; they have no groans. There is something in their hearts which passes speech. There is something in their looks, not of vengeance or submission; but of hard necessity, which stifles both; which chokes all utterance; which has no aim or method. It is a courage absorbed in despair. They linger but for a moment. Their look is onward. They have passed the fatal stream. It shall never be repassed by them,—no, never. Yet there lies not between us and them an impassable gulf. They know and feel that there is for them still one remove farther, not distant, nor unseen. It is to the general burial-ground of their race.

Reason as we may, it is impossible not to read in such a fate much that we know not how to interpret; much of provocation to cruel deeds and deep resentments; much of apology for wrong and perfidy; much of pity mingling with indignation; much of doubt and misgiving as to the past; much of painful recollections; much of dark forebodings.

THE NIBELUNGEN-LIED.

[The Song of the Nibelungen is a legendary poem of the Germans, author unknown, and its time of composition is variously conjectured to have been from the tenth to the close of the twelfth century. Founded upon traditions which were current in Scandinavia a thousand years ago, it tells in heroic verse of the conflicts between the warriors of the Rhine, and the marvellous exploits of Siegfried, the Dragon-slayer. This great chieftain woos the beautiful Chrimhild, sister of King Gunther, who reigned in Worms, where Siegfried is welcomed, and after vanquishing all the knights who dare to meet him, wins the heart of the queenly Chrimhild by his bravery. Meanwhile King Gunther hears of the wonderful beauty Brunehild, Queen of Isenland, and resolves to woo her. The hard condition is that he shall contest with her in three combats, and if vanquished be put to death, but if successful, win her for his bride. Siegfried journeys with him, and being rendered invisible, assists Gunther in vanquishing the beautiful amazon, and receives for his reward the hand of Chrimhild, the double marriage being celebrated with great pomp and rejoicing. Dissensions follow between the ladies, Siegfried is slain by stratagem, after which Chrimhild lives alone at Worms for thirteen years, until Etzel (who is Attila, king of the Huns,) seeks her in marriage. She consents, in order to avenge the death of Siegfried. The poem describes many battles between the Huns and the Burgundians, and a bloody war of extermination puts an end to all the heroes on both sides, until only Gunther and Hagen remain, who are delivered bound to Chrimhild, who beheads Hagen with the sword of Siegfried, only to be slain in her turn by Hildebrand, a warrior of the Huns.

The action of the poem extends over thirty years, and there are many descriptive passages of great beauty. The authorship of this epic has been ascribed by different German critics to more than twelve different writers; but not one of the critics has been able to prove his opinion correct.

The following extracts from the Nibelungen-Lied are from the version of Weber.]

In ancient song and story marvels high are told
Of knights of high emprise and adventures manifold;
Of joy and merry feasting, of lamenting, woe and fear,
Of champions' bloody battles, many marvels shall ye hear.

A noble maid, and fair, grew up in Burgundy;
In all the land about fairer none might be:
She became a queen full high; Chrimhild was she hight;
But for her matchless beauty fell many a blade of might.

For love and for delight was framed that lady gay;
Many a champion bold sighed for the gentle May;
Full beauteous was her form, beauteous without compare;
The virgin's virtues might adorn many a lady fair.

Three kings of might and power had the maiden in their care,—
King Gunther and King Ghernot (champions bold they were),
And Ghiseler the young, a chosen, peerless blade:
The lady was their sister, and much they loved the maid.

These lords were mild and gentle, born of the noblest blood;
Unmatched for power and strength were the heroes good:
Their realm was Burgundy, a realm of mickle might;
Since then, in the land of Etzel, dauntless did they fight.

At Worms, upon the Rhine, dwelt they with their meiny bold;
Many champions served them, of countries manifold,
With praise and honor nobly, even to their latest day,
When, by the hate of two noble dames, dead on the ground they lay.

Bold were the kings, and noble, as I before have said;
Of virtues high and matchless, and served by many a blade;

By the best of all the champions whose deeds were ever sung;
Of trust and truth withouten fail; hardy, bold, and strong.

There was Hagen of Tronek, and Dankwart, Hagen's brother
(For swiftness was he famed), with heroes many other;
Ortwin of Metz, with Eckewart and Ghere, two margraves they;
And Folker of Alsace; no braver was in his day.

Rumolt was caterer to the king; a chosen knight was he;
Sir Sindold and Sir Hunold bore them full manfully;
In court and in the presence they served the princes three,
With many other knights; bolder none might be.

Dankwart was the marshal; his nephew Ortewin
Was sewer to the king; much honor did he win:
Sindold held the cup the royal prince before:
Chamberlain was Hunold: braver knights ne'er hauberk bore.

Of the court's gay splendor, of all the champions free,
Of their high and knightly worth, and of the chivalry,
Which still they held in honor to their latest day,
No minstrel, in his song, could rightly sing or say.

One night the Queen Chrimhild dreamed her, as she lay,
How she had trained and nourished a falcon wild and gay,
When suddenly two eagles fierce the gentle hawk have slain:
Never, in this world, felt she such bitter pain.

To her mother, Dame Ute, she told her dream with fear:
Full mournfully she answered to what the maid did spier:
"The falcon whom you nourished, a noble knight is he;
God take him to his ward! thou must lose him suddenly."

"What speak you of the knight? dearest mother, say:
Without the love of champion, to my dying day,
Ever thus fair will I remain, nor take a wedded fere,
To gain such pain and sorrow, though the knight were without peer."

"Speak thou not too rashly," her mother spake again;
"If ever in this world thou heartfelt joy wilt gain,
Maiden must thou be no more; leman must thou have
God will grant thee for thy mate some gentle knight, and brave."

"O, leave thy words, lady mother, nor speak of wedded mate!
Full many a gentle maiden has found the truth too late;
Still has their fondest love ended with woe and pain:
Virgin will I ever be, nor the love of leman gain."

In virtues high and noble that gentle maiden dwelt
Full many a night and day, nor love for leman felt;
To never a knight or champion would she plight her truth,
Till she was gained for wedded fere by a right noble youth.

That youth he was the falcon she in her dream beheld,
Who by the two fierce eagles dead to the ground was felled:
But since right dreadful vengeance she took upon his foen;
For the death of that bold hero died full many a mother's son.

CHRIMHILD.

And now the beauteous lady, like the rosy morn,
Dispersed the misty clouds; and he, who long had borne
In his heart the maiden, banished pain and care,
As now before his eyes stood the glorious maiden fair.

From her broidered garment glittered many a gem,
And upon her lovely cheek the rosy red did gleam:
Whoever in his glowing soul had imaged lady bright
Confessed that fairer maiden never stood before his sight.

And as the moon, at night, stands high the stars among,
And moves the murky clouds above, with lustre bright and strong;
So stood before her maidens the maid without compare:
Higher swelled the courage of many a champion there.

And full of love and beauty stood the child of Siegelind,
As if upon the parchment by master's hand designed:
He gained the prize of beauty from all the knightly train;
They swore that lady never a lovelier mate could gain.

SIEGFRIED AT THE FOUNTAIN.

In gorgeous guise the hero did to the fountain ride:
Down unto his spurs his sword hung by his side;
His weighty spear was broad, of mighty length, and strong;
A horn, of the gold so red, o'er the champion's shoulder hung.

Of fairer hunting garments ne'er heard I say before:
A coat of the black velvet the noble hero wore;
His hat was of the sable, full richly was it dight;
Ho, with what gorgeous belts was hung his quiver bright!

A fleece of the panther wild about the shafts was rolled,
A bow of weight and strength bore the huntsman bold;
No hero on this middle earth, but Sir Siegfried I avow,
Without some engine quaint, could draw the mighty bow.

C. J VON SCHNORR PINX GEBBIE

His garment fair was made of the savage lynx's hide;
With gold the fur was sprinkled richly on every side;
There many a golden leaf glittered right gorgeously,
And shone with brightest splendor round the huntsman bold and free.

And by his side hung Balmung, that sword of mickle might;
When in the field Sir Siegfried struck on the helmets bright,
Not the truest metal the noble blade withstood:
Thus right gloriously rode the huntsman good.

If right I shall arede the champion's hunting guise,
Well was stored his quiver with shafts of wondrous size;
More than a span in breadth were the heads of might and main:
Whom with those arrows sharp he pierced, quickly was he slain.

HAGEN AT THE DANUBE.

HAGEN of Tronek rode before the noble host,
Guiding the Niblung knights, their leader and their boast:
Now from his horse the champion leaped upon the ground;
Full soon unto an oak the courser has he bound.

. . . . .

The ferryman he sought by the river far and wide:
He heard the water bullering closely by his side:
In a fountain fair, sage women he espied,
Their lovely bodies bathing all in the cooling tide.

And when he saw the mermaids, he sped him silently;
But soon they heard his footsteps, and quickly did they hie,
Glad and joyful in their hearts, that they 'scaped the hero's arm:
From the ground he took their garments, did them none other harm.

Up and spake a mermaid, Hildburg was she hight:
"Noble hero Hagen, your fate will I rede aright,
At King Etzel's court what adventures ye shall have,
If back thou give our garments, thou champion bold and brave."

Like birds they flew before him upon the watery flood,
And as they flew the mermaid's form thought him so fair and good,
That he believed full well what of his fate she spoke;
But for the hero's boldness she thought to be awroke.

"Well may ye ride," she said, "to the rich King Etzel's court;
I pledge my head in troth, that in more royal sort
Heroes never were received in countries far and near,
Nor with greater honors; then hie ye without fear."

Glad of their speech was Hagen, right joyous in his heart:
He gave them back their garments, and sped him to depart:
But when their bodies they had dight in that full wondrous guise,
Rightly the journey to the Huns told the women wise.

Then spake the other mermaid, Sighlind was her name
"I will warn thee, son of Aldrian, Hagen, thou knight of fame;
For the garments fair, my sister, loudly did she lie;
Foully must ye all be shent, if to the Huns ye hie.

"Turn thee back, Sir Hagen, back unto the Rhine,
Nor ride ye to the Huns with those bold feres of thine;
Ye are trained unto your death into king Etzel's land:
All who ride to Hungary their death may they not withstand."

Up and spake Sir Hagen,—"Foully dost thou lie:
How might it come to pass, when to the Huns we hie,
That I, and all our champions bold, should to the death be dight?"
The Niblung knights' adventures they told unto the knight.

Lady Hildburg spoke:—"Turn ye back to Burgundy:
None will return from Etzel, of all your knights so free;
None but the chaplain of the king; your cruel fate to tell,
Back to Lady Brunhild comes he safe and well."

Fiercely spake Sir Hagen to that prophetic maid,—
"Never to King Gunther your tidings shall be said,
How he and all his champions must die at Etzel's court.
How may we pass the Danube? ladies sage, report."

"If yet thou wilt not turn back to Burgundy,
Speed ye up the river's edge, where thou a house wilt see;
There dwells a ferryman bold; no other may'st thou find:
But speak him fair and courteously, and bear my saw in mind.

"He will not bring ye over, for savage is his mood,
If angrily ye call him, with wrathful words, and lewd:
Give him the gold and silver, if he guides you o'er the flood:
Ghelfrat of Bavaria serves the champion good.

"If he will not pass the river, call o'er the flood aloud
That your name is Amelrich: he was a hero proud,
Who for wrath and enmity left Bavaria's land:
Soon will he ferry over from the further strand."

Hagen then dissped him from the mermaids wise:
The champion said no more, but bowed in courteous guise:
He hied him down the river, and on the further side
The house of that proud ferryman quickly has he spied.

Loud and oft Sir Hagen shouted o'er the flood:
"Now fetch me over speedily," so spake the hero good:

"A bracelet of the rich red gold will I give thee to thy meed:
To cross the swelling Danube full mickle have I need."

Rich and right proud of mood was that ferryman bold;
Full seldom would he serve for silver or for gold:
His servants and his hinds haughty of mind they were.
Alone the knight of Tronek stood in wrath and care.

With wondrous force he shouted, that, with the dreadful sound,
Up and down the river did the waves and rocks rebound:
"Fetch ye over Sir Amelrich, soon and speedily,
Who left Bavaria's land for wrath and enmity."

A weighty bracelet on his sword the hero held full soon,
That to the sun the gold so red fair and brightly shone:
He bade him bring him over to the noble Ghelfrat's land:
Speedily the ferryman took the rudder in his hand.

O'er the swelling Danube rowed he speedily;
But when his uncle Amelrich in the boat he did not see,
Fearful grew his wrath, to Hagen loud he spake,—
"Leave the boat, thou champion, or thy boldness will I wreak."

Up he heaved the rudder, broad, and of mickle weight,
And on the hero Hagen he struck with main and might;
In the ship he felled him down upon his knee:
Never such fierce ferryman did the knight of Tronek see.

He seized a sturdy oar, right wrathful was his mood;
Upon the glittering helmet he struck the champion good,
That o'er his head he broke the oar with all his might:
But for that blow the ferryman soon to the death was dight.

Up started hero Hagen, unsheathed his trusty blade,
Grasped it strongly in his hand, and off he struck his head.
Loudly did he shout as he threw it on the ground:
Glad were the knights of Burgundy when they heard his voice resound.

HAGEN AND VOLKER THE FIDDLER.

'T was then the hero Hagen across his lap he laid,
Glittering to the sun, a broad and weighty blade;
In the hilt a jasper stone, greener than the grass—
Well knew the Lady Chrimhild that Siegfried's sword it was.

When she beheld sword Balmung, woe and sorrow did she feel:
The hilt was of the precious gold, the blade of shining steel:
It minded her of all her woes: Chrimhild to weep began:
Well, I ween, Sir Hagen in her scorn the sword had drawn.

Volker, knight of courage bold, by his side sat he
A sharp and mighty fiddlestick held the hero free;
Much like a glittering sword it was; sharp, and broad and long:
Fierce, without all fear, sat there the champions strong

. . . . . .

Before the palace door Volker sat him on a stone;
Bolder and more knight-like fiddler ne'er shone the sun upon:
Sweetly from his strings resounded many a lay;
And many thanks the heroes to the knight of fame did say.

At first his tones resounded loudly the hall around;
The champion's strength and art was heard in every sound:
But sweeter lays, and softer, the hero now began,
That gently closed his eyes full many a way-tired man.

DEATH OF GUNTHER, HAGEN, AND CHRIMHILD.

"Then I'll bring it to an end," spake the noble Siegfried's wife;
Grimly she bade her meiny take King Gunther's life.
Off they struck his head; she grasped it by the hair:
To the woful kemp of Tronek the bloody head she bare.

When the sorrowing hero his master's head did see,
Thus to lady Chrimhild spake he wrathfully:
"Thou hast brought it to an end, and quenched thy bloody thirst;
All thy savage murders I prophesied at first.

"The noble king of Burgundy lies weltering in his blood,
With Ghiseler and Volker, Dankwart and Ghernot good.
Where was sunk the Niblung treasure knows none but God and I:
Never, thou fiend-like woman, that treasure shalt thou nigh."

"Foully hast thou spoken," thus she spake with eager word;
"But still I hold in my right hand Balmung, that noble sword,
That bore my Siegfried dear, when by your treacherous deed
Basely he was murdered; nor shall you the better speed.

From out the sheath she drew that blade so good and true,
She meant the noble champion with his life the deed should rue:
Up she heaved the falchion, and off she struck his head:
Loudly mourned King Etzel, when he saw the hero dead.

He wept and mourned aloud: "O, woe! by woman's hand
Lies low the boldest champion, the noblest in the land,
Who ever shield and trusty sword to the bloody combat bore!
Though he was my fiercest foe, I shall mourn him ever more!

Up and spake old Hildebrand,—"Thus she shall not speed;
She has dared to strike the champion dead, and it's I will 'quite the deed:
Full oft he wrought me wrong, oft I felt his direful wrath;
But bloody vengeance will I have for the noble hero's death."

Wrathfully Sir Hildebrand to Queen Chrimhild he hied:
Grimly he struck his falchion all through the lady's side:
In sooth she stood aghast, when she viewed the hero's blade:
What might her cries avail her? On the ground the queen fell dead.

There bled full many a champion, slaughtered on that day;
Among them Lady Chrimhild, cut in pieces lay.
Dietrich and King Etzel began to weep and mourn
For their kemps and for their kindred who there their lives had lorn.

Men of strength and honor weltering lay that morrow:
All the knights and vassals had mickle pain and sorrow
King Etzel's merry feast was done, but with mourning did it end:
Thus evermore does Love with pain and sorrow send.

What sithence there befell I cannot sing or say,—
Heathens bold and Christians full sorely wept that day,
With many a swain and lady, and many maidens young,—
Here ends the tale adventurous, hight the Niblung song.

MY FATHERLAND.

[Karl Theodor Körner, a distinguished German patriot and poet, born at Dresden 1791, killed in battle 1813. His life was devoted to rousing his countrymen against the tremendous despotism of Napoleon, and he died with heroic valour in his twenty-second year, his countrymen taking up his inspiring war-songs, and singing them for years with the utmost enthusiasm. Körner's poems were collected under the title of "*Lyre and Sword*;" the famous sword-song, and the one given below are among his best.

Where is the minstrel's fatherland?—
Where noble spirits beam in light;
Where love-wreaths bloom for beauty bright;
Where noble minds enraptured dream
Of every high and hallowed theme:
This *was* the minstrel's fatherland!

How name ye the minstrel's fatherland?—
Now o'er the corses of children slain
She weeps a foreign tyrant's reign;
She once was the land of the good oak-tree,
The German land, the land of the free:
So named we once my fatherland!

Why weeps the minstrel's fatherland?—
She weeps, that, for a tyrant, still,
Her princes check their people's will;
That her sacred words unheeded fly,
And that none will list her vengeful cry:
Therefore weeps my fatherland!

Whom calls the minstrel's fatherland?—
She calls upon the God of heaven,
In a voice which Vengeance' self hath given;
She calls on a free, devoted band;
She calls for an avenging hand:
Thus calls the minstrel's fatherland!

What will she do, thy fatherland?—
She will drive her tyrant foes away;
She will scare the bloodhound from his prey;
She will bear her son no more a slave,
Or will yield him at least a freeman's grave:
This will she do, my fatherland!

And what are the hopes of thy fatherland?—
She hopes, at length, for a glorious prize;
She hopes her people will arise;
She hopes in the great award of Heaven;
And she sees, at length, an avenger given:
And these are the hopes of my fatherland!

CHARLES EDWARD STUART, THE YOUNG PRETENDER.

[Philip Henry Stanhope (formerly known as Lord Mahon, from his family name) an English historian, was born Jan. 31, 1805, died Dec. 24, 1875. Educated at Oxford, he served twenty years in Parliament, was in Peel's cabinet in 1834 and 1845, and received high honors from the learned societies of Europe. His best works are "*History of England from* 1713 *to* 1783," 7 vols. "*Life of William Pitt*," 4 vols. (1861), and "*History of England under Queen Anne*," (1870.) Earl Stanhope is a vigorous and careful historical writer.]

Charles Edward Stuart is one of those characters that cannot be portrayed at a single sketch, but have so greatly altered, as to require a new delineation at different periods. View him in his later years, and we behold the ruins of intemperance—as wasted but not as venerable as those of time; we find him in his anticipated age a besotted drunkard, a peevish husband, a

tyrannical master—his understanding debased, and his temper soured. But not such was the Charles Stuart of 1745. Not such was the gallant Prince full of youth, of hope, of courage, who, landing with seven men in the wilds of Moidart, could rally a kingdom round his banner, and scatter his foes before him at Preston and at Falkirk. Not such was the gay and courtly host of Holyrood. Not such was he, whose endurance of fatigue and eagerness for battle shone pre-eminent, even amongst Highland chiefs; while fairer critics proclaimed him the most winning in conversation, the most graceful in the dance! Can we think lowly of one who could acquire such unbounded popularity in so few months, and over so noble a nation as the Scots; who could so deeply stamp his image on their hearts that, even thirty or forty years after his departure, his name, as we are told, always awakened the most ardent praises from all who had known him—the most rugged hearts were seen to melt at his remembrance—and tears to steal down the furrowed cheeks of the veteran? Let us, then, without denying the faults of his character, or extenuating the degradation of his age, do justice to the lustre of his manhood.

The person of Charles—I begin with this for the sake of female readers—was tall and well formed; his limbs athletic and active. He excelled in all manly exercises, and was inured to every kind of toil, especially long marches on foot, having applied himself to field sports in Italy, and become an excellent walker. His face was strikingly handsome, of a perfect oval and a fair complexion; his eyes light-blue; his features high and noble. Contrary to the custom of the time, which prescribed perukes, his own fair hair usually fell in long ringlets on his neck. This goodly person was enhanced by his graceful manners; frequently condescending to the most familiar kindness, yet always shielded by a regal dignity, he had a peculiar talent to please and to persuade, and never failed to adapt his conversation to the taste or to the station of those whom he addressed. Yet he owed nothing to his education: it had been intrusted to Sir Thomas Sheridan, an Irish Roman Catholic, who has not escaped the suspicion of being in the pay of the British government, and at their instigation betraying his duty as a teacher. I am bound to say, that I have found no corroboration of so foul a charge. Sheridan appears to me to have lived and died a man of honour; but history can only acquit him of base perfidy by accusing him of gross neglect. He had certainly left his pupil uninstructed in the most common elements of knowledge. Charles's letters, which I have seen amongst the Stuart Papers, are written in a large, rude, rambling hand like a school-boy's. In spelling, they are still more deficient. With him 'humour,' for example, becomes UMER; the weapon he knew so well how to wield, is a SORD; and even his own father's name appears under the *alias* of GEMS. Nor are these errors confined to a single language; who—to give another instance from his French—would recognise a hunting-knife in COOTO DE CHAS? I can, therefore, readily believe that, as Dr. King assures us, he knew very little of the history or constitution of England. But the letters of Charles, while they prove his want of education, no less clearly display his natural powers, great energy of character, and great warmth of heart. Writing confidentially, just before he sailed for Scotland, he says: 'I made my devotions on Pentecost Day, recommending myself particularly to the Almighty on this occasion to guide and direct me, and to continue to me always the same sentiments, which are, rather to suffer anything than fail in any of my duties.' His young brother, Henry of York, is mentioned with the utmost tenderness; and though on his return from Scotland, he conceived that he had reason to complain of Henry's coldness and reserve, the fault is lightly touched upon, and Charles observes that, whatever may be his brother's want of kindness, it shall never diminish his own. To his father, his tone is both affectionate and dutiful: he frequently acknowledges his goodness; and when, at the outset of his great enterprise of 1745, he entreats a blessing from the pope, surely the sternest Romanist might forgive him for adding, that he shall think a blessing from his parent more precious and more holy still. As to his friends and partisans, Prince Charles has been often accused of not being sufficiently moved by their sufferings, or grateful for their services. Bred up amidst monks and bigots, who seemed far less afraid of his remaining excluded from power, than that on gaining he should use it liberally, he had been taught the highest notions of prerogative and hereditary right. From thence he might infer, that those who served him in Scotland did

no more than their duty; were merely fulfilling a plain social obligation; and were not, therefore, entitled to any very especial praise and admiration. Yet, on the other hand, we must remember how prone are all exiles to exaggerate their own desert, to think no rewards sufficient for it, and to complain of neglect even where none really exists; and moreover that, in point of fact, many passages from Charles's most familiar correspondence might be adduced to shew a watchful and affectionate care for his adherents. As a very young man, he determined that he would sooner submit to personal privation than embarrass his friends by contracting debts. On returning from Scotland, he told the French minister, D'Argenson, that he would never ask anything for himself, but was ready to go down on his knees to obtain favours for his brother-exiles. Once, after lamenting some divisions and misconduct amongst his servants, he declares that, nevertheless, an honest man is so highly to be prized that, "unless your majesty orders me, I should part with them with a sore heart." Nay, more, as it appears to me, this warm feeling of Charles for his unfortunate friends survived almost alone, when, in his decline of life, nearly every other noble quality had been dimmed and defaced from his mind. In 1783, Mr. Greathead, a personal friend of Mr. Fox, succeeded in obtaining an interview with him at Rome. Being alone with him for some time, the English traveller studiously led the conversation to his enterprise in Scotland. The Prince shewed some reluctance to enter upon the subject, and seemed to suffer much pain at the remembrance; but Mr. Greathead, with more of curiosity than of discretion, still persevered. At length, then, the Prince appeared to shake off the load which oppressed him; his eye brightened, his face assumed unwonted animation; and he began the narrative of his Scottish campaigns with a vehement energy of manner, recounting his marches, his battles, his victories, and his defeat; his hairbreadth escapes, and the inviolable and devoted attachment of his Highland followers, and at length proceeding to the dreadful penalties which so many of them had subsequently undergone. But the recital of their sufferings appeared to wound him far more deeply than his own; then, and not till then, his fortitude forsook him, his voice faltered, his eye became fixed, and he fell to the floor in convulsions. At the noise, in rushed the Duchess of Albany, his illegitimate daughter, who happened to be in the next apartment. "Sir," she exclaimed to Mr. Greathead, "what is this? You must have been speaking to my father about Scotland and the Highlanders? No one dares to mention these subjects in his presence."

Once more, however, let me turn from the last gleams of the expiring flame to the hours of its meridian brightness. In estimating the abilities of Prince Charles, I may first observe that they stood in most direct contrast to his father's. Each excelled in what the other wanted. No man could express himself with more clearness and elegance than James; it has been said of him that he wrote better than any of those whom he employed; but, on the other hand, his conduct was always deficient in energy and enterprise. Charles, as we have seen, was no penman; while in action—in doing what deserves to be written, and not in merely writing what deserves to be read—he stood far superior. He had some little experience of war—having, when very young, joined the Spanish army at the siege of Gaeta, and distinguished himself on that occasion—and he loved it as the birthright both of a Sobieski and a Stuart. His quick intelligence, his promptness of decision, and his contempt of danger, are recorded on unquestionable testimony. His talents as a leader probably never rose above the common level; yet, in some cases in Scotland, where he and his more practised officers differed in opinion, it will, I think, appear that they were wrong and he was right. No knight of the olden time could have a loftier sense of honour; indeed he pushed it to such wild extremes, that it often led him into error and misfortune. Thus he lost the battle of Culloden in a great measure because he disdained to take advantage of the ground, and deemed it more chivalrous to meet the enemy on equal terms. Thus, also, his wilful and froward conduct at the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle proceeded from a false point of honour, which he thought involved in it. At other times, again, this generous spirit may deserve unmingled praise: he could never be persuaded or provoked into adopting any harsh measures of retaliation; his extreme lenity to his prisoners, even to such as had attempted his life, was, it seems, a common matter of complaint among his troops; and even when encouragement had been given to his

assassination, and a price put upon his head, he continued most earnestly to urge, that in no possible case should 'the Elector,' as he called his rival, suffer any personal injury or insult. This anxiety was always present in his mind. Mr. Forsyth, a gentleman whose description of Italy is far the best that has appeared, and whose scrupulous accuracy and superior means of information will be acknowledged by all travellers, relates how, only a few years after the Scottish expedition, Charles, relying on the faith of a single adherent, set out for London in an humble disguise, and under the name of Smith. On arriving there, he was introduced at midnight into a room full of conspirators whom he had never previously seen. "Here," said his conductor, "is the person you want," and left him locked up in the mysterious assembly. These were men who imagined themselves equal, at that time, to treat with him for the throne of England. "Dispose of me, gentlemen, as you please," said Charles; "my life is in your power, and I therefore can stipulate for nothing. Yet give me, I entreat, one solemn promise, that if your design should succeed, the present family shall be sent safely and honourably home."

Another quality of Charles's mind was great firmness of resolution, which pride and sorrow afterwards hardened into sullen obstinacy. He was likewise at all times prone to gusts and sallies of anger, when his language became the more peremptory, from a haughty consciousness of his adversities. I have found among his papers a note without direction, but no doubt intended for some tardy officer. It contained only these words: "I order you to execute my orders, or else never to come back." Such harshness might, probably, turn a wavering adherent to the latter alternative. Thus, also, his public expressions of resentment against the court of France, at different periods were certainly far more just than politic. There seemed always swelling at his heart a proud determination that no man should dare to use him the worse for his evil fortune, and that he should sacrifice anything or everything sooner than his dignity.

This is a portrait of Charles Edward as he appeared in his prime. In a subsequent volume, Lord Stanhope gives a sketch of him in his later years, part of which we subjoin:

An English lady who was at Rome in 1770 observes: "The Pretender is naturally above the middle size, but stoops excessively; he appears bloated and red in the face; his countenance heavy and sleepy, which is attributed to his having given into excess of drinking; but, when a young man, he must have been esteemed handsome. His complexion is of the fair tint, his eyes blue, his hair light-brown, and the contour of his face a long oval; he is by no means thin, has a noble person, and a graceful manner. His dress was scarlet, laced with broad gold-lace; he wears the blue riband outside of his coat, from which depends a cameo antique, as large as the palm of my hand; and he wears the same garter and motto as those of the noble Order of St. George in England. Upon the whole, he has a melancholy, mortified appearance. Two gentlemen constantly attend him; they are of Irish extraction, and Roman Catholics you may be sure. At Princess Palestrina's he asked me if I understood the game of *tarrochi*, which they were about to play at. I answered in the negative: upon which, taking the pack in his hands, he desired to know if I had ever seen such odd cards. I replied that they were very odd indeed. He then, displaying them, said: 'Here is everything in the world to be found in these cards —the sun, moon, the stars; and here,' says he, throwing me a card, 'is the pope; here is the devil; and,' added he, 'there is but one of the trio wanting, and you know who that should be!' [The Pretender.] I was so amazed, so astonished, though he spoke this last in a laughing, good-humoured manner, that I did not know which way to look; and as to a reply, I made none."

In his youth, Charles, as we have seen, had formed the resolution of marrying only a Protestant princess: however, he remained single during the greater part of his career; and when, in 1754, he was urged by his father to take a wife, he replied: "The unworthy behaviour of certain ministers, the 10th of December, 1748, has put it out of my power to settle anywhere without honour or interest being at stake; and were it even possible for me to find a place of abode, I think our family have had sufferings enough, which will always hinder me to marry, so long as in misfortune, for that would only conduce to increase misery, or subject any of the family that should have the spirit of their father to be tied neck and heel, rather than yield to a vile ministry." Nevertheless, in 1772, at the age of fifty-two, Charles

espoused a Roman Catholic, and a girl of twenty, Princess Louisa of Stolberg. This union proved as unhappy as it was ill assorted. Charles treated his young wife with very little kindness. He appears, in fact, to have contracted a disparaging opinion of her sex in general; and I have found, in a paper of his writing about that period: 'As for men, I have studied them closely; and were I to live till fourscore, I could scarcely know them better than now; but as for women, I have thought it useless, they being so much more wicked and impenétrable.' Ungenerous and ungrateful words! Surely, as he wrote them, the image of Flora Macdonald should have risen in his heart and restrained his pen!

THE BRIEFLESS BARRISTER.

[JOHN G. SAXE, born in Vermont, 1816, is most notable as a writer of humorous poetry. Educated at Middlebury College, he became lawyer, editor, and Vermont State Attorney, finally devoting himself to literature and to public lectures. Saxe has written five or six volumes of poems, mostly humorous, which have been received with such favour, as to have called for about forty editions, American and English. He died in 1887.]

An attorney was taking a turn,
In shabby habiliments drest;
His coat it was shockingly worn,
And the rust had invested his vest;

His breeches had suffered a rent,
His linen and worsted were worse,
He had scarce a whole crown in his hat,
And not half-a-crown in his purse.

And thus as he wandered along,
A cheerless and comfortless elf,
He sought for relief in a song,
Or complainingly talked to himself:

"Unfortunate man that I am!
I've never a client but grief;
The case is, I've no case at all,
And in brief, I have never a brief!

"I've waited, and waited in vain,
Expecting an opening to find,
Where an honest young lawyer might gain
Some reward for the toil of his mind.

"'Tis not that I'm wanting in law,
Or lack an intelligent face,
That others have cases to plead,
While I have to plead for a case!

"Oh! how can a modest young man
E'er hope for the smallest progression,
The profession's already so full
Of lawyers so full of profession!"

While thus he was strolling around,
His eye accidentally fell
On a very deep hole in the ground,
And he sighed to himself, "It is well!"

To curb his emotion he sat
On the kerb-stone the space of a minute;
Then cried, "Here's an opening at last!"
And in less than a jiffy was in it.

Next morning twelve citizens came
('Twas the coroner bade them attend),
To the end it might be determined
How the man had determined his end.

"The man was a lawyer, I hear!"
Quoth the foreman who sat on the corse;
"A lawyer? alas!" said another,
"He undoubtedly died of remorse."

A third said "He knew the deceased,
An attorney well versed in the laws;
And as to the cause of his death,
'Twas no doubt from the want of a cause!"

The jury decided at length,
After solemnly weighing the matter,
"That the lawyer was drowned because
He could not keep his head above water."

CROMWELL'S EXPULSION OF THE PARLIAMENT IN 1653.

[DR. JOHN LINGARD, an English historian, born 1771, died 1851, became a Roman Catholic priest in 1795, published "*The History of England*," eight volumes 1819–25, a work of great ability and research, and some minor works.]

At length Cromwell fixed on his plan to procure the dissolution of the parliament, and to vest for a time the sovereign authority in a council of forty persons, with himself at their head. It was his wish to effect this quietly by the votes of the parliament—his resolution to effect it by open force, if such

votes were refused. Several meetings were held by the officers and members at the lodgings of the Lord-general in Whitehall. St. John and a few others gave their assent; the rest, under the guidance of Whitelock and Widrington, declared that the dissolution would be dangerous, and the establishment of the proposed council unwarrantable. In the meantime the House resumed the consideration of the new representative body; and several qualifications were voted, to all of which the officers raised objections, but chiefly to the "admission of members," a project to strengthen the government by the introduction of the Presbyterian interest. "Never," said Cromwell, "shall any of that judgment who have deserted the good cause be admitted to power." On the last meeting, held on the 19th of April, all these points were long and warmly debated. Some of the officers declared that the parliament must be dissolved "one way or other;" but the general checked their indiscretion and precipitancy, and the assembly broke up at midnight, with an understanding that the leading men on each side should resume the subject in the morning.

At an early hour the conference was recommenced, and, after a short time, interrupted, in consequence of the receipt of a notice by the general, that it was the intention of the House to comply with the desires of the army. This was a mistake; the opposite party had indeed resolved to pass a bill of dissolution; not, however, the bill proposed by the officers, but their own bill, containing all the obnoxious provisions, and to pass it that very morning, that it might obtain the force of law before their adversaries could have time to appeal to the power of the sword. While Harrison "most strictly and humbly" conjured them to pause before they took so important a step, Ingoldsby hastened to inform the Lord-general at Whitehall. His resolution was immediately formed, and a company of musketeers received orders to accompany him to the House. At this eventful moment, big with the most important consequences both to himself and his country, whatever were the workings of Cromwell's mind, he had the art to conceal them from the eyes of the beholders. Leaving the military in the lobby, he entered the House and composedly seated himself on one of the outer benches. His dress was a plain suit of black cloth, with gray worsted stockings. For a while he seemed to listen with interest to the debate; but when the Speaker was going to put the question, he whispered to Harrison, "This is the time; I must do it;" and rising, put off his hat to address the House. At first his language was decorous, and even laudatory. Gradually he became more warm and animated; at last he assumed all the vehemence of passion, and indulged in personal vituperation. He charged the members with self-seeking and profaneness, with the frequent denial of justice, and numerous acts of oppression; with idolizing the lawyers, the constant advocates of tyranny; with neglecting the men who had bled for them in the field, that they might gain the Presbyterians who had apostatized from the cause; and with doing all this in order to perpetuate their own power and to replenish their own purses. But their time was come; the Lord had disowned them; He had chosen more worthy instruments to perform His work. Here the orator was interrupted by Sir Peter Wentworth, who declared that he had never heard language so unparliamentary—language, too, the more offensive, because it was addressed to them by their own servant, whom they had too fondly cherished, and whom, by their unprecedented bounty, they had made what he was. At these words Cromwell put on his hat, and, springing from his place, exclaimed: "Come, come, sir, I will put an end to your prating." For a few seconds, apparently in the most violent agitation, he paced forward and backward, and then, stamping on the floor, added: "You are no parliament; I say you are no parliament; bring them in, bring them in." Instantly the door opened, and Colonel Worsley entered, followed by more than twenty musketeers. "This," cried Sir Henry Vane, "is not honest; it is against morality and common honesty." "Sir Henry Vane," replied Cromwell, "O, Sir Henry Vane! The Lord deliver me from Sir Henry Vane! He might have prevented this. But he is a juggler, and has not honesty himself!" From Vane he directed his discourse to Whitelock, on whom he poured a torrent of abuse; then pointing to Chaloner, "There," he cried, "sits a drunkard;" next to Marten and Wentworth, "There are two whoremasters;" and afterwards selecting different members in succession, described them as dishonest and corrupt livers, a shame and scandal to the profession of the gospel. Suddenly, however, checking himself, he turned to the guard and ordered them to clear the House.

At these words Colonel Harrison took the Speaker by the hand and led him from the chair; Algernon Sidney was next compelled to quit his seat; and the other members, eighty in number, on the approach of the military, rose and moved towards the door. Cromwell now resumed his discourse. "It is you," he exclaimed, "that have forced me to do this. I have sought the Lord both day and night that He would rather slay me than put me on the doing of this work." Alderman Allan took advantage of these words to observe that it was not yet too late to undo what had been done; but Cromwell instantly charged him with peculation, and gave him into custody. When all were gone, fixing his eye on the mace, "What," said he, "shall we do with this fool's bauble? Here, carry it away." Then, taking the act of dissolution from the clerk, he ordered the doors to be locked, and, accompanied by the military, returned to Whitehall.

That afternoon the members of the council assembled in their usual place of meeting. Bradshaw had just taken the chair, when the Lord-general entered and told them that if they were there as private individuals they were welcome; but if as the Council of State, they must know that the parliament was dissolved, and with it also the council. "Sir," replied Bradshaw, with the spirit of an ancient Roman, "we have heard what you did at the House this morning, and before many hours all England will know it. But, sir, you are mistaken to think that the parliament is dissolved. No power under heaven can dissolve them but themselves. therefore, take you notice of that." After this protest they withdrew. Thus, by the parricidal hands of its own children, perished the Long Parliament, which, under a variety of forms, had, for more than twelve years, defended and invaded the liberties of the nation. It fell without a struggle or a groan, unpitied and unregretted. The members slunk away to their homes, where they sought by submission to purchase the forbearance of their new master; and their partisans, if partisans they had, reserved themselves in silence for a day of retribution. The royalists congratulated each other on an event which they deemed a preparatory step to the restoration of the king; the army and navy, in numerous addresses, declared that they would live and die, stand and fall, with the Lord-general; and in every part of the country the congregations of the saints magnified the arm of the Lord, which had broken the mighty, that in lieu of the sway of mortal men, the fifth monarchy, the reign of Christ might be established on earth.

It would, however, be unjust to the memory of those who exercised the supreme power after the death of the king, not to acknowledge that there existed among them men capable of wielding with energy the destinies of a great empire. They governed only four years; yet, under their auspices, the conquests of Ireland and Scotland were achieved, and a navy was created, the rival of that of Holland, and the terror of the rest of Europe. But there existed an essential error in their form of government. Deliberative assemblies are always slow in their proceedings; yet the pleasure of parliament, as the supreme power, was to be taken on every subject connected with the foreign relations or the internal administration of the country; and hence it happened that, among the immense variety of questions which came before it, those commanded immediate attention which were of immediate necessity; while the others, though often of the highest importance to the national welfare, were first postponed, then neglected, and ultimately forgotten. To this habit of procrastination was perhaps owing the extinction of its authority. It disappointed the hopes of the country, and supplied Cromwell with the most plausible arguments in defence of his conduct.

SPEECH OF CHATHAM AGAINST THE EMPLOYMENT OF INDIANS IN THE WAR WITH AMERICA.

[William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, a brilliant English statesman, (1708–1778), entered Parliament at the age of twenty-seven, where he opposed the Walpole government. In 1755, he became the head of the Cabinet, vigorously administering the government through the French war. Chatham was the most eloquent and powerful opponent of the measures for subjugating the American colonies in 1775–78, and in this cause made some of his noblest speeches. His magnetic eloquence joined to his magnificent presence, rendered him one of the most influential men that ever sat in Parliament. His speeches, however, have been but imperfectly preserved.]

I cannot, my lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace.

This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment; it is not a time for adulation; the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelop it, and display, in its full danger and genuine colours, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can parliament be so dead to their dignity and duty, as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them; measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt? But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world: now, none so poor to do her reverence! The people whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against you, supplied with every military store, have their interest consulted, and their ambassadors entertained, by your inveterate enemy; and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honours the English troops than I do; I know their virtues and their valour; I know they can achieve anything but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You cannot, my lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot; your attempts will be for ever vain and impotent —doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms: Never, never, never! But, my lords, who is the man that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage; to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman inhabitants of the woods; to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. But, my lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; "for it is perfectly allowable," says Lord Suffolk, "to use all the means which God and nature have put into our hands." I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this house or in this country. My lords, I did not intend to encroach so much on your attention; but I cannot repress my indignation—I feel myself impelled to speak. My lords, we are called upon as members of this house, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity! That God and nature have put into our hands! What ideas of God and nature that noble lord may entertain, I know not; but I know that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife! to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honour. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend, and this most learned bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country to vindicate the national character. I invoke the Genius of the Constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain did he defend the liberty and establish the religion of Britain against the tyranny of Rome, if these worse than popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are endured among us. To send forth the merciless cannibal, thirsting for blood! against whom? your Protes-

tant brethren! to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name by the aid and instrumentality of these horrible hell-hounds of war! Spain can no longer boast pre-eminence in barbarity. She armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico; we, more ruthless, loose these dogs of war against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that can sanctify humanity. I solemnly call upon your lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this infamous procedure the indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. More particularly I call upon the holy prelates of our religion to do away this iniquity; let them perform a lustration, to purify the country from this deep and deadly sin. My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor even reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving vent to my eternal abhorrence of such enormous and preposterous principles.

The last public appearance and death of Lord Chatham are thus described by William Belsham (1753–1827), essayist and historian, in his *History of Great Britain:*

The mind feels interested in the minutest circumstances relating to the last day of the public life of this renowned statesman and patriot. He was dressed in a rich suit of black velvet, with a full wig, and covered up to the knees in flannel. On his arrival in the house, he refreshed himself in the lord chancellor's room, where he stayed till prayers were over, and till he was informed that business was going to begin. He was then led into the house by his son and son-in-law, Mr. William Pitt and Lord Viscount Mahon, all the lords standing up out of respect, and making a lane for him to pass to the earl's bench, he bowing very gracefully to them as he proceeded. He looked pale and much emaciated, but his eye retained all its native fire; which, joined to his general deportment, and the attention of the house, formed a spectacle very striking and impressive.

When the Duke of Richmond had sat down, Lord Chatham rose, and began by lamenting "that his bodily infirmities had so long and at so important a crisis prevented his attendance on the duties of parliament. He declared that he had made an effort almost beyond the powers of his constitution to come down to the house on this day, perhaps the last time he should ever be able to enter its walls, to express the indignation he felt at the idea which he understood was gone forth of yielding up the sovereignty of America. 'My lords', continued he, 'I rejoice that the grave has not closed upon me, that I am still alive to lift up my voice against the dismemberment of this ancient and noble monarchy. Pressed down as I am by the load of infirmity, I am little able to assist my country in this most perilous conjuncture; but, my lords, while I have sense and memory, I never will consent to tarnish the lustre of this nation by an ignominious surrender of its rights and fairest possessions. Shall a people so lately the terror of the world, now fall prostrate before the house of Bourbon? It is impossible! In God's name, if it is absolutely necessary to declare either for peace or war, and if peace cannot be preserved with honour, why is not war commenced without hesitation? I am not, I confess, well informed of the resources of this kingdom, but I trust it has still sufficient to maintain its just rights, though I know them not. Any state, my lords, is better than despair. Let us at least make one effort, and if we must fall, let us fall like men.'"

The Duke of Richmond, in reply, declared himself to be "totally ignorant of the means by which we were to resist with success the combination of America with the house of Bourbon. He urged the noble lord to point out any possible mode, if he were able to do it, of making the Americans renounce that independence of which they were in possession. His Grace added, that if he could not, no man could; and that it was not in his power to change his opinion on the noble lord's authority, unsupported by any reasons but a recital of the calamities arising from a state of things not in the power of this country now to alter."

Lord Chatham, who had appeared greatly moved during the reply, made an eager effort to rise at the conclusion of it, as if labouring with some great idea, and impatient to give full scope to his feelings; but before he could utter a word, pressing his hand on his bosom, he fell down suddenly in a convulsive fit. The Duke of Cumberland, Lord Temple, and other lords near him, caught him in their arms. The house was immediately cleared; and his lordship being carried into an adjoining apartment,

the debate was adjourned. Medical assistance being obtained, his lordship in some degree recovered, and was conveyed to his favourite villa of Hayes, in Kent, where, after lingering some few weeks, he expired, May 11, 1778, in the seventieth year of his age.

Grattan, the Irish orator (1750–1820) has drawn the character of Lord Chatham with felicity and vigour of style. The glittering point and antithesis of the sketch are united to great originality and force:

Character of Lord Chatham by Grattan.

The secretary stood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind overawed majesty; and one of his sovereigns thought royalty so impaired in his presence, that he conspired to remove him, in order to be relieved from his superiority. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, sunk him to the vulgar level of the great; but, overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame. Without dividing, he destroyed party; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. France sunk beneath him. With one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite: and his schemes were to affect, not England, not the present age only, but Europe and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished; always seasonable, always adequate, the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardour and enlightened by prophecy.

The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indolent were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties, no domestic weakness, reached him; but aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system to counsel and to decide.

A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age, and the treasury trembled at the name of Pitt through all the classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his victories; but the history of his country, and the calamities of the enemy, answered and refuted her. Nor were his political abilities his only talents: his eloquence was an era in the senate, peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instinctive wisdom; not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully; it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres. Like Murray, he did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtlety of argumentation; nor was he, like Townsend, for ever on the rack of exertion; but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of the mind, which, like those of his eye, were felt, but could not be followed. Upon the whole, there was in this man something that should create, subvert, or reform; an understanding, a spirit, an eloquence to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wilderness of free minds with unbounded authority, something that could establish or overwhelm empire, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through the universe.

HENRY GRATTAN.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

[JARED SPARKS, LL. D., an industrious historical writer and compiler, born in Connecticut 1789, died at Cambridge, Mass., 1866. Educated to the pulpit, Mr. Sparks became a Unitarian preacher at Baltimore in 1819, chaplain in Congress, 1831, editor of the *North American Review* during about seven years, and published two series known as "*Sparks's American Biography*," (25 vols., 1834–48,) by various writers, including himself. He edited the writings of Washington with a Life (12 vols., 1834–37,) the "*Works of Franklin*" (10 vols., 1836–40,) several series of the Diplomatic Correspondence of the United States, and wrote a "*Life of Gouverneur Morris*" (3 vols.) Dr. Sparks was professor of history at Harvard ten years, and President of the college from 1849 to 1853].

The causes of the revolution, so fertile a theme of speculation, are less definite than have been imagined. The whole series of colonial events was a continued and accumulating cause. The spirit was kindled in England; it went with Robinson's congregation to Holland; it landed with them at Plymouth; it was the basis of the first constitution of these sage and self-taught legislators; it never left them nor their descendants. It extended to the other colonies,

where it met with a kindred impulse, was nourished in every breast, and became rooted in the feelings of the whole people.

The revolution was a change of forms, but not of substance; the breaking of a tie, but not the creation of a principle; the establishment of an independent nation, but not the origin of its intrinsic political capacities. The foundations of society, although unsettled for the moment, were not essentially disturbed; its pillars were shaken, but never overthrown. The convulsions of war subsided, and the people found themselves, in their local relations and customs, their immediate privileges and enjoyments, just where they had been at the beginning. The new forms transferred the supreme authority from the King and Parliament of Great Britain to the hands of the people. This was a gain, but not a renovation; a security against future encroachments, but not an exemption from any old duty, nor an imposition of any new one, farther than that of being at the trouble to govern themselves.

Hence the latent cause of what has been called a revolution was the fact, that the political spirit and habits in America had waxed into a shape so different from those in England, that it was no longer convenient to regulate them by the same forms. In words, the people had grown to be kings, and chose to exercise their sovereign prerogatives in their own way. Time alone would have effected the end, probably without so violent an explosion, had it not been hastened by particular events, which may be denominated the proximate causes.

These took their rise at the close of the French war, twelve years before the actual contest began. Relieved from future apprehensions of the French power on the frontiers, the colonists now had leisure to think of themselves, of their political affairs, their numbers, their united strength. At this juncture, the most inauspicious possible for the object in view, the precious device of taxing the colonies was resorted to by the British ministry, which, indeed, had been for some time a secret scheme in the cabinet, and had been recommended by the same sagacious governor of Virginia, who found the people in such a republican way of acting, that he could not manage them to his purpose.

The fruit of this policy was the Stamp Act, which has been considered a primary cause; and it was so, in the same sense that a torch is the cause of a conflagration, kindling the flame, but not creating the combustible materials. Effects then became causes, and the triumphant opposition to this tax was the cause of its being renewed on tea and other articles, not so much it was avowed, for the amount of revenue it would yield, as to vindicate the principle, that Parliament had a right to tax the colonies. The people resisted the act, and destroyed the tea, to show that they likewise had a principle, for which they felt an equal concern.

By these experiments on their patience, and these struggles to oppose them, their confidence was increased, as the tree gains strength at its root, by the repeated blasts of the tempest against its branches. From this time a mixture of causes was at work; the pride of power, the disgrace of defeat, the arrogance of office, on the one hand; a sense of wrong, indignant feeling, an enthusiasm for liberty on the other. These were secondary, having slight connection with the first springs of the Revolution, or the pervading force by which it was kept up, although important filaments in the network of history.

The acts of the Revolution derive dignity and interest from the character of the actors, and the nature and magnitude of the events. It has been remarked, that in all great political revolutions, men have arisen, possessed of extraordinary endowments, adequate to the exigency of the time. It is true enough, that such revolutions, or any remarkable and continued exertions of human power, must be brought to pass by corresponding qualities in the agents; but whether the occasion makes the men, or men the occasion, may not always be ascertained with exactness. In either case, however, no period has been adorned with examples more illustrious, or more perfectly adapted to the high destiny awaiting them, than that of the American Revolution.

Statesmen were at hand, who, if not skilled in the art of governing empires, were thoroughly imbued with the principles of just government, intimately acquainted with the history of former ages, and, above all, with the condition, sentiments and feelings of their countrymen. If there were no Richelieus nor Mazarins, no Cecils nor Chathams, in America, there were men, who, like Themistocles, knew how to raise a small state to glory and greatness.

The eloquence and the internal counsels

of the Old Congress were never recorded; we know them only in their results; but that assembly, with no other power than that conferred by the suffrage of the people, with no other influence than that of their public virtue and talents, and without precedent to guide their deliberations, unsupported even by the arm of law or of ancient usages—that assembly levied troops, imposed taxes, and for years not only retained the confidence and upheld the civil existence of a distracted country, but carried through a perilous war under its most aggravating burdens of sacrifice and suffering. Can we imagine a situation, in which were required higher moral courage, more intelligence and talent, a deeper insight into human nature and the principles of social and political organizations, or, indeed, any of those qualities which constitute greatness of character in a statesman? See, likewise, that work of wonder, the Confederation, a union of independent states, constructed in the very heart of a desolating war, but with a beauty and strength, imperfect as it was, of which the ancient leagues of the Amphictyons, the Achæans, the Lycians, and the modern confederacies of Germany, Holland, Switzerland, afford neither exemplar nor parallel.

In their foreign affairs these same statesmen showed no less sagacity and skill, taking their stand boldly in the rank of nations, maintaining it there, competing with the tactics of practised diplomacy, and extorting from the powers of the world not only the homage of respect, but the proffers of friendship.

The American armies, compared with the embattled legions of the old world, were small in numbers, but the soul of a whole people centred in the bosom of these more than Spartan bands, and vibrated quickly and keenly with every incident that befell them, whether in their feats of valour, or the acuteness of their sufferings. The country itself was one wide battle-field, in which not merely the life-blood, but the dearest interests, the sustaining hopes, of every individual, were at stake. It was not a war of pride and ambition between monarchs, in which an island or a province might be the award of success; it was a contest for personal liberty and civil rights, coming down in its principles to the very sanctuary of home and the fireside, and determining for every man the measure of responsibility he should hold over his own condition, possessions, and happiness. The spectacle was grand and new, and may well be cited as the most glowing page in the annals of progressive man.

NOONDAY CELEBRATED.

[Juan Melendez Valdes, a Spanish poet of much grace and power, was born at Ribera, in 1754, died at Montpellier, in 1817. He wrote a pastoral comedy, was appointed professor in Saragossa, and in 1785 established his reputation by the publication of his "*Poesias Lyricas.*"]

NOON.

The Sun, 'midst shining glory now concealed
Upon heaven's highest seat,
Darts straightway down upon the parched field
His fierce and burning heat;

And on revolving Noonday calls, that he
His flushed and glowing face
May show the world, and, rising from the sea,
Aurora's reign displace.

The wandering Wind now rests his weary wings,
And hushed in silence broods;
And all the vocal choir of songsters sings
Among the whispering woods.

And sweetly warbling on his oaten pipe
His own dear shepherd-maid,
The herdboy leads along his flock of sheep
To the sequestered shade;

Where shepherd youths and maids in secret bowers
In song and feast unite,
In joyful band, to pass the sultry hours
Of their siesta light.

All, all is calm and silent. O how sweet,
On this enamelled ground,
At ease recumbent, from its flowery seat
To cast your eyes around!

The busy bee, that round your listening ear
Murmurs with drowsy hum;
The faithful turtles, perched on oak-trees near,
Moaning their mates' sad doom.

And ever in the distance her sweet song
Murmurs lorn Philomel;
While the hoar forest's echoing glades prolong
Her love and music well.

And 'midst the grass slow creeps the rivulet,
In whose bright, limpid stream
The blue sky and the world of boughs are met,
Mirrored in one bright gleam.

And of the elm, the hoar and silvery leaves
The slumbering winds scarce blow;
Which, pictured in the bright and tremulous waves,
Follow their motion slow.

These airy mountains, and this fragrant seat,
Bright with a thousand flowers;
These interwoven forests, where the heat
Is tempered in their bowers!

These cooling grottoes!—O retirement blest!
Within thy calm abode,
My mind alone can from her troubles rest
With solitude and God.

Thou giv'st me life, and liberty, and love,
And all I now admire;
And from the winter of my soul dost move
The deep enthusiast fire.

O bounteous Nature, 'tis thy healing womb
Alone can peace procure!
Thither all ye, the weary, laden, come,
From storms of life secure!

THE POND.

[Dr. John Byrom, born near Manchester, 1691. Educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. Died 1763].

Once on a time, a certain man was found
That had a pond of water in his ground:
A fine large pond of water fresh and clear,
Enough to serve his turn for many a year.
Yet so it was—a strange unhappy dread
Of wanting water seized the fellow's head:
When he was dry, he was afraid to drink
Too much at once, for fear his pond should sink.
Perpetually tormented with this thought,
He never ventured on a hearty draught;
Still dry, still fearing to exhaust his store,
When half refreshed, he frugally gave o'er;
Reviving of himself revived his fright,
"Better," quoth he, "to be half choked than quite."
Upon his pond continually intent,
In cares and pains his anxious life he spent;
Consuming all his time and strength away,
To make his pond rise higher every day:
He worked and slaved, and—oh! how slow it fills!
Poured in by pailfuls, and took out by gills.
In a wet season he would skip about,
Placing his buckets under every spout;
From falling showers collecting fresh supply,
And grudging every cloud that passèd by;
Cursing the dryness of the times each hour,
Although it rained as fast as it could pour.
Then he would wade through every dirty spot,
Where any little moisture could be got;
And when he had done draining of a bog,
Still kept himself as dirty as a hog:
And cried, whene'er folks blamed him, "What d'ye mean?
It costs a world of water to be clean;"
If some poor neighbor craved to slake his thirst,
"What! rob my pond! I'll see the rogue hanged first:
A burning shame, these vermin of the poor
Should creep unpunished thus about my door!
As if I had not frogs and toads enow,
That suck my pond, whatever I can do."
The sun still found him, as he rose or set,
Always in quest of matters that were wet:
Betime he rose to sweep the morning dew,
And rested late to catch the evening too;
With soughs and troughs he laboured to enrich
The rising pond from every neighbouring ditch;
With soughs, and troughs, and pipes, and cuts, and sluices,
From growing plants he drained the very juices;
Made every stick upon the hedges
Of good behaviour to deposit pledges;
By some conveyance or another, still
Devised recruits from each declining hill:
He left, in short, for this belovèd plunder,
No stone unturned, that could have water under.
Sometimes—when forced to quit his awkward toil,
And—sore against his will—to rest awhile:
Then straight he took his book and down he sat
To calculate th' expenses he was at;
How much he suffered, at a moderate guess,
From all those ways by which the pond grew less;
For as to those by which it still grew bigger,
For them he reckoned—not a single figure;
He knew a wise old saying, which maintained
That 'twas bad luck to count what one had gained.
"First, for myself my daily charges here
Cost a prodigious quantity a year:
Although, thank Heaven, I never boil my meat,
Nor am I such a sinner as to sweat;
But things are come to such a pass, indeed
We spend ten times the water that we need;

People are grown, with washing, cleansing, rinsing,
So finical and nice, past all convincing;
So many proud fantastic modes, in short,
Are introduced, that my poor pond pays for't.
Not but I could be well enough content
With what upon my own account is spent;
But those large articles from whence I reap
No kind of profit, strike me on a heap:
What a vast deal each moment, at a sup,
This ever thirsty earth itself drinks up!
Such holes! and gaps! Alas! my pond provides
Scarce for its own unconscionable sides:
Nay, how can one imagine it should thrive,
So many creatures as it keeps alive!
That creep from every nook and corner, marry!
Filching as much as ever they can carry:
Then all the birds that fly along the air
Light at my pond, and come in for a share:
Item, at every puff of wind that blows,
Away at once the surface of it goes:
The rest in exhalation to the sun—
One month's fair weather—and I am undone."
This life he led for many a year together;
Grew old and grey in watching of the weather;
Meagre as Death itself, till this same Death
Stopped, as the saying is, his vital breath;
For, as the old fool was carrying to his field
A heavier burden than he well could wield,
He missed his footing, or somehow he fumbled
In tumbling of it in—but in he tumbled:
Mighty desirous to get out again,
He screamed and scrambled, but 'twas all in vain:
The place was grown so very deep and wide,
Nor bottom of it could he feel, nor side;
And so—i' the middle of his pond—he died.
What think ye now, from this imperfect sketch,
My friends, of such a miserable wretch?
"Why, 'tis a wretch, we think of your own making;
No fool can be supposed in such a taking;
Your own warm fancy." Nay, but warm or cool,
The world abounds with many such a fool:
The choicest ills, the greatest torments, sure
Are those, which numbers *labour* to endure.
"What! for a pond?" Why, call it an estate:
You change the name, but realize the fate.

THE MODEST MUSE.

[Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon (1634–1685) was the nephew and godson of the celebrated Earl of Strafford. He travelled abroad during the Civil War, and returned at the time of the Restoration, when he was made captain of the band of pensioners, and subsequently Master of the Horse to the Duchess of York. Roscommon, like Denham, was addicted to gambling; but he cultivated his taste for literature, and produced a poetical "*Essay on Translated Verse*," a translation of Horace's "*Art of Poetry*," and some other minor pieces. He planned, in conjunction with Dryden, a scheme for refining our language and fixing its standard; but, while meditating on this and similar topics connected with literature, the arbitrary measures of James II caused public alarm and commotion. Roscommon, dreading the result, prepared to retire to Rome, saying it was best to sit near the chimney when the chamber smoked. An attack of gout prevented the poet's departure. He died, and was buried (January 21, 1684–5) in Westminster Abbey. "At the moment in which he expired," says Johnson, "he uttered, with an energy of voice that expressed the most fervent devotion, two lines of his own version of '*Dies Iræ*':

My God, My Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end!"]

With how much ease is a young maid betrayed—
How nice the reputation of the maid!
Your early, kind, paternal care appears
By chaste instruction of her tender years.
The first impression in her infant breast
Will be the deepest, and should be the best.
Let not austerity breed servile fear;
No wanton sound offend her virgin ear.
Secure from foolish pride's affected state,
And specious flattery's more pernicious bait;
Habitual innocence adorns her thoughts;
But your neglect must answer for her faults.
Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.
What moderate fop would rake the park or stews,
Who among troops of faultless nymphs may choose
Variety of such is to be found;
Take then a subject proper to expound,
But moral, great, and worth a poet's voice;
For men of sense despise a trivial choice:
And such applause it must expect to meet,
As would some painter busy in a street
To copy bulls and bears, and every sign
That calls the staring sots to nasty wine.
Yet 'tis not all to have a subject good;
It must delight us when 'tis understood.
He that brings fulsome objects to my view—
As many old have done, and many new—
With nauseous images my fancy fills,
And all goes down like oxymel of squills.
Instruct the listening world how Maro sings
Of useful subjects and of lofty things.
These will such true, such bright ideas raise,
As merit gratitude, as well as praise.
But foul descriptions are offensive still,
Either for being like or being ill.
For who without a qualm hath ever looked
On holy garbage, though by Homer cooked?
Whose railing heroes, and whose wounded gods,
Make some suspect he snores as well as nods.

But I offend—Virgil begins to frown,
And Horace looks with indignation down:
My blushing Muse, with conscious fear retires,
And whom they like implicitly admires.

CAUTION AGAINST FALSE PRIDE.

On sure foundations let your fabric rise,
And with attractive majesty surprise;
Not by affected meretricious arts,
But strict harmonious symmetry of parts;
Which through the whole insensibly must pass
With vital heat, to animate the mass:
A pure, an active, an auspicious flame,
And bright as heaven, from whence the blessing came.
But few—O few! souls pre-ordained by fate,
The race of gods, have reached that envied height.
No rebel Titans' sacrilegious crime,
By heaping hills on hills, can hither climb:
The grisly ferryman of hell denied
Æneas entrance, till he knew his guide.
How justly then will impious mortals fall,
Whose pride would soar to heaven without a call!
Pride—of all others the most dangerous fault—
Proceeds from want of sense, or want of thought.
The men who labour and digest things most,
Will be much apter to despond than boast;
For if your author be profoundly good,
'Twill cost you dear before he's understood.
How many ages since has Virgil writ!
How few are they who understand him yet!
Approach his altars with religious fear;
No vulgar deity inhabits there.
Heaven shakes not more at Jove's imperial nod
Than poets should before their Mantuan god.
Hail, mighty Maro! may that sacred name
Kindle my breast with thy celestial flame,
Sublime ideas and apt words infuse;
The Muse instruct my voice, and thou inspire the Muse!

EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

[JOHN WILMOT, Earl of Rochester (1647-1680), is known principally from his having—to use the figurative language of Johnson—"blazed out his youth and his health in lavish voluptuousness," and died from physical exhaustion and decay at the age of thirty-three. Like most of the courtiers of the day, Rochester travelled in France and Italy. He was at sea with the Earl of Sandwich and Sir Edward Spragge, and distinguished himself for bravery. In the heat of an engagement, he went to carry a message in an open boat amidst a storm of shot. This manliness of character forsook Rochester in England, for he was accused of betraying cowardice in street quarrels, and he refused to fight with the Duke of Buckingham. In the profligate court of Charles, Rochester was the most profligate; his intrigues, his low amours and disguises, his erecting a stage and playing the mountebank on Tower-hill, and his having been *five years* in a state of inebriety, are circumstances well known and partly admitted by himself. It is remarkable, however, that his domestic letters shew him in a different light—"tender, playful, and alive to all the affections of a husband, a father, and a son." His repentance itself says something for the natural character of the unfortunate profligate: to judge from the memoir left by Dr. Burnet, who was his lordship's spiritual guide on his death-bed, it was sincere and unreserved. We may, therefore, with some confidence, set down Rochester as one of those whose vices are less the effect of an inborn tendency, than of external corrupting circumstances. It may be fairly said of him, "Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it." His poems consist of slight effusions thrown off without labour. Many of them are so very licentious as to be unfit for publication; but in one of these, he has given *in one line* a happy character of Charles II.:

A merry monarch, scandalous and poor.

His songs are sweet and musical.

SONG.

While on those lovely looks I gaze,
To see a wretch pursuing,
In raptures of a blest amaze,
His pleasing happy ruin;
'Tis not for pity that I move;
His fate is too aspiring,
Whose heart, broke with a load of love,
Dies wishing and admiring.

But if this murder you'd forego,
Your slave from death removing,
Let me your art of charming know,
Or learn you mine of loving.
But whether life or death betide,
In love 'tis equal measure;
The victor lives with empty pride,
The vanquished die with pleasure.

CONSTANCY—A SONG.

I cannot change as others do,
Though you unjustly scorn,
Since that poor swain that sighs for you,
For you alone was born.
No, Phillis, no; your heart to move
A surer way I'll try;
And, to revenge my slighted love,
Will still love on, will still love on, and die.

When, killed with grief, Amyntas lies,
And you to mind shall call
The sighs that now unpitied rise,
The tears that vainly fall;
That welcome hour that ends this smart
Will then begin your pain,
For such a faithful tender heart
Can never break, can never break in vain.

SONG.

Too late, alas! I must confess,
You need not arts to move me;
Such charms by nature you possess,
'Twere madness not to love you.

Then spare a heart you may surprise,
And give my tongue the glory
To boast, though my unfaithful eyes
Betray a tender story.

SONG.

My dear mistress has a heart
Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
When, with love's resistless art,
And her eyes, she did enslave me.
But her constancy's so weak,
She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
Killing pleasures, wounding blisses;
She can dress her eyes in love,
And her lips can warm with kisses.
Angels listen when she speaks;
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder;
But my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.

A few specimens of Rochester's letters to his wife and son are subjoined:

I am very glad to hear news from you, and I think it very good when I hear you are well; pray be pleased to send me word what you are apt to be pleased with, that I may shew you how good a husband I can be; I would not have you so formal as to judge of the kindness of a letter by the length of it, but believe of everything that it is as you would have it.

'Tis not an easy thing to be entirely happy; but to be kind is very easy, and that is the greatest measure of happiness. I say not this to put you in mind of being kind to me; you have practiced that so long, that I have a joyful confidence you will never forget it; but to shew that I myself have a sense of what the methods of my life seemed so utterly to contradict, I must not be too wise about my own follies, or else this letter had been a book dedicated to you, and published to the world. It will be more pertinent to tell you that very shortly the king goes to Newmarket, and then I shall wait on you at Adderbury; in the meantime, think of anything you would have me do, and I shall thank you for the occasion of pleasing you.

Mr. Morgan I have sent in this errand, because he plays the rogue here in town so extremely, that he is not to be endured; pray, if he behaves himself so at Adderbury, send me word, and let him stay till I send for him. Pray, let Ned come up to town; I have a little business with him, and he shall be back in a week.

Wonder not that I have not written to you all this while, for it was hard for me to know what to write upon several accounts; but in this I will only desire you not to be too much amazed at the thoughts my mother has of you, since, being mere imaginations, they will as easily vanish, as they were groundlessly erected; for my own part, I will make it my endeavour they may. What you desired of me in your other letter, shall punctually be performed. You must, I think, obey my mother in her commands to wait on her at Aylesbury, as I told you in my last letter. I am very dull at this time, and therefore think it pity in this humour to testify myself to you any further; only, dear wife, I am your humble servant,

ROCHESTER.

MY WIFE—The difficulties of pleasing your ladyship do increase so fast upon me, and are grown so numerous, that, to a man less resolved than myself never to give it over, it would appear a madness ever to attempt it more; but through your frailties mine ought not to multiply; you may therefore secure yourself that it will not be easy for you to put me out of my constant resolutions to satisfy you in all I can. I confess there is nothing will so much contribute to my assistance in this as your dealing freely with me; for since you have thought it a wise thing to trust me less and have reserves, it has been out of my power to make the best of my proceedings effectual to what I intended them. At a distance, I am likeliest to learn your mind, for you have not a very obliging way of delivering it by word of mouth; if, therefore, you will let me know the particulars in which I may be useful to you, I will shew my readiness as to my own part; and if I fail of the success I wish, it shall not be the fault of your humble servant, ROCHESTER.

I intend to be at Adderbury some time next week.

I hope, Charles, when yon receive this, and know that I have sent this gentleman to be your tutor, you will be very glad to see I take such care of you, and be very grateful, which is best shewn in being obedient and diligent. You are now grown big enough to be a man, and you can be wise enough; for the way to be truly wise is to serve God, learn your book, and observe the instructions of your parents first, and next your tutor, to whom I have resigned you for this seven years, and according as you employ that time, you are to be happy or unhappy for ever; but I have so good an opinion of you, that I am glad to think you will never deceive me; dear child, learn your book and be obedient, and you shall see what a father I will be to you. You shall want no pleasure while you are good, and that you may be so are my constant prayers.

ROCHESTER.

Charles, I take it very kindly that you write me though seldom, and wish heartily you would behave yourself so that I might shew how much I love you without being ashamed. Obedience to your grandmother, and those who instruct you in good things, is the way to make you happy here and for ever. Avoid idleness, scorn lying, and God will bless you.

ROCHESTER.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

[SIR CHARLES SEDLEY (1639—1701) was one of the brightest satellites of the court of Charles II.—as witty and gallant as Rochester, as fine a poet, and a better man. He was the son of a Kentish baronet, Sir John Sedley of Aylesford. The Restoration drew him to London, and he became such a favourite for his taste and accomplishments, that Charles is said to have asked him if he had not obtained from Nature a patent to be Apollo's viceroy. His estate, his time, and morals, were squandered away at court; but latterly the poet redeemed himself, became a constant attender of parliament, in which he had a seat, opposed the arbitrary measures of James II. and assisted to bring about the Revolution. Sir Charles wrote plays and poems, which were extravagantly praised by his contemporaries. Buckingham eulogized the *witchcraft* of Sedley, and Rochester spoke of his "gentle prevailing art." His songs are light and graceful, with a more studied and felicitous diction than is seen in most of the court-poets. One of the finest, "*Ah! Chloris, that I now could sit*," has been often printed as the composition of the Scottish patriot, Duncan Forbes of Culloden, Lord President of the Court of Session: the verses occur in Sedley's play, "*The Mulberry Garden*," 1668. Sedley's conversation was highly prized, and he lived on, delighting all his friends, till past his sixtieth year. As he says of one of his own heroines, he

Bloomed in the winter of his days,
Like Glastonbury thorn.]

SONG.

Ah! Chloris, that I now could sit
As unconcerned as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No pleasure, nor no pain.

When I the dawn used to admire,
And praised the coming day,
I little thought the growing fire
Must take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay
Like metals in a mine;
Age from no face took more away,
Than youth concealed in thine.

But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection prest,
Fond love as unperceived did fly,
And in my bosom rest.

My passion with your beauty grew,
And Cupid at my heart,
Still as his mother favoured you,
Threw a new flaming dart.

Each gloried in their wanton part;
To make a lover, he
Employed the utmost of his art—
To make a beauty, she.

Though now I slowly bend to love,
Uncertain of my fate,
If your fair self my chains approve,
I shall my freedom hate.

Lovers, like dying men, may well
At first disordered be,
Since none alive can truly tell
What fortune they must see.

SONG.

Phillis, men say that all my vows
Are to thy fortune paid;
Alas! my heart he little knows,
Who thinks my love a trade.

Were I of all these woods the lord,
One berry from thy hand
More real pleasure would afford
Than all my large command.

My humble love has learned to live
On what the nicest maid,
Without a conscious blush, may give
Beneath the myrtle shade.

Of costly food it hath no need,
And nothing will devour;
But like the harmless bee can feed,
And not impair the flower.

A spotless innocence like thine
May such a flame allow;
Yet thy fair name for ever shine
As doth thy beauty now.

I heard thee wish my lambs might stray
Safe from the fox's power,
Though every one become his prey,
I'm richer than before!

THE FRENCH REVOLUTIONARY ASSASSINS.

The small number of those who perpetrated these murders in the French capital under the eyes of the legislature, is one of the most instructive facts in the history of revolutions. Marat had long before said, that with two hundred assassins at a louis a day, he would govern France, and cause three hundred thousand heads to fall; and the events of the 2d September seemed to justify the opinion. The number of those actually engaged in the massacres did not exceed three hundred; and twice as many more witnessed and encouraged their proceedings; yet this handful of men governed Paris and France, with a despotism which three hundred thousand armed warriors afterwards strove in vain to effect. The immense majority of the well-disposed citizens, divided in opinion, irresolute in conduct, and dispersed in different quarters, were incapable of arresting a band of assassins, engaged in the most atrocious cruelties of which modern Europe has yet afforded an example—an important warning to the strenuous and the good in every succeeding age, to combine for defence the moment that the aspiring and the desperate have begun to agitate the public mind, and never to trust that mere smallness of numbers can be relied on for preventing reckless ambition from destroying irresolute virtue. It is not less worthy of observation, that these atrocious massacres took place in the heart of a city where above fifty thousand men were enrolled in the National Guard, and had arms in their hands; a force specifically destined to prevent insurrectionary movements, and support, under all changes, the majesty of the law. They were so divided in opinion, and the revolutionists composed so large a part of their number, that nothing whatever was done by them, either on the 10th August, when the king was dethroned, or the 2d September, when the prisoners were massacred. This puts in a forcible point of view the weakness of such a force, which, being composed of citizens, is distracted by their feelings, and actuated by their passions. In ordinary times, it may exhibit an imposing array, and be adequate to the repression of the smaller disorders; but it is paralyzed by the events which throw society into convulsions, and generally fails at the decisive moment when its aid is most required.

THE REIGN OF TERROR.

This terminated the Reign of Terror, a period fraught with greater political instruction than any of equal duration which has existed since the beginning of the world. In no former period had the efforts of the people so completely triumphed, or the higher orders been so thoroughly crushed by the lower. The throne had been overturned, the altar destroyed, the aristocracy levelled with the dust: the nobles were in exile, the clergy in captivity, the gentry in affliction. A merciless sword had waved over the state, destroying alike the dignity of rank, the splendour of talent, and the graces of beauty. All that excelled the labouring classes in situation, fortune, or acquirement, had been removed; they had triumphed over their oppressors, seized their possessions, and risen into their stations. And what was the consequence? The establishment of a more cruel and revolting tyranny than any which mankind had yet witnessed; the destruction of all the charities and enjoyments of life; the dreadful spectacle of streams of blood flowing through every part of France. The earliest friends, the warmest advocates, the firmest supporters of the people, were swept off indiscriminately with their bitterest enemies; in the unequal struggle, virtue and philanthropy sunk under ambition and violence, and society returned to a state of

chaos, when all the elements of private or public happiness were scattered to the winds. Such are the results of unchaining the passions of the multitude; such the peril of suddenly admitting the light upon a benighted people. The extent to which blood was shed in France during this melancholy period, will hardly be credited by future ages. The Republican Prudhomme, whose prepossessions led him to anything rather than an exaggeration of the horrors of the popular party, has given the following appalling account of the victims of the Revolution:

Nobles,	1,278	
Noble Women,	750	
Wives of labourers and artisans,	1,467	
Religieuses,	350	
Priests,	1,135	
Common Persons, not noble,	13,623	
Guillotined by sentence of the Revolutionary Tribunal,	18,603	18,603
Women died of premature childbirth,		3,400
In childbirth from grief,		348
Women killed in La Vendée,		15,000
Children killed in La Vendée,		22,000
Men slain in La Vendée,		900,000
Victims under Carrier at Nantes,		32,000
Of whom: Children shot,	500	
Children drowned,	1,500	
Women shot,	264	
Women drowned,	500	
Priests shot,	300	
Priests drowned,	460	
Nobles drowned,	1,400	
Artisans drowned,	5,300	
Victims at Lyon,		31,000
Total,		1,022,351

In this enumeration are not comprehended the victims of the massacre at Versailles, at the Abbey, the Carmes, or other prisons on September 2, the victims of the Glacière of Avignon, those shot at Toulon and Marseilles, or the persons slain in the little town of Bedoin, of which the whole population perished. It is in an especial manner remarkable in this dismal catalogue, how large a proportion of the victims of the Revolution were persons in the middling and lower ranks of life. The priests and nobles guillotined are only 2413, while the persons of plebeian origin exceed 13,000! The nobles and priests put to death at Nantes were only 2160; while the infants drowned and shot are 2000, the wounded men 764, and the artisans 5300! So rapidly in revolutionary convulsions does the career of cruelty reach the lower orders, and so widespread is the carnage dealt out to them, compared with that which they have sought to inflict on their superiors. The facility with which a faction, composed of a few of the most audacious and reckless of the nation, triumphed over the immense majority of their fellow-citizens, and led them forth like victims to the sacrifice, is not the least extraordinary or memorable part of that eventful period. The bloody faction at Paris never exceeded a few hundred men; their talents were by no means of the highest order, nor their weight in society considerable; yet they trampled under foot all the influential classes, ruled mighty armies with absolute sway, kept 200,000 of their fellow-citizens in captivity, and daily led out several hundred persons, of the best blood in France, to execution. Such is the effect of the unity of action which atrocious wickedness produces; such the ascendency which in periods of anarchy is acquired by the most savage and lawless of the people. The peaceable and inoffensive citizens lived and wept in silence; terror crushed every attempt at combination; the extremity of grief subdued even the firmest hearts. In despair at effecting any change in the general sufferings, apathy universally prevailed, the people sought to bury their sorrows in the delirium of present enjoyments, and the theatres were never fuller than during the whole duration of the Reign of Terror. Ignorance of human nature can alone lead us to ascribe this to any peculiarity in the French character; the same effects have been observed in all parts and ages of the world, as invariably attending a state of extreme and long-continued distress. The death of Hebert and the anarchists was that of guilty depravity; that of Robespierre and the Decemvirs, of sanguinary fanaticism; that of Danton and his confederates, of stoical infidelity; that of Madame Roland and the Girondists, of deluded virtue; that of Louis and his family, of religious forgiveness. The moralist will contrast the different effects of virtue and wickedness in the last moments of life; the Christian will mark with thankfulness the superiority in the supreme hour to the sublimest efforts of human virtue, which was evinced by the believers in his own faith.

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON.

GREEK LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

FROM AN ESSAY ON CLASSICAL LEARNING.

[HUGH S. LEGARÉ, an American scholar, born in Charleston, S. C., 1797, died at Boston, 1843. The early

zeal of his devotion to study, with the facility and quickness with which he acquired command of languages, gave him great distinction at college and throughout life. Devoting himself to the law, he became Attorney General of the State in 1830. He contributed largely to the *Southern Quarterly Review*, founded at Charleston in 1827, and wrote many fine papers for the *New York Review*, which raised his reputation as a man of letters. After one term in Congress, Mr. Legaré became Attorney General of the United States. His collected writings appeared in two volumes in 1846.]

It is impossible to contemplate the annals of Greek literature and art, without being struck with them, as by far the most extraordinary and brilliant phenomena in the history of the human mind. The very language—even in its primitive simplicity, as it came down from the rhapsodists who celebrated the exploits of Hercules and Theseus, was as great a wonder as any it records. All the other tongues that civilized man has spoken are poor and feeble, and barbarous, in comparison with it. Its compass and flexibility, its riches and its powers are altogether unlimited. It not only expresses with precision all that is thought or known at any given period, but it enlarges itself naturally, with the progress of science, and affords, as if without an effort, a new phrase, or a systematic nomenclature whenever one is called for. It is equally adapted to every variety of style and subject—to the most shadowy subtlety of distinction, and the utmost exactness of definition, as well as to the energy and the pathos of popular eloquence—to the majesty, the elevation, the variety of the epic, and the boldest license of the dithyrambic, no less than to the sweetness of the elegy, the simplicity of the pastoral, or the heedless gaiety and delicate characterization of comedy. Above all, what is an unspeakable charm—a sort of *naiveté* is peculiar to it, which appears in all those various styles, and which is quite as becoming and agreeable in a historian or a philosopher—Xenophon for instance—as in the light and jocund numbers of Anacreon. Indeed, were there no other object in learning Greek but to see to what perfection language is capable of being carried, not only as a medium of communication, but as an instrument of thought, we see not why the time of a young man would not be just as well bestowed in acquiring a knowledge of it—for all the purposes, at least of a liberal or elementary education—as in learning algebra, another specimen of a language or arrangement of signs perfect in its kind. But this wonderful idiom happens to have been spoken, as was hinted in the preceding paragraph, by a race as wonderful. The very first monument of their genius—the most ancient relic of letters in the western world—stands to this day altogether unrivalled in the exalted class to which it belongs. What was the history of this immortal poem and of its great fellow? Was it a single individual, and who was he, that composed them? Had he any master or model? What had been his education, and what the state of society in which he lived? These questions are full of interest to a philosophical inquirer into the intellectual history of the species, but they are especially important with a view to the subject of the present discussion. Whatever causes account for the matchless excellence of these primitive poems, and for that of the language in which they are written, will go far to explain the extraordinary circumstance, that the same favoured people left nothing unattempted in philosophy, in letters and in arts, and attempted nothing without signal, and in some cases, unrivalled success. Winckelmann undertakes to assign some reasons for this astonishing superiority of the Greeks, and talks very learnedly about a fine climate, delicate organs, exquisite susceptibility, the full development of the human form by gymnastic exercises, &c. For our own part, we are content to explain the phenomenon after the manner of the Scottish school of metaphysicians, in which we learned the little that we profess to know of that department of philosophy, by resolving it at once to an original law of nature; in other words, by substantially, but decently, confessing it to be inexplicable.

SUPERSTITIOUS BELIEFS.

[A volume of "*Outlines of History*" having appeared in 1830 in *Lardner's Cyclopædia*, Dr. Arnold urged its author, Thomas Keightley (1792–1872), a native of Ireland, to write a series of histories, which might be used in schools, and prove trustworthy manuals in after-life. Mr. Keightley produced a number of historical compilations of merit. His "*History of England*," two volumes, and the same enlarged in three volumes, is admitted to be the one most free from party-spirit; and his Histories of India, Greece, and Rome may be said to contain the essence of most of what has been written and discovered

regarding those countries. Mr. Keightley also produced a "*History of the War of Independence in Greece*," two volumes, 1830, and "*The Crusaders*," or scenes, events, and characters from the times of the Crusades. These works have all been popular. The "*Outlines*" are read in schools, colleges, and universities; the Duke of Wellington directed them to be read by officers and candidates for commissions in the army. The "*History of Greece*" has been translated into modern Greek, and published at Athens. In the department of mythology, Mr. Keightley was also a successful student, and author of the "*Mythology of Ancient Greece and Italy;*" "*Fairy Mythology*," illustrative of the romance and superstition of various countries; and "*Tales, and Popular Fictions; their Resemblance and Transmission from Country to Country.*" From the second of these works we give a brief extract.]

According to a well-known law of our nature, effects suggest causes; and another law, perhaps equally general, impels us to ascribe to the actual and efficient cause the attributes of intelligence. The mind of the deepest philosopher is thus acted upon equally with that of the peasant or the savage; the only difference lies in the nature of the intelligent cause at which they respectively stop. The one pursues the chain of cause and effect, and traces out its various links till he arrives at the great intelligent cause of all, however he may designate him; the other, when unusual phenomena excite his attention, ascribes their production to the immediate agency of some of the inferior beings recognised by his legendary creed. The action of this latter principle must forcibly strike the minds of those who disdain not to bestow a portion of their attention on the popular legends and traditions of different countries. Every extraordinary appearance is found to have its extraordinary cause assigned; a cause always connected with the history or religion, ancient or modern, of the country, and not unfrequently varying with a change of faith. The noises and eruptions of Ætna and Stromboli were, in ancient times, ascribed to Typhon or Vulcan, and at this day the popular belief connects them with the infernal regions. The sounds resembling the clanking of chains, hammering of iron, and blowing of bellows, once to be heard in the island of Barrie, were made by the fiends whom Merlin had set to work to frame the wall of brass to surround Caermarthen. The marks which natural causes have impressed on the solid and unyielding granite rock were produced, according to the popular creed, by the contact of the hero, the saint, or the god: masses of stone, resembling domestic implements in form, were the toys, or the corresponding implements of the heroes or giants of old. Grecian imagination ascribed to the galaxy or Milky-way an origin in the teeming breast of the queen of heaven: marks appeared in the petals of flowers on the occasion of a youth's or a hero's untimely death: the rose derived its present hue from the blood of Venus, as she hurried barefoot through the woods and lawns; while the professors of Islam, less fancifully, refer the origin of this flower to the moisture that exuded from the sacred person of their prophet. Under a purer form of religion, the crucifixion stripes which mark the back and shoulders of the patient ass first appeared, according to the popular tradition, when the Son of God condescended to enter the Holy City, mounted on that animal; and a fish, only to be found in the sea, still bears the impress of the finger and thumb of the apostle, who drew him out of the waters of Lake Tiberias to take the tribute-money that lay in his mouth. The repetition of the voice among the hills is, in Norway and Sweden, ascribed to the dwarfs mocking the human speaker; while the more elegant fancy of Greece gave birth to Echo, a nymph who pined for love, and who still fondly repeats the accents that she hears. The magic scenery occasionally presented on the waters of the Straits of Messina is produced by the power of the fata morgana; the gossamers that float through the haze of an autumnal morning are woven by the ingenious dwarfs; the verdant circlets in the mead are traced beneath the light steps of the dancing elves; and St. Cuthbert forges and fashions the beads that bear his name, and lie scattered along the shore of Landisfarne. In accordance with these laws, we find in most countries a popular belief in different classes of beings distinct from men, and from the higher orders of divinities. These beings are usually believed to inhabit, in the caverns of earth, or the depths of the waters, a region of their own. They generally excel mankind in knowledge, and, like them, are subject to the inevitable laws of death, though after a more prolonged period of existence. How these classes were first called into existence it is not easy to say; but if, as some assert, all the ancient systems of heathen religion were devised by philosophers for the instruction of rude tribes by appeals to their senses, we might suppose that the minds which peopled the skies with their thousands and

tens of thousands of divinities gave birth also to the inhabitants of the field and flood, and that the numerous tales of their exploits and advantages are the production of poetic fiction and rude invention.

* * * * *

COULD MILTON HAVE WRITTEN "PARADISE LOST" IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY?

Now, with the seventeenth century, at least in England, expired the astronomy of Ptolemy. Had Milton, then, lived after that century, he could not for a moment have believed in a solid, globous world, inclosing various revolving spheres, with the earth in the centre, and unlimited, unoccupied, undigested space beyond. His local heaven and local hell would then have become, if not impossible, fleeting and uncertain to a degree which would preclude all firm, undoubting faith in their existence; for far as the most powerful telescopes can pierce into space, there is nothing found but a uniformity of stars after stars in endless succession, exalting infinitely our idea of the Deity and his attributes, but enfeebling in proportion that of any portion of space being his peculiar abode. Were Milton in possession of this knowledge, is it possible that he could have written the first three books of *Paradise Lost?*

THE GREAT BARN AND THE SHEEP-SHEARERS.

[THOMAS HARDY, an English novelist, born in Dorsetshire, in 1840, became an architect in his seventeenth year. After hesitating long between architecture and literature, Hardy ventured on a work of fiction in 1871, and became almost immediately a successful novelist, publishing "*Under the Greenwood Tree*," (1872,) "*A Pair of Blue Eyes*" (1873,) "*Far from the Madding Crowd*" (1874,) "*The Hand of Ethelberta*" (1876,) and others.]

Men thin away to insignificance and oblivion quite as often by not making the most of good spirits when they have them as by lacking good spirits when they are indispensable. Gabriel lately, for the first time since his prostration by misfortune, had been independent in thought and vigorous in action to a marked extent—conditions which, powerless without an opportunity, as an opportunity without them is barren, would have given him a sure and certain lift upwards when the favourable conjunction should have occurred. But this incurable loitering beside Bathsheba Everdene stole his time ruinously. The spring tides were going by without floating him off, and the neap might soon come which could not.

It was the first day of June, and the sheep-shearing season culminated, the landscape, even to the leanest pasture, being all health and colour. Every green was young, every pore was open, and every stalk was swollen with racing currents of juice. God was palpably present in the country, and the devil had gone with the world to town. Flossy catkins of the later kinds, fern-fronds like bishops' crosiers, the square-headed moschatel, the odd cuckoo-pint—like an apoplectic saint in a niche of malachite—clean white lady's-smocks, the toothwort approximating to human flesh, the enchanter's nightshade, and the black-petaled dolefulbells were among the quainter objects of the vegetable world in and about Weatherbury at this teeming time; and of the animals the metamorphosed figures of Mr. Jan Coggan, the master-shearer; the second and third shearers, who travelled in the exercise of their calling, and do not require definition by name; Henry Fray, the fourth shearer; Susan Tall's husband, the fifth; Joseph Poor-grass, the sixth; young Cain Ball as assistant-shearer, and Gabriel Oak as general supervisor. None of these were clothed to any extent worth mentioning, each appearing to have hit in the matter of raiment the decent mean between a high and low caste Hindu. An angularity of lineament and a fixity of facial machinery in general proclaimed that serious work was the order of the day.

They sheared in the great barn, called for the nonce the Shearing-barn, which on ground plan resembled a church with transepts. It not only emulated the form of the neighbouring church of the parish, but vied with it in antiquity. Whether the barn had ever formed one of a group of conventual buildings nobody seemed to be aware; no trace of such surroundings remained. The vast porches at the sides, lofty enough to admit a wagon laden to its highest with corn in the sheaf, were spanned by heavy pointed arches of stone, broadly and boldly cut, whose very simplicity was the origin of a grandeur not apparent in erections where more ornament has been attempted. The

dusky, filmed, chestnut roof, braced and tied in by huge collars, curves, and diagonals, was far nobler in design, because more wealthy in material, than nine-tenths of those in our modern churches. Along each side-wall was a range of striding buttresses, throwing deep shadows on the spaces between them, which were perforated by lancet openings, combining in their proportions the precise requirements both of beauty and ventilation.

One could say about this barn, what could hardly be said of either the church or the castle, its kindred in age and style, that the purpose which had dictated its original erection was the same with that to which it was still applied. Unlike and superior to either of those two typical remnants of mediævalism, the old barn embodied practices which had suffered no mutilation at the hands of time. Here at least the spirit of the builders then was at one with the spirit of the beholder now. Standing before this abraded pile, the eye regarded its present usage; the mind dwelt upon its past history with a satisfied sense of functional continuity throughout—a feeling almost of gratitude, and quite of pride, at the permanence of the idea which had heaped it up. The fact that four centuries had neither proved it to be founded on a mistake, inspired any hatred of its purpose, nor given rise to any reaction that had battered it down, invested this simple gray effort of old minds with a repose, if not a grandeur, which a too curious reflection was apt to disturb in its ecclesiastical and military compeers. For once mediævalism and modernism had a common stand-point. The lanceolate windows, the time-eaten arch-stones and chamfers, the orientation of the axis, the misty chestnut work of the rafters, referred to no exploded fortifying art or worn-out religious creed. The defence and salvation of the body by daily bread is still a study, a religion, and a desire.

To-day the large side-doors were thrown open towards the sun to admit a bountiful light to the immediate spot of the shearers' operations, which was the wood threshing-floor in the centre, formed of thick oak, black with age, and polished by the beating of flails for many generations, till it had grown as slippery and as rich in hue as the state-room floors of an Elizabethan mansion. Here the shearers knelt, the sun slanting in upon their bleached shirts, tanned arms, and the polished shears they flourished, causing them to bristle with a thousand rays strong enough to blind a weak-eyed man. Beneath them a captive sheep lay panting, increasing the rapidity of its pants as misgiving merged in terror, till it quivered like the hot landscape outside.

This picture of to-day in its frame of four hundred years ago did not produce that marked contrast between ancient and modern which is implied by the contrast of date. In comparison with cities, Weatherbury was immutable. The citizen's *Then* is the rustic's *Now*. In London, twenty or thirty years ago are old times; in Paris ten years or five; in Weatherbury, three or fourscore years were included in his mere present, and nothing less than a century set a mark on its face or tone. Five decades hardly modified the cut of a gaiter, the embroidery of a smock-frock, by the breadth of a hair. Ten generations failed to alter the turn of a single phrase. In these nooks the busy outsider's ancient times are only old; his old times are still new; his present is futurity.

So the barn was natural to the shearers, and the shearers were in harmony with the barn.

The spacious ends of the building, answering ecclesiastically to nave and chancel extremities, were fenced off with hurdles, the sheep being all collected in a crowd within these two enclosures; and in one angle a catching-pen was formed, in which three or four sheep were continuously kept ready for the shearers to seize without loss of time. In the background, mellowed by tawny shade, were the three women, Maryann Money, and Temperance and Soberness Miller, gathering up the fleeces, and twisting ropes of wool with a wimble for tying them round. They were indifferently well assisted by the old maltster, who, when the malting season from October to April had passed, made himself useful upon any of the bordering farmsteads. Behind all was Bathsheba, carefully watching the men, to see that there was no cutting or wounding through carelessness, and that the animals were shorn close.

A THUNDER-STORM.

Bathsheba's property in wheat was safe for at any rate a week or two, provided always that there was not much wind. Next came the barley. This it was only possible to protect by systematic thatching. Time

went on, and the moon vanished, not to reappear. It was the farewell of the ambassador previous to war. The night had a haggard look, like a sick thing; and there came finally an utter expiration of air from the whole heaven in the form of a slow breeze, which might have been likened to a death. And now nothing was heard in the yard but the dull thuds of the beetle which drove in the spars, and the rustle of the thatch in the intervals.

A light flapped over the scene, as if reflected from phosphorescent wings crossing the sky, and a rumble filled the air, It was the first arrow from the approaching storm, and it fell wide.

The second peal was noisy, with comparatively little visible lightning. Gabriel saw a candle shining in Bathsheba's bedroom, and soon a shadow moved to and fro upon the blind.

Then there came a third flash. Manœuvres of a most extraordinary kind were going on in the vast firmamental hollows overhead. The lightning now was the colour of silver, and gleamed in the heavens like a mailed army. Rumbles became rattles. Gabriel from his elevated position could see over the landscape for at least half-a-dozen miles in front. Every hedge, bush, and tree was as distinct as in a line engraving. In a paddock in the same direction was a herd of heifers, and the forms of these were visible at this moment in the act of galloping about in the wildest and maddest confusion, flinging their heels and tails high into the air, their heads to earth. A poplar in the immediate foreground was like an ink stroke on burnished tin. Then the picture vanished, leaving a darkness so intense that Gabriel worked entirely by feeling with his hands.

He had stuck his ricking-rod, groom, or poignard, as it was indifferently called—a long iron lance, sharp at the extremity and polished by handling — into the stack to support the sheaves. A blue light appeared in the zenith, and in some indescribable manner flickered down near the top of the rod. It was the fourth of the larger flashes. A moment later and there was a smack—smart, clear, and short. Gabriel felt his position to be anything but a safe one, and he resolved to descend.

Not a drop of rain had fallen as yet. He wiped his weary brow, and looked again at the black forms of the unprotected stacks. Was his life so valuable to him after all? What were his prospects that he should be so chary of running risk, when important and urgent labour could not be carried on without such risk? He resolved to stick to the stack. However, he took a precaution. Under the staddles was a long tether-chain, used to prevent the escape of errant horses. This he carried up the ladder, and sticking his rod through the clog at one end, allowed the other end of the chain to trail upon the ground. The spike attached to it he drove in. Under the shadow of this extemporized lightning-conductor he felt himself comparatively safe.

Before Oak had laid his hands upon his tools again, out leapt the fifth flash, with the spring of a serpent and the shout of a fiend. It was green as an emerald, and the reverberation was stunning. What was this the light revealed to him? In the open ground before him, as he looked over the ridge of the rick, was a dark and apparently female form. Could it be that of the only venturesome woman in the parish—Bathsheba? The form moved on a step; then he could see no more.

"Is that you, ma'am?" said Gabriel to the darkness.

"Who is there?" said the voice of Bathsheba.

"Gabriel. I am on the rick, thatching."

"O Gabriel! and are you? I have come about them. The weather awoke me, and I thought of the corn. I am so distressed about it; and can we save it anyhow? I cannot find my husband. Is he with you?"

"He is not here."

"Do you know where he is?"

"Asleep in the barn."

"He promised that the stacks should be seen to, and now they are all neglected! Can I do anything to help? Liddy is afraid to come out. Fancy finding you here at such an hour. Surely I can do something?"

"You can bring up some reed-sheaves to me, one by one, ma'am, if you are not afraid to come up the ladder in the dark," said Gabriel. "Every moment is precious now, and that would save a good deal of time. It is not very dark when the lightning has been gone a bit."

"I'll do anything," she said, resolutely. She instantly took a sheaf upon her shoulder, clambered up close to his heels, placed it behind the rod, and descended for another. At her third ascent the rick suddenly brightened with the brazen glare of shining majo

lica; every knot in every straw was visible. On the slope in front of him appeared two human shapes, black as jet. The rick lost its sheen—the shapes vanished. Gabriel turned his head. It had been the sixth flash which had come from the east behind him, and the two dark forms on the slope had been the shadows of himself and Bathsheba.

Then came the peal. It hardly was credible that such a heavenly light could be the parent of such a diabolical sound.

"How terrible!" she exclaimed, and clutched him by the sleeve. Gabriel turned and steadied her on her aerial perch by holding her arm. At the same moment, while he was still reversed in his attitude, there was more light, and he saw as it were a copy of the tall poplar tree on the hill drawn in black on the wall of the barn. It was the shadow of that tree, thrown across by a secondary flash in the west.

The next flare came. Bathsheba was on the ground now, shouldering another sheaf, and she bore its dazzle without flinching—thunder and all—and again ascended with the load. There was then a silence everywhere for four or five minutes, and the crunch of the spars, as Gabriel hastily drove them in, could again be distinctly heard. He thought the crisis of the storm had passed. But there came a burst of light.

"Hold on!" said Gabriel, taking the sheaf from her shoulder, and grasping her arm again.

Heaven opened then, indeed. The flash was almost too novel for its inexpressibly dangerous nature to be at once realized, and Gabriel could only comprehend the magnificence of its beauty. It sprang from east, west, north, south. It was a perfect dance of death. The forms of skeletons appeared in the air, shaped with blue fire for bones—dancing, leaping, striding, racing around, and mingling altogether in unparalleled confusion. With these were intertwined undulating snakes of green. Behind these was a broad mass of lesser light. Simultaneously came from every part of the tumbling sky what may be called a shout; since, though no shout ever came near it, it was more of the nature of a shout than of anything else earthly. In the meantime one of the grisly forms had alighted upon the point of Gabriel's rod, to run invisibly down it, down the chain, and into the earth. Gabriel was almost blinded, and he could feel Bathsheba's warm arm tremble in his hand — a sensation novel and thrilling enough; but love, life, everything human, seemed small and trifling in such close juxtaposition with an infuriated universe.

Oak had hardly time to gather up these impressions into a thought, and to see how strangely the red feather of her hat shone in this light, when the tall tree on the hill before mentioned seemed on fire to a white heat, and a new one among those terrible voices mingled with the last crash of those preceding. It was a stupefying blast, harsh and pitiless, and it fell upon their ears in a dead, flat blow, without that reverberation which lends the tones of a drum to a more distant thunder. By the lustre reflected from every part of the earth, and from the wide domical scoop above it, he saw that the tree was sliced down the whole length of its tall straight stem, a huge riband of bark being apparently flung off. The other portion remained erect, and revealed the bared surface as a strip of white down the front. The lightning had struck the tree. A sulphurous smell filled the air: then all was silent, and black as a cave in Hinnom. "We had a narrow escape!" said Gabriel.

VALEDICTION—FORBIDDING MOURNING.

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls to go;
Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
The breath goes now—and some say, no;

So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move;
'Twere profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears,
Men reckon what it did, and meant;
But trepidation of the spheres,
Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull, sublunary lovers' love—
Whose soul is sense—cannot admit
Absence, because it doth remove
Those things which alimented it.

But we're by love so much refined,
That ourselves know not what it is;
Inter-assured of the mind,
Careless eyes, lips, and hands to miss.

Our two souls, therefore—which are one—
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two;
Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if th' other do.

And though it in the centre sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans, and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must
Like th' other foot, obliquely run:
Thy firmness makes my circles just,
And makes me end where I begun.

JOHN DONNE.

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

[A courtly poet, SIR EDWARD DYER (*circa* 1540–1607), is author of several copies of verses, including the following popular piece.]

My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such present joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords or grows by kind:
Though much I want which most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,
Nor force to win the victory;
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to feed a loving eye;
To none of these I yield as thrall,
For why, my mind doth serve for all.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soon do fall;
I see that those which are aloft,
Mishap doth threaten most of all;
These get with toil, they keep with fear:
Such cares my mind could never bear.

Content to live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice;
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look, what I lack my mind supplies:
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, yet still do crave;
I little have and seek no more.
They are but poor, though much they have,
And I am rich with little store:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I leave; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss;
I grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly waves my mind can toss;
My state at one doth still remain:
I fear no foe, I fawn no friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,
Their wisdom by their rage of will;
Their treasure is their only trust;
A cloaked craft their store of skill:
But all the pleasure that I find,
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease:
My conscience clear my chief defence;
I neither seek by bribes to please,
Nor by deceit to breed offence:
Thus do I live; thus will I die;
Would all did so as well as I!

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS, OCTOBER 14, 1066.

[SIR FRANCIS PALGRAVE, an English historian, born in London, 1788, died 1861, was author of several carefully written works, notably, "*The Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth*" (1832), and "*History of Normandy and England*" (1851–57).]

William had been most actively employed. As a preliminary to further proceedings, he had caused all the vessels to be drawn on shore and rendered unserviceable. He told his men that they must prepare to conquer or to die—flight was impossible. He had occupied the Roman castle of Pevensey, whose walls are yet existing, flanked by Anglo-Norman towers, and he had personally surveyed all the adjoining country, for he never trusted this part of a general's duty to any eyes but his own. One Robert, a Norman thane, who was settled in the neighbourhood, advised him to cast up intrenchments for the purpose of resisting Harold. William replied, that his best defence was in the valour of his army and the goodness of his cause.

In compliance with the opinion of the age, William had an astrologer in his train. An oriental monarch, at the present time, never engages in battle without a previous horo

scope; and this superstition was universally adopted in Europe during the middle ages. But William's "clerk" was not merely a star-gazer. He had graduated in all the occult sciences—he was a necromancer, or, as the word was often spelled, in order to accommodate it to the supposed etymology, a *nigro*-mancer—a "sortilegus"—and a soothsayer. These accomplishments in the sixteenth century would have assuredly brought the clerk to the stake; but in the eleventh, although they were highly illegal according to the strict letter of the ecclesiastical law, yet they were studied as eagerly as any other branch of metaphysics, of which they were supposed to form a part. The *sorcerer* or sortilegus, by casting *sortes* or lots, had ascertained that the duke would succeed, and that Harold would surrender without a battle, upon which assurance the Normans entirely relied. After the landing, William inquired for his conjurer. A pilot came forward, and told him that the unlucky wight had been drowned in the passage. William then immediately pointed out the folly of trusting to the predictions of one who was utterly unable to tell what would happen unto himself. When William first set foot on shore, he had shewn the same spirit. He stumbled, and fell forward on the palms of his hands. "*Mal signe est ci!*" exclaimed his troops, affrighted at the omen. "No," answered William, as he rose; "I have taken seizin of the country," shewing the clod of earth which he had grasped. One of his soldiers, with the quickness of a modern Frenchman, instantly followed up the idea; he ran to a cottage, and pulled out a bundle of reeds from the thatch, telling him to receive the symbol also, as the seizin of the realm with which he was invested. These little anecdotes display the turn and temper of the Normans, and the alacrity by which the army was pervaded.

Some fruitless attempts are said to have been made at negotiation. Harold despatched a monk to the enemy's camp, who was to exhort William to abandon his enterprise. The duke insisted on his right; but, as some historians relate, he offered to submit his claim to a legal decision, to be pronounced by the pope, either according to the law of Normandy, or according to the law of England; or if this mode of adjustment did not please Harold, that the question should be decided by single combat, the crown becoming the meed of the victor. The propositions of William are stated, by other authorities, to have contained a proposition for a compromise—namely, that Harold should take Northumbria, and William the rest of the Anglo-Saxon dominions. All or any of these proposals are such as may very probably have been made; but they were not minuted down in formal protocols, or couched in diplomatic notes; they were verbal messages, sent to and fro on the eve of a bloody battle.

Fear prevailed in both camps. The English, in addition to the apprehensions which even the most stout-hearted feel on the eve of a morrow whose close they may never see, dreaded the papal excommunication, the curse encountered in support of the unlawful authority of a usurper. When they were informed that battle had been decided upon, they stormed and swore; and now the cowardice of conscience spurred them on to riot and revelry. The whole night was passed in debauch. *Wæs-heal* and *Drink-heal* resounded from the tents; the wine-cups passed gaily round and round by the smoky blaze of the red watch-fires, while the ballad of ribald mirth was loudly sung by the carousers.

In the Norman Leaguer, far otherwise had the dread of the approaching morn affected the hearts of William's soldiery. No voice was heard excepting the solemn response of the Litany and the chant of the psalm. The penitents confessed their sins, the masses were said, and the sense of the imminent peril of the morrow was tranquillized by penance and prayer. Each of the nations, as we are told by one of our most trustworthy English historians, acted according to their "national custom;" and severe is the censure which the English thus receive.

The English were strongly fortified in their position by lines of trenches and palisades; and within these defences they were marshalled according to the Danish fashion—shield against shield, presenting an impenetrable front to the enemy. The men of Kent formed the vanguard, for it was their privilege to be the first in the strife. The burgesses of London, in like manner, claimed and obtained the honour of being the royal body-guard, and they were drawn up around the standard. At the foot of this banner stood Harold, with his brothers, Leofwin and Gurth, and a chosen body of the bravest thanes.

Before the Normans began their march, and very early in the morning of the feast of St. Calixtus, William had assembled his

barons around him, and exhorted them to maintain his righteous cause. As the invaders drew nigh, Harold saw a division advancing, composed of the volunteers from the county of Boulogne and from the Amiennois, under the command of William Fitz-Osbern and Roger Montgomery. "It is the duke," exclaimed Harold, "and little shall I fear him. By *my* forces will *his* be four times outnumbered!" Gurth shook his head, and expatiated on the strength of the Norman cavalry, as opposed to the foot-soldiers of England; but their discourse was stopped by the appearance of the combined cohorts under Aimeric, Viscount of Thouars, and Alan Fergant of Brittany. Harold's heart sunk at the sight, and he broke out into passionate exclamations of fear and dismay. But now the third and last division of the Norman army was drawing nigh. The consecrated Gonfanon floats amidst the forest of spears, and Harold is now too well aware that he beholds the ranks which are commanded in person by the Duke of Normandy.

Immediately before the duke rode Taillefer, the minstrel, singing, with a loud and clear voice, the lay of Charlemagne and Roland, and the emprises of the Paladins who had fallen in the dolorous pass of Roncevaux. Taillefer, as his guerdon, had craved permission to strike the first blow, for he was a valiant warrior emulating the deeds which he sung: his appellation, *Taille-fer*, is probably to be considered not as his real name, but as an epithet derived from his strength and prowess; and he fully justified his demand, by transfixing the first Englishman whom he attacked, and by felling the second to the ground. The battle now became general, and raged with the greatest fury. The Normans advanced beyond the English lines, but they were driven back, and forced into a trench, where horses and riders fell upon each other in fearful confusion. More Normans were slain here than in any other part of the field. The alarm spread; the light troops left in the charge of the baggage and the stores thought that all was lost, and were about to take flight; but the fierce Odo, bishop of Bayeux, the duke's half-brother, and who was better fitted for the shield than for the mitre, succeeded in reassuring them, and then, returning to the field, and rushing into that part where the battle was hottest, he fought as the stoutest of the warriors engaged in the conflict.

From nine in the morning till three in the afternoon, the successes on either side were nearly balanced. The charges of the Norman cavalry gave them great advantage, but the English phalanx repelled their enemies; and the soldiers were so well protected by their targets, that the artillery of the Normans was long discharged in vain. The bowmen, seeing that they had failed to make any impression, altered the direction of their shafts, and instead of shooting point-blank, the flights of arrows were directed upwards, so that the points came down upon the heads of the men of England, and the iron shower fell with murderous effect. The English ranks were exceedingly distressed by the volleys, yet they still stood firm; and the Normans now employed a stratagem to decoy their opponents out of their intrenchments. A feigned retreat on their part induced the English to pursue them with great heat. The Normans suddenly wheeled about, and a new and fierce battle was urged. The field was covered with separate bands of foemen, each engaged with one another. Here, the English yielded—there, they conquered. One English thane, armed with a battle-axe, spread dismay amongst the Frenchmen. He was cut down by Roger de Montgomery. The Normans have preserved the name of the Norman baron, but that of the Englishman is lost in oblivion. Some other English thanes are also praised as having singly, and by their personal prowess, delayed the ruin of their countrymen and country.

At one period of the battle, the Normans were nearly routed. The cry was raised that the duke was slain, and they began to fly in every direction. William threw off his helmet, and galloping through the squadrons, rallied his barons, though not without great difficulty. Harold, on his part, used every possible exertion, and was distinguished as the most active and bravest among the soldiers in the host which he led on to destruction. A Norman arrow wounded him in the left eye; he dropped from his steed in agony, and was borne to the foot of the standard. The English began to give way, or rather to retreat to the standard as their rallying-point. The Normans encircled them, and fought desperately to reach this goal. Robert Fitz-Ernest had almost seized the banner, but he was killed in the attempt. William led his troops on with the intention, it is said, of measuring his sword with Harold. He did encounter an English horseman,

from whom he received such a stroke upon his helmet, that he was nearly brought to the ground. The Normans flew to the aid of their sovereign, and the bold Englishman was pierced by their lances. About the same time the tide of battle took a momentary turn. The Kentish men and East Saxons rallied, and repelled the Norman barons; but Harold was not amongst them; and William led on his troops with desperate intrepidity. In the thick crowd of the assailants and the assailed, the hoofs of the horses were plunged deep into the gore of the dead and the dying. Gurth was at the foot of the standard, without hope, but without fear: he fell by the falchion of William. The English banner was cast down, and the Gonfanon planted in its place announced that William of Normandy was the conqueror. It was now late in the evening. The English troops were entirely broken, yet no Englishman would surrender. The conflict continued in many parts of the bloody field long after dark.

By William's orders, a spot close to the Gonfanon was cleared, and he caused his pavilion to be pitched among the corpses which were heaped around. He there supped with his barons; and they feasted among the dead; but when he contemplated the fearful slaughter, a natural feeling of pity, perhaps allied to repentance, arose in his stern mind; and the Abbey of Battle, in which the prayer was to be offered up perpetually for the repose of the souls of all who had fallen in the conflict, was at once the monument of his triumph and the token of his piety. The abbey was most richly endowed, and all the land for one league round about was annexed to the Battle franchise. The abbot was freed from the authority of the Metropolitan of Canterbury, and invested with archiepiscopal jurisdiction. The high-altar was erected on the very spot where Harold's standard had waved; and the roll, deposited in the archives of the monastery, recorded the names of those who had fought with the Conqueror, and amongst whom the lands of broad England were divided. But all the pomp and solemnity has passed away like a dream. The "perpetual prayer" has ceased for ever—the roll of Battle is rent. The shields of the Norman lineages are trodden in the dust—the abbey is levelled with the ground—and a dank and reedy pool fills the spot where the foundations of the choir have been uncovered, merely for the gaze of the idle visitor, or the instruction of the moping antiquary.

FIRST-LOVE'S RECOLLECTIONS.

First-love will with the heart remain
When its hopes are all gone by;
As frail rose-blossoms still retain
Their fragrance when they die:
And joy's first dreams will haunt the mind
With the shades 'mid which they sprung,
As summer leaves the stems behind
On which spring's blossoms hung.

Mary, I dare not call thee dear,
I've lost that right so long;
Yet once again I vex thine ear
With memory's idle song.
I felt a pride to name thy name,
But now that pride hath flown,
And burning blushes speak my shame,
That thus I love thee on.

How loath to part, how fond to meet,
Had we two used to be;
At sunset, with what eager feet
I hastened unto thee!
Scarce nine days passed us ere we met
In spring, nay, wintry weather;
Now nine years' suns have risen and set,
Nor found us once together.

Thy face was so familiar grown,
Thyself so often nigh,
A moment's memory when alone,
Would bring thee in mine eye;
But now my very dreams forget
That witching look to trace;
Though there thy beauty lingers yet,
It wears a stranger's face.

When last that gentle cheek I prest,
And heard thee feign adieu,
I little thought that seeming jest
Would prove a word so true!
A fate like this hath oft befell
Even loftier hopes than ours;
Spring bids full many buds to swell,
That ne'er can grow to flowers.

JOHN CLARE.

BETH GELERT, OR THE GRAVE OF THE GREYHOUND.

[The HON. WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER (1770—1834) published occasional poems of that description named *vers de societe*, whose highest object is to gild the social

hour. They were exaggerated in compliment and adulation, and wittily parodied in the *Rejected Addresses*. As a companion, Mr. Spencer was much prized by the brilliant circles of the metropolis; but, if we may credit an anecdote told by Rogers, he must have been heartless and artificial. Moore wished that Spencer should bail him when he was in custody after the affair of the duel with Jeffrey. "Spencer did not seem much inclined to do so, remarking that he could not well go out, for it was *already twelve o'clock*, and he had to be dressed *by four*." Spencer, falling into pecuniary difficulties, removed to Paris, where he died. His poems were collected and published in 1835. Mr. Spencer translated the *Leonora* of Bürger with great success, and in a vein of similar excellence composed some original ballads, one of which, marked by simplicity and pathos, we subjoin:

The spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerily smiled the morn;
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Obeyed Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer:
"Come, Gêlert, come, wert never last
Llewelyn's horn to hear.

"Oh, where doth faithful Gêlert roam,
The flower of all his race;
So true, so brave—a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase?"

'Twas only at Llewelyn's board
The faithful Gêlert fed;
He watched, he served, he cheered his lord,
And sentinelled his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John:
But now no Gêlert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as o'er the rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
The many-mingled cries!

That day Llewelyn little loved
The chase of hart and hare;
And scant and small the bounty proved,
For Gêlert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewelyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gêlert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gained his castle-door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound all o'er was smeared with gore;
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise;
Unused such looks to meet,
His favourite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched, and licked his feet.

Onward, in haste, Llewelyn passed,
And on went Gêlert too;
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
With blood-stained covert rent;
And all around, the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child—no voice replied—
He searched with terror wild;
Blood, blood he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.

"Hell-hound! my child's by thee devoured,"
The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gêlert's side.

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gêlert's dying yell
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gêlert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh:
What words the parent's joy could tell
To hear his infant's cry!

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
The cherub boy he kissed.

Nor scathe had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But, the same couch beneath,
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Llewelyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear;
His gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewelyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Lewellyn's woe;
"Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic blow which laid thee low
This heart shall ever rue."

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture decked;
And marbles storied with his praise
Poor Gêlert's bones protect.

There, never could the spearman pass,
Or forester unmoved;
There, oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewelyn's sorrow proved.

And there he hung his horn and spear,
And there, as evening fell,
In fancy's ear he oft would hear
Poor Gêlert's dying yell.

And, till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of "Gêlert's Grave."

To——.

Too late I stayed—forgive the crime;
Unheeded flew the hours;
How noiseless falls the foot of Time,
That only treads on flowers!

What eye with clear account remarks
The ebbing of the glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks,
That dazzle as they pass!

Oh, who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of Paradise have lent
Their plumage for his wings.

Stanzas.

When midnight o'er the moonless skies
Her pall of transient death has spread,
When mortals sleep, when spectres rise,
And nought is wakeful but the dead;

No bloodless shape my way pursues,
No sheeted ghost my couch annoys;
Visions more sad my fancy views,
Visions of long-departed joys!

The shade of youthful hope is there,
That lingered long, and latest died;
Ambition all dissolved to air,
With phantom honours by his side.

What empty shadows glimmer nigh?
They once were Friendship, Truth, and Love!
Oh, die to thought, to memory die,
Since lifeless to my heart ye prove!

These last two verses, Sir Walter Scott, who knew and esteemed Spencer, quotes in his diary, terming them "fine lines," and expressive of his own feelings amidst the wreck and desolation of his fortunes at Abbotsford.

GODIVA.

[Robert Barnabas Brough, born in the City of London, 10th April, 1828. Spent the early years of his life in Liverpool and Manchester. Afterwards went to London, where his genius was speedily acknowledged. His writings, published in a collected form, are widely read. Died at Manchester, 26th June, 1880.]

Godiva, not for countless tomes
Of war's and kingcraft's leaden history,
Would I thy charming legend lose,
Or view it in the bloodless hues
Of fabled myth or mystery.

Thou tiny pearl of demagogues!
Thou blue-eyed rebel—blushing traitor!
Thou sans-culotte, with dimpled toes,
Whose red cap is an opening rose—
Thou trembling agitator!

We must believe in thee. Our ranks
Of champions loom with faces grimy—
Fierce Tylers, from the anvil torn,
Rough-chested Tells, with palms of horn,
Foul Cades, from ditches slimy!

Knit brows, fierce eyes, and sunken cheeks
Fill up the vista stern and shady;
Our one bright speck we cannot spare,
Our regiment's sole vivandière—
Our little dainty lady!

No, she was true! the story old
As any crumbling Saxon castle,
Firm at its base: she lived, and moved,
And breathed, and all around her loved—
Lord, lackey, hound, and vassal.

She loved the Earl Leofric, her lord,
Nor cared with his fierce moods to wrestle,
By protest more than eyelids red.
Would he but pat her golden head,
'Twould in his rude breast nestle.

She loved the palfrey, o'er the plain
That galloped to her voice's chirrup;
His surly grooms she thought were kind;
Noble and true she deemed the hind
Who, cringing, held her stirrup.

The peacocks on the lawn she loved—
But none the less their homely grey mates.
The kennel yelped as near she drew;
A crippled, ugly cur or two
Were her especial playmates.

She loved all things beneath the sun.
Into the toad's bright eyes, unstartled,
She laughing gazed. Within the brake
She'd wonder—"Had she hurt the snake
That out upon her dartled?"

Into the peasant's tree-built hut,
With reeking walls and greasy tables,
She loved to run for draughts of milk;
The children mauled her robe of silk,
And pulled to bits her sables.

They made her sad; she loved them all—
Each lout a friend, each drab a sister.
Why praise her beauty—goodness—so?
Why, when she left them, bow so low?
None of them ever kissed her.

Within the town 'twas worse than all;
Where anvil clanked, and furnace rumbled;
There workmen, starved and trampled, met,
Thought, talked, and planned—a churlish set:
Embittered—no whit humbled.

They railed at her—their tyrant's bride,
When, like a mouse, she peeped among them;
They met her frightened smiles with "Go!"
Her bungling proffered love with "No!"
What had she done to wrong them?

For wronged they were, she felt it sore—
Else, whence such faces wan and gloomy?
In smoke, and filth, and discontent,
Why thousands, thus in alleys pent;
And earth so rich and roomy?

She could not tell. But she would give
Her soul, the people's wrongs to lighten;
Or if she might not, in their smoke,
Would they but let her, with them choke,
Nor off with rude words frighten.

What could she do? Dark rumours came
That 'twas the earl, her lord and master,
Caused all their wrong. Alas! the day;
She loved him, too. What means essay
The double-fold disaster

To turn aside? The moment came;
The town, new taxed, moaned fierce and sadly;
"How free them from this tax?" said she;
"Ride naked through the town," laughed he,
"I will," she answered, "gladly."

And gladly to her bower she fled,
This more than virgin, gaily singing;
And stripped a form, that morn had blushed
All over, by a rude fly brushed,
Her garden-bath o'erwinging.

And gladly on her palfrey sprung,
That quick the echoing stones awaked.
"They will be freed," she sang, "and he
Shall know no harm." Rose-red went she,
That she was proud, not naked.

She galloped through the glaring street—
'Tis true as written gospel holy.
'Tis also true, thank God! that all—
The meanest mean, the smallest small—
The vilest of the lowly

Kept within doors . . . save one alone,
And here, I own, my faith gets weaker.
'Tis said, a rascal from behind
A shutter peeped, and God struck blind
The soulless, prying sneaker.

I would not have a miracle
Bring doubt upon my darling story;
God does not thus avenge the true,
But leaves their wrongs to me and you,
To right them in their glory.

Punished the miscreant was, no doubt,
Indignantly with pump and gutter;
But he who, of enslaved mankind
The martyr pure could mock, was blind
Ere he undid the shutter!

SPRING.

[Ludwig Tieck, a German poet and critic (1773–1853) began his long literary life with a series of romances. He lived in Dresden from 1819 to 1840, when he was invited to Berlin, and pensioned by the king of Prussia. He wrote dramas, poems, and four volumes of critical works, full of acuteness and knowledge. His translation of Don Quixote, and his "*Shakespeare Vorschule*," added much to his fame. He belongs distinctly to the Romantic school in poetry.]

Look all around thee! How the spring advances!
New life is playing through the gay, green trees;
See how, in yonder bower, the light leaf dances
To the bird's tread, and to the quivering breeze!

How every blossom in the sunlight glances!
The winter-frost to his dark cavern flees,
And earth, warm-wakened, feels through every vein
The kindling influence of the vernal rain.

Now silvery streamlets, from the mountain stealing,
Dance joyously the verdant vales along;
Cold fear no more the songster's tongue is stealing;
Down in the thick, dark grove is heard his song;
And, all their bright and lovely hues revealing,
A thousand plants the field and forest throng;
Light comes upon the earth in radiant showers,
And mingling rainbows play among the flowers.

THE MOUNTAIN BOY.

[JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND, a German poet, born at Tübingen, 1787, died there 1862, where he was professor of the German language and literature. His ballads and lyrical poems placed him at the head of the Suabian school of poets.]

The shepherd of the Alps am I,
The castles far beneath me lie;
Here first the ruddy sunlight gleams,
Here linger last the parting beams.
The mountain boy am I!

Here is the river's fountain-head,
I drink it from its stony bed;
As forth it leaps with joyous shout,
I seize it, ere it gushes out.
The mountain boy am I!

The mountain is my own domain;
It calls its storms from sea and plain:
From north to south they howl afar;
My voice is heard amid their war.
The mountain boy am I!

And when the tocsin sounds alarms,
And mountain bale-fires call to arms,
Then I descend, I join my king,
My sword I wave, my lay I sing.
The mountain boy am I!

The lightnings far beneath me lie;
High stand I here in clear blue sky;
I know them, and to them I call;
In quiet leave my father's hall.
The mountain boy am I!

THE PASSAGE.

Many a year is in its grave,
Since I crossed this restless wave;
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

Then in this same boat beside
Sat two comrades old and tried,—
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought;
But the younger, brighter form
Passed in battle and in storm.

So, whene'er I turn my eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends that closed their course before me.

But what binds us, friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend?
Soul-like were those hours of yore;
Let us walk in soul once more.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee,—
Take, I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

—*Johann Ludwig Uhland.*

CHRISTKINDLEIN.

[FRIEDRICH RUCKERT, one of the finest German lyrical poets (1789–1866), became an accomplished Oriental scholar and professor of Eastern languages at Erlangen, afterwards residing at Berlin. His translations from the Persian and Arabic are very fine, and his original poems are distinguished by power and sweetness].

How bird-like o'er the flakes of snow
Its fairy footsteps flew!
And on its soft and childish brow
How delicate the hue!

And expectation wings its feet,
And stirs its infant smile;
The merry bells their chimes repeat;
The child stands still the while.

Then clasps in joy its little hand;
Then marks the Christian dome;
The stranger child, in stranger land,
Feels now as if at home.

It runs along the sparkling ground;
Its face with gladness beams;
It frolics in the blaze around,
Which from each window gleams.

The shadows dance upon the wall,
Reflected from the trees;
And from the branches, green and tall,
The glittering gifts it sees.

It views within the lighted hall
The charm of social love;—
O, what a joyous festival!
'T is sanctioned from above.

But now the childish heart 's unstrung:
"Where is my taper's light?
And why no evergreen been hung
With toys for me to-night?

"In my sweet home there was a band
Of holy love for me;
A mother's kind and tender hand
Once decked my Christmas-tree.

"O, some one take me 'neath the blaze
Of those light tapers, do!
And, children, I can feel the plays;
O, let me play with you!

"I care not for the prettiest toy;
I want the love of home;
O, let me in your playful joy
Forget I have to roam!"

The little fragile hand is raised,
It strikes at every gate;
In every window earnest gazed,
Then 'mid the snow it sat.

"Christinkle![1] thou the children's friend,
I've none to love me now!
Hast thou forgot my tree to send,
With lights on every bough?"

The baby's hands are numbed with frost,
Yet press the little cloak;
Then on its breast in meekness crossed.
A sigh the silence broke.

And closer still the cloak it drew
Around its silken hair;
Its pretty eyes, so clear and blue,
Alone defied the air.

Then came another pilgrim child,—
A shining light he held;
The accents fell so sweet and mild,
All music they excelled.

"I am thy Christmas friend, indeed,
And once a child like thee;
When all forgot, thou need'st not plead,—
I will adorn thy tree.

"My joys are felt in street or bower,
My aid is everywhere;
Thy Christmas-tree, my precious flower,
Here, in the open air,

"Shall far outshine those other trees,
Which caught thine infant eye."
The stranger child looks up, and sees,
Far, in the deep blue sky,

A glorious tree, and stars among
The branches hang their light;
The child, with soul all music, sung,
"My tree indeed is bright!"

As 'neath the power of a dream
The infant closed its eyes,
And troops of radiant angels seem
Descending from the skies,

The baby to its Christ they bear;
With Jesus it shall live;
It finds a house and treasure there
Sweeter than earth can give.

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[1] A corruption of tha German *Christkindlein*.. It means the child Christ, to whom it is thought all these gifts are owing.

THE LADIES OF LONG AGO.

[FRANÇOIS VILLON, a French poet, born 1431, was distinguished both as a great rogue and a great poet. He wrote his finest things in prison. We give one specimen of his powers:]

Tell me to what region flown
Is Flora, the fair Roman, gone?
Where lovely Thaïs' hiding-place,
Her sister in each charm and grace?
Echo, let thy voice awake,
Over river, stream, and lake:
Answer, where does beauty go?—
Where is fled the south wind's snow?

Where is Eloïse the wise,
For whose two bewitching eyes
Hapless Abeillard was doomed
In his cell to live entombed?
Where the queen, her love who gave,
Cast in Seine, a watery grave?
Where each lovely cause of woe?—
Where is fled the south wind's snow?

Where thy voice, O regal fair,
Sweet as is the lark's in air?
Where is Bertha? Alix? she
Who Le Mayne held gallantly?
Where is Joan, whom English flame
Gave, at Rouen, death and fame?
Where are all?—does any know?—
Where is fled the south wind's snow?

OF PROFIT AND HONESTY.

There is no man but at one time or other says a silly thing; but the worst of it is when he affects it

Nec iste magno conatu magnas nugas dixerit.[1]

The man in troth with much ado
Has prov'd that one and one make two

This does not touch me. My nonsense slips from me with as little care as it merits, and it is well it does so. I would quit it on a sudden for the little there is in it of value, and neither buy nor sell it for more than the weight. I speak on paper as I do to the first man I meet; and that this is true observe what follows.

Who would not abhor treachery when Tiberius would not admit of it in a matter of such importance to him?[2] He had word sent from Germany that, if he thought fit, they would by poison rid him of Ariminius, who was the most powerful enemy the Romans had, he having treated them very basely in the time of Varus, and being the only man that opposed their dominion in those countries. The answer he returned was, that it was the custom of the Romans to be revenged on their enemies by open force, sword in hand; not clandestinely, nor by fraud: wherein he preferred the thing that was honourable to the profitable. He was (you will say) a hector. I believe as much; but that is no great wonder in the gentlemen of his profession. But the acknowledgment of virtue is no less valid by its coming from the lips of him who hates it, forasmuch as truth forces it from him; and if he will not sincerely embrace it, he puts it on at least by way of ornament.

Our structure, both external and internal, is full of imperfection; yet there is nothing in nature but what is of use, not even inutility itself. There is nothing in this universe which has not some proper place in it. Our being is cemented with certain mean qualities; ambition, jealousy, envy, revenge, superstition, despair, have so natural a lodgment in us that the image of them is discerned in the brute beasts; nay cruelty itself, a vice so much out of nature; for even in the midst of compassion we feel within us an unaccountable bitter-sweet titillation of ill-natured pleasure in seeing another suffer; and even children are sensible of it:

Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis
E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem.[1]

'Tis sweet from land to see a storm at sea,
And others sinking whilst ourselves are free.

Whoever would divest man of the seeds of such qualities would destroy the fundamental conditions of human life. Likewise in all governments there are necessary offices, not only abject but vicious. Vices have their department there, and are employed as cement to connect us together, like poison that is administered for the preservation of our health. If they become excusable, as being necessary for us, and because the public necessity disguises their real qualities, we are to resign this part to the strongest and boldest citizens, who sacrifice their honour and conscience, as the ancients sacrificed their lives for the good of their country. We that are weaker play those parts that are more easy and less hazardous. The public weal requires that a man should betray, tell lies, and commit murder: let us leave this commission to men that are more obedient and more supple.

I have really been often vexed to see judges by fraud and false hopes of favour or pardon draw in a criminal to confess his guilt; and to observe what recourse they therein have to tricking and impudence. It would be of good service to justice, and even to Plato himself, who countenances this manner of proceeding, to furnish me with other means more suitable to my inclination. It is a malicious kind of justice, and I think it is as much offended by itself as by others. I said not long since, in some company, that as I would be very sorry to betray any private man for the service of my prince, I would be very loth to betray my prince to any private man. As I have an aversion to cheat another, so I would hate to be deceived myself, and will not so much as furnish any pretext or occasion for it.

In the few concerns which I have had to negotiate between our princes, in those divisions and sub-divisions by which we are at this time rent, I have nicely avoided leading them into any mistakes of me, and their deceiving others by my mask. The people of this profession are the most reserved, and pretend to be the men of the greatest moderation, and the nearest conformity to the sentiments of those with whom they have to do. I speak sincerely

[1] Terence, Heauton, act iii. scene 9.
[2] Tacit., Annal. lib. ii. cap. 88.

[1] Lucret. lib. ii. ver. 1, 2.

what I think, and in my own manner; being a tender negotiator, and but a learner, who had rather fail of success than be wanting to myself. Yet it has hitherto proved so lucky (for surely it is chiefly owing to fortune) that few things have passed from hand to hand with less suspicion, and more favour and secrecy. I have an open manner, which readily insinuates itself and gains credit upon the first acquaintance. Simplicity, and the naked truth, in what age soever, make their way, and find their account; and moreover the freedom of men who treat without any interest of their own is neither hateful nor suspected; and such may very well make use of the answer of Hyparides to the Athenians, when they complained of his rough way of speaking, "Gentlemen, do not regard whether I am "free; but whether I am so from sincerity, "and without any advantage from it to my "own affairs."[1] My freedom of speech has also naturally cleared me of all suspicion of dissimulation by its vehemency (leaving nothing unsaid, how pungent and cutting soever, so that I could not have said worse behind their backs), and by the full discovery it made of simplicity and indifference. I aim at no other advantage by my pleading than to plead, and tack no long arguments or propositions to it. Every plea plays its own part, hit or miss. For the rest I am not swayed by any passion either of love or hatred to the great men, nor is my will influenced by the sense of any particular injury or obligation. I honour our kings with an affection that is simply loyal and respectful, being neither prompted to nor restrained from it, by private interest; and for this I value myself. Nor does the general and just cause attract me otherwise than with moderation and coolness. I am not bound by such cogent and penetrating pre-contracts and engagements. Anger and hatred are not within the sphere of justice, and are passions of no use but to those who are not to be kept to their duty by mere reason; *Utatur motu animi, qui uti ratione non potest:* "He that cannot be guided by reason "is governed by passion." All lawful intentions are temperate in themselves; if otherwise, they become seditious and unlawful.—This is what makes me walk every where with my head erect, a frank countenance, and an open heart. It is a truth, and I fear not to confess it, I could, were it necessary, hold a candle to St. Michael, and another to his serpent, after the manner of the old woman.[1] I will follow the right side even to the fire, but will keep out of it if possible. Let Montaigne be overwhelmed in the public ruin, if it must be so; but if it be not necessary, I would thank my stars for his safety, and I make use of all the length of line which my duty allows me for his preservation. Was it not Atticus, who being on the just but losing side, preserved himself by his moderation in that universal shipwreck of the world, among so many various changes and revolutions? For a private man as he was, this is more easy; and upon an occasion of the like nature I think men are very excusable for not being ambitious to meddle or make.

For a man to be wavering and trimming, to keep his affection unmoved, and without inclination, in the disturbances of his country, and in a public division, I think it neither decent nor honest: *Ea non media, sed nulla via est, velut eventum expectantium, quò fortunæ consilia sua applicent.* "That is not taking the middle way, but "really no way at all, like those who wait "for the event of things in order to take "their resolution accordingly."[2] This may be allowed with respect to the feuds of our neighbours; and accordingly Gelo the tyrant of Syracuse suspended his resolution in the war of the Barbarians against the Grecians, keeping an embassy at Delphos, with presents, to observe to which side fortune would incline, and to take the critical minute to make the victors his friends.[3] But it would be a sort of treason to proceed after this manner in our own domestic affairs, wherein a man must necessarily be of one side or the other; though for a man to sit still, who has no office nor express command to urge him to action, I think it more excusable (and yet this is no excuse for myself) than to meddle in foreign broils, to which, however, according to our laws, no man is compelled. Yet even those who wholly engage themselves in such broils, may act with such

[1] Plutarch, in his Treatise of the Difference between the Flatterer and the Friend, cap. 24.

[1] Montaigne means that he would be inclined to make his court to both the opposite parties, as the old woman did who offered one wax taper to St. Michael the archangel, and another to the dragon which is represented fighting with St. Michael. This woman's action has given rise to a sort of proverb.

[2] Titus Livy, lib. xxxii. cap. 21. [3] Herodot. lib. vii. p. 498.

temper and moderation that the storm shall fly over their heads without bursting on them. Had we not reason to expect as much from M. de Morvilliers, the late Bishop of Orleans? And among those who behave valiantly at this time, I know some of so much candour and good-nature that they will continue steady, whatever may be the change or fate which heaven is preparing for us. I am of opinion, that it properly belongs to kings to quarrel with kings, and laugh at those bullies who out of mere wantonness push themselves into quarrels where the odds are so great. For a man has no particular quarrel with a prince, because he marches against him publicly and courageously, for his own honour, and according to his duty. If he does not love such a personage, he does better, he esteems him. The cause of the laws, and the defence of the ancient government, are always remarkable for this, that such even as for their own private interest disturb the state, excuse if they do not honour its defenders.

But we ought not, though it is our daily practice, to call a bitterness and roughness of temper, which spring from private interest and passion, by the name of duty, nor a treacherous and malicious conduct, by the name of courage. They call their propensity to mischief and violence by the name of zeal. It is not the cause by which they are warmed, but their interest. They kindle a war, not because it is just, but because it is war.

Nothing hinders but men may behave commodiously and loyally too among those who are of the adverse party. Carry yourself, if not with an affection always equal (for it is capable of different degrees), at least moderate, such as may not so engage you to one party that it may challenge all that you are able to do; and content yourself also with a moderate degree of their favour, and to swim in the troubled water without attempting to fish in it.

The other way of a man's offering himself to serve both parties is much more conscientious than prudent. Does not he to whom you betray another person, with whom you was on good terms, know that you will do as much by him another time? He holds you for a villain, yet he hears what you have to say, draws intelligence from you, and works his own ends through your treachery; for double-dealing men are useful in what they bring, but care must be taken that they carry away as little as possible.

I say nothing to one party that I may not upon a fit occasion say to the other, with a little alteration of accent; and report nothing but things either indifferent or known, or what is of common consequence. I cannot allow myself for any consideration to tell them a lie. What is trusted with me as a secret, I religiously conceal; but I take as few trusts upon me of that nature as I can; the secrets of princes are a troublesome burden to those who are not interested in them. I am willing that they trust me with little, but that they rely with confidence upon what I tell them. I have always known more than I desired. One open way of speaking introduces another open way of speaking, and draws out discoveries like wine and love. In my opinion Philippides answered king Lysimachus very discreetly, who asking him what share of his estate he should bestow upon him, "What you will," said he, "provided it be none of your secrets."[1] I see that every one grumbles and is displeased if the bottom of such affairs as he is concerned in be concealed from him, or that there be any reservation used. For my part I am content to know no more of the matter than what it is intended I should be employed in, nor do I desire that my knowledge should exceed or constrain my promise. If I must serve for an instrument of deceit, let it be at least with a salvo to my conscience. I am not willing to be reputed a servant so affectionate or so loyal as to be thought a fit tool to betray any man. He that is faithless to himself may well be so to his sovereign. But princes do not accept of men by halves, and despise services that are limited and conditional. There is no remedy for it. I tell them frankly how far I can go, and no farther; for a slave I would not be but with reason, and yet I could hardly submit to that condition. They also are to blame who exact from a free man the same subjection and obligation to their service as they do from him whom they have made and bought, or whose fortune depends particularly and expressly upon them. The laws have rid me of a great anxiety; they have chosen me a fortune and given me a guardian. Every other superiority and obligation ought to be relative to that appoint-

[1] Plutarch, of Curiosity, chap. iv.

ment, and to be curtailed. Not that if my affection should incline me otherwise, I would consent to it immediately. The will and the desire make a law for themselves, but actions are to receive theirs from public authority. All this procedure of mine is somewhat different from our common forms; it would not be productive of great effects, nor would it be of long duration. Innocence itself could not in this age either negotiate without dissimulation, or traffic without lying: and indeed public employments do not at all suit my taste; what my profession requires I perform in the most private manner I can. While I was but young I was deeply engaged in business, and succeeded; but I retired from it in good time. I have since often avoided meddling in it, rarely accepted, and never asked it, turning my back to ambition; and if not like the watermen who advance forward while they look backward, yet I am not so much obliged to my resolution as to my good fortune that I was not embarked in it: for there are ways less displeasing to my taste, and more suitable to my ability, by which if she had heretofore called me to the public service and my own advancement in the world's opinion I know I would in spite of all my arguments have pursued them. Such as commonly say in opposition to what I profess, that what I called freedom, simplicity, and plainness in my manners, is art and finesse, and rather prudence than goodness, industry than nature, good sense than good luck, do me more honor than disgrace, but really they make my subtlety too refined. Whoever has followed me close, and pried narrowly into me, I will give him up the point if he does not confess that there is no rule in their school that could answer to this natural motion, and maintain an appearance of liberty and license so equal and inflexible through so many various and crooked paths, that all their care and ingenuity could not have carried them through. The path of truth is but one and simple; but that of private advantage, and of the convenience of the business which a man has upon his hands, is double, uneven, and casual. I have often seen these counterfeit and artificial liberties taken, but for the most part without success. They are apt to relish of the ass in Æsop's Fables, which in emulation of the dog, fawningly clapped his two fore feet upon his master's shoulders, for which his master gave him twice the number of blows with a cudgel, as the dog had caresses for the like sort of complaisance. *Id maximè quemque decet, quod est cujusque suum maximè:*[1] "That is most "becoming to every man, which is most "natural to him." I am not willing to deprive deceit of its due rank; that would be mistaking the world. There are vices which are lawful, as there are many actions either good or excusable, that are in a strict sense illegal.

The justice which in itself is natural and universal, is otherwise and more nobly regulated than that other particular and national justice, which is restrained to the necessity of our state affairs. *Veri juris germanaeque Justitiæ solidam et expressam effigiem nullam tenemus: umbrâ et imaginibus utimur:*[2] "We retain no solid and "express model of true law and perfect jus-"tice; we have only a shadow and faint "sketch of it"; insomuch that the sage Dandamys,[3] hearing the lives of Socrates, Pythagoras, and Diogenes read, esteemed them to be great personages in every other respect but in their too great subjection to the reverence of the laws, for the authority and support of which true virtue must abate very much of its original vigor; and many vicious actions are introduced, not only by their permission, but also by their persuasion. *Ex senatus-consultis plebisque scitis scelera exercentur.*[4] "The commission of certain "crimes is authorized by the decrees of the "senate and the common people." I follow the common phrase, which makes a distinction between things profitable and honest, so as to call some natural actions, which are not only useful but necessary, dishonest and obscene.

But let us proceed in our instances of treachery. Two pretenders to the kingdom of Thrace fell into a dispute about their title. The emperor hindered them from taking arms; but one of them under colour of bringing matters to an amicable issue by an interview, having invited his competitor to an entertainment at his house, caused him to be secured and put to death.[5] Jus-

[1] Cicero de Offic. lib. i. cap. 31. [2] Idem, lib. iii. cap. 17.

[3] He was an Indian sage who lived in the time of Alexander. What Montaigne here says of him is reported by Plutarch, who calls him Dandamis, in the Life of Alexander, chap. 20. It is the same in Strabo, lib. xv. where this Indian philosopher is called Mandanis. I have taken all this from M. de la Monnoye.

[4] Senec. ep. 95. [5] Tacit. Annal. lib. ii. cap. 65.

tice required that the Romans should have satisfaction for his offence, but there was a difficulty in obtaining it by the common forms. What therefore they could not do lawfully, without a war, and without danger, they attempted by treachery, and what they could not do honestly they accomplished profitably. For this end one Pomponius Flaccus was pitched upon as a fit instrument.[1] This man, by dissembled words and assurances, having drawn the other into his toils, instead of the honour and favour which he had promised, sent him bound hand and foot to Rome. Here one traitor betrayed another, contrary to the common custom; for they are full of mistrust, and it is not easy to over-reach them in their own art; witness the sad experience we have lately had of this.

Let who will be Pomponius Flaccus and there are enough that would; for my part, both my word and my faith are like all the rest, parts of this common body: the best they can do is to serve the public, and this I take to be presupposed. But as, should one command me to take charge of the palace and the records, or to enter upon the office of conductor of pioneers, I would say, that as to the former, it is what I do not understand, and as to the latter, that I am called to a more honorable employment: so likewise, should any one want me to lie, betray, and forswear myself for some notable service, much more to assassinate or poison, I would say if I have robbed or stolen from any one, send me forthwith to the galleys. For it is justifiable for a man of honor to say as the Lacedæmonians did, when they were just on the point of concluding their agreement after their defeat by Antipater, "You may impose as heavy and ruinous "burdens upon us as you please, but if you "command us to do things that are shame-"ful and dishonest you will only lose your "time."[2]

Every one, to be sure, had taken the same oath to himself that the kings of Egypt made their judges swear solemnly; viz. that they would not decree any thing contrary to their consciences, though they themselves should command it.[3] In such commissions there is an evident mark of ignominy and condemnation: and whoever gives you such a commission does it in fact to accuse you; and he gives it you if you understand it right, for a burden and a punishment. As much as the public affairs are amended by what you do, your own are impaired by it: and the better you behave for the public you act so much the worse for yourself. Nor will it be a new thing, nor perhaps without some colour of justice, if the same person ruin you who set you at work.

If treachery ought to be excused in any case, it is only so when employed in chastising and betraying the traitor. There are examples enough of treachery, not only where it was refused, but punished by those in whose favor it had been undertaken. Who knows not the sentence of Fabricius against Pyrrhus's physician?

But we find this also recorded, that a man has given command for an action which he afterwards severely revenged on the person whom he employed in it, rejecting a credit and power so uncontrolled, and disavowing a servitude and obedience so sordid and abandoned. Jaropelc, duke of Russia, tampered with a gentleman of Hungary to betray Boleslaus, king of Poland, by putting him to death, or giving the Russians an opportunity to do him some notable injury. The gentleman acted very craftily in the affair; he devoted himself more than ever to the service of the king, obtained to be of his council, and one of his chief confidents. With these advantages, and choosing the critical opportunity of his sovereign's absence, he betrayed to the Russians the great and rich city of Wisliez, which was entirely plundered and burned, with the total slaughter, not only of its inhabitants, without distinction of sex or age, but of a great number of the neighbouring gentry whom he had convened there for this purpose. Jaropelc being glutted with his revenge, and his wrath being appeased, for which however he had some pretence (for Boleslaus had very much provoked him, by a behaviour too of the like kind), and being gorged with the fruit of this treachery, taking into consideration the deformity of the act in a naked abstracted light, and looking upon it with a calm dispassionate view, conceived such a remorse and disgust, that he caused the eyes of his agent to be plucked out, and his tongue and privy parts to be cut off.

Antigonus persuaded the soldiers called

[1] Idem, ibid. cap. 67.

[2] Plutarch, in his Differences of the Flatterer and the Friend, chap. 21.

[3] Plutarch, in the remarkable sayings of the ancient kings, &c., towards the beginning.

Argyraspides to betray his adversary Eumenes their general into his hands. But after putting him to death, he himself desired to be the commissioner of the divine justice for the punishment for so detestable a crime, and consigned the traitors over to the governor of the province, with express command by all means to destroy and bring them to an evil end.[1] So that of that great number of men not one ever returned to Macedonia. The better he had been served by them the more wicked he judged the service to be, and the more deserving of punishment.

The slave who betrayed his master P. Sulpicius, by discovering the place where he lay concealed, was, according to promise manumitted from Sylla's proscription, but by virtue of his edict, though he was no longer a slave, he was instantly thrown headlong from the Tarpeian rock.[2]

And our king Clovis, instead of armour of gold which he had promised them, caused three of Canacro's servants to be hanged after they had betrayed their master to him, though he had set them upon it. They were hanged with the purse of their reward about their necks. After they had satisfied their second and special engagement, they satisfy the general and first.

Mahomet the second being resolved to rid himself of his brother out of a jealousy of his power, as is the custom of the Ottoman race, employed one of his officers in the execution, who choked him by pouring water into his throat. When this was done, Mahomet, to make atonement for the murder, delivered the man who committed it into the hands of the deceased's mother (for they were only brothers by the father's side), who in his presence ripped open the murderer's bosom, and in her fury ran her hands into his breast, and rifled it for his heart, which she tore out, and threw to the dogs. Even to the vilest of people it is a pleasure, when their end has been served by a criminal action, to patch it up with some mixture of goodness and justice, as by way of compensation and check of conscience. To which may be added, that they look upon the instruments of such horrid crimes, as upon persons that reproach them therewith, and aim by their deaths to cancel the memory and testimony of such practices.

Now if perhaps you are rewarded, in order not to frustrate the public necessity of this extreme and desperate remedy, he who bestows the reward will notwithstanding, if he be not such a one himself, look upon you as a cursed and execrable fellow; and conclude you to be a greater traitor than he does whom you betray; for he feels the malignity of your courage by your own hands, being employed without reluctance and without objection. He employs you like the most abandoned miscreants in the office of hangman, an office as useful as it is dishonourable. Besides the baseness of such commissioners, there is moreover a prostitution of conscience. Sejanus's daughter being a virgin, and as such not liable to be put to death, according to the form of law at Rome, was first ravished by the hangman, and then strangled.[1] Thus not only his hand but his soul is a slave to the public convenience.

When Amurath the first, more severely to punish his subjects for having supported the parricide rebellion of his son, ordered that the nearest of kin to them should lend a hand in their execution, I think it was very honourable in any of them who chose rather to be unjustly deemed culpable for another's parricide, than to be obedient to the demand of justice for a parricide of their own. And whereas, at the taking of some little forts, I have seen rascals, who, to save their own lives, have been glad to hang their friends and companions, I have thought them in a worse condition than those that were hanged. It is said that Witholde, a prince of Lithuania, introduced a practice, that a criminal who was condemned to die should dispatch himself with his own hand, for he thought it strange that a third person, who was innocent of the crime, should be charged with, and employed in, homicide.

When some urgent circumstance, and some impetuous and unforeseen accident, that very much concerns his government, compels a prince to evade his engagements or throws him out of his ordinary duty, he ought to ascribe this necessity to a scourge of the divine rod. Vice it is not, for he has given up his own reason to a more universal and powerful reason; but certainly it is a misfortune: so that if any one should ask me, what remedy? "None," I would say, "if he was really racked between these two extremes (*sed videat ne quæratur latebra*

[1] Plutarch, in his Life of Eumenes, chap. 9, to the end.
[2] Valer. Max. lib. vi. cap. 5, in Romanis, sect. 7.

[1] Tacit. Annal. lib. v. cap. 9.

perjurio; [1] "But let him take care that "he does not seek a pretence to cover his 'perjury'), he could not do otherwise;"- but if he did it without regret, it is a sign his conscience was seared. If there be a person to be found of so tender a conscience as to think so important a remedy too good for any cure whatsoever, I shall not like him at all the worse for it. He could not destroy himself more excusably and decently. We cannot do all we would, so that we are often obliged to commit the protection of our vessel to the conduct of heaven as to a sheet-anchor. To what more just necessity does he reserve himself? What is less possible for him to do than what he cannot do but at the expense of his faith and his honour? Things which perhaps ought to be dearer to him than his own safety, and the safety of his people. Though he should with folded arms call only upon God for his assistance, will he not have reason to hope that the divine goodness will not refuse the favour of his extraordinary arm to a hand that is so pure and just? These are dangerous instances, rare and weak exceptions to our natural rules, to which there is a necessity of submitting, but with great moderation and circumspection. No private utility is of such importance as to deserve this effort of our conscience though the public good well deserves it when it is very apparent and very important.

Timoleon made a proper atonement for his unnatural action by the tears he shed when he recollected that he had killed the tyrant with the hand of a brother: and it stung his conscience that he had been necessitated to purchase the public utility at so great a price as the wounding of his own integrity. Even the senate, which was by his means delivered from slavery, durst not determine positively on an action so considerable, which carried two aspects so important, and so contrary to each other. But the Syracusans having opportunely at that very time sent to the Corinthians to solicit their protection, and to require of them a general fit to re-establish their city in its former dignity, and to clear Sicily of several petty tyrants, by whom it was oppressed, the senate deputed Timoleon for that service, with this artful declaration, "That if he "behaved well in the government of the "Syracusans, they would from that time "pronounce by their decree that he had "killed a tyrant; and, on the contrary, "if he discovered an avaricious conduct, "they would try and condemn him for fra- "tricide, as having killed his own brother." [1] This whimsical conclusion carries along with it some excuse, by reason of the danger of the example, and the importance of so double-faced an action. And they did well to discharge their own judgment of it, or to support it by considerations of a conditional nature. Timoleon's deportment in his voyage rendered his cause still more clear, so worthily and virtuously did he demean himself in all respects. And the good fortune which attended him in the difficulties he had to overcome in this noble task, seemed to be put in his way by the gods, as favourably combining for his justification. If any man's aim is excusable this man's is.

But the profit by the increase of the public revenue, which served the Roman senate for a pretence to the base conclusion I am going to relate, is not sufficient to warrant such injustice. Certain citizens had by the order and consent of the senate redeemed themselves and their liberty by money, out of the hands of L. Sylla. [2] The affair coming again upon the carpet, the senate condemned them to be taxable as they were before, and that the money they had disbursed for their redemption should never be repaid them. Civil wars often produce such vile examples, that we punish private men for having taken our words when we were in power: and one and the same magistrate makes another man pay the penalty of his change, though no fault of his. The schoolmaster lashes his scholar for his docility, and the guide beats the blind man whom he leads by the hand. A shocking picture of justice!

There are some rules in philosophy that are both false and pusillanimous. The example that is proposed to us for preferring private benefit before the obligation due to faith once given, has not weight enough for the circumstance which they mix with it. Robbers have surprised you, and, after having made you swear to pay them a sum of money, give you your liberty. It is wrong to say that an honest man may be quit of his oath without payment, after he is out of their clutches. The case is quite otherwise. What fear has once prevailed

[1] Cic. Offic. lib. iii. cap. 29.

[1] Diodorus of Sicily, lib. xvi. cap. 19 of Amyot's translation. [2] Cic. de Offic. lib. iii. cap. 22.

on me to intend, I am obliged to keep the same purpose when I am no longer in fear. And though fear only forced my tongue, and not my will, yet I am bound to stand to my word. For my own part, when my tongue has sometimes rashly outrun my thought, I have however made a conscience of disowning it; were we to act otherwise we would abolish all the right another claims to our promises. *Quasi vero forti viro vis possit adhiberi:*[1] "As if violence could possibly operate upon a great heart."

The only condition in which private interest can excuse us for the non-performance of a promise is, when we have promised a thing that is wicked, and in itself unjust. For the claim of virtue ought to supersede the force of any obligation of ours.

I have formerly placed Epaminondas in the first class of excellent men, and do not retract it. To what a pitch did he carry his regard for his private obligation, who never killed a man that he had overcome, who, for the inestimable benefit of restoring the liberty of his country, made conscience of killing a tyrant or his accomplices, without the forms of justice; and who judged him to be a wicked man, was he ever so good a subject, who, amongst his enemies, and in battle, spared not his friend and his host! His was a soul of a rich composition! He matched good nature and humanity, even the most delicate, in the school of philosophy, with the rudest and most violent of all human actions. Was it nature or art that softened a man of his great courage, high spirit, and obstinate constancy, against pain, death, and poverty, to such an extreme degree of good nature and complaisance? Dreadful, with fire and sword, he over-ran and subdued a nation invincible by all others but himself; and yet, in the midst of such an expedition, he relaxed when he met his host and his friend. Verily he was fit to command in war, who could suffer himself to be checked with the curb of good nature, in the greatest heat of action, so inflamed and foaming with rage and slaughter. It shows an extraordinary greatness of mind to mix an idea of justice with such actions; but it was only possible for such steadiness of mind, as was that of Epaminondas, therein to mix good nature and the facility of the gentlest manners and purest innocence. Whereas one[2] told the Mammertines that statutes were of no force against men in arms; another[1] told the tribune of the people, that there was a time for justice, and a time for war; a third,[2] that the noise of arms drowned the voice of the law; this man's ears were always open to hear the calls of civility and courtesy. Did he not borrow from his enemies[3] the custom of sacrificing to the Muses, when he went to the field of battle, that they might, by their sweetness and gaiety of temper, soften his severity and martial fury? After the example of so great a master, let us not make any sort of doubt that there is something unlawful, even against an enemy; that the common cause ought not to require all things of a man against private interest: *Manente memoria, etiam in dissidio publicorum fœderum, privati juris:* "The remembrance of private right subsisting even in the midst of public quarrels."

———*Et nulla potentia vires*
Præstandi, ne quid peccet amicus, habet.[4]
Nor is there any power can authorize
The breach of sacred friendship's solemn ties.

and that an honest man is not at liberty to do everything for the service of his king, or the common cause, or of the laws. *Non enim patria præstat omnibus officiis—et ipsi conducit pios habere cives in parentes:*[5] "For the obligation to one's country does not supersede every other obligation: and it is of importance to itself to have subjects that have a veneration for their parents. This is an instruction proper for the present time. We need not harden our courage with this steel armour: it is enough that our shoulders are inured to it; it is enough for us to dip our pens in ink, and not in blood. If it be magnanimity, and the effect of an uncommon and singular valour, to contemn friendship, private obligation, a promise, and kindred, for the public weal, and in obedience to the magistrate; it is really sufficient to excuse us from it, that this is a greatness of soul which could have no place in the magnanimity of Epaminondas.

I abhor the furious exhortations of this other ungovernable soul:[6]

[1] Cic. de Offic. lib. iii., cap. 30.

[2] Pompey; see Plutarch's Life of him, ch. 3.

[1] Cæsar, in Plutarch, ch. 11.

[2] Marius, in his Life by Plutarch, ch. 10.

[3] Lacedæmonians. [4] Ovid de Ponto, lib. i. epist. 7, ver. 37.

[5] Cic. de Offic. lib. iii. cap. 23.

[6] Julius Cæsar, who, when in an open war against his country, with a design to subvert its liberty, cries out, "Dum tela micant," &c., Lucan. lib. vii., ver. 320, &c.

Dum tela micant, non vos pietatis imago
Ulla, nec adversa conspecti fronte parentes
Commoveant, vultus gladior tubate verondos.

When swords are drawn, let no remains of love
To friend or kindred, your compassion move;
Fear not to wound the venerable face
Ev'n of your father, if oppos'd in place.

Let us deprive those that are naturally mischievous, bloody, and treacherous, of this colour of reason; let us set aside this wild extravagant justice, and stick to institutions that are more humane. What great things may not be accomplished by time and example! In an action of the civil war of Cinna, one of Pompey's soldiers having inadvertently killed his brother, who was of the contrary party, killed himself on the spot, as soon as he knew it, for mere shame and sorrow.[1] Some years afterwards, in another civil war of the same people, a soldier, who had killed his brother, demanded a reward for it from his officers.[2]

The utility of an action is but a sorry plea for the beauty and honour of it; and it is wrong to infer, that, because such a thing is useful, it is therefore incumbent on every one to perform it; and not only a duty, but for his honor:

Omnia non pariter rerum sunt omnibus apta.[3]

All things are not alike for all men fit.

Were we to choose the most necessary and the most useful action of human society, it would be marriage: yet the saints think celibacy the more honorable state, excluding the most venerable order of men from it.

MONTAIGNE.

"CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT."

[This story is based on an incident in English history: Basil Underwood, a young soldier, is condemned to die at Curfew's ringing. Friends had interceded for him in vain. His betrothed had gone to the stern judges and asked that her lover be spared until she could see Cromwell, but her efforts were futile. She even attempted to bribe the deaf old sexton, but he also denied her pleadings, and as the hour of her lover's approaching death drew nigh the stern executioner, listening for the signal from Curfew, listened in vain—

"Curfew did not ring that night,"

and so the pretty poem tells its own story.

English history tells the story of the ringing of the Curfew—the tolling of which meant that the inhabitants were compelled to bank their fires, put out their lights and retire to rest at nightfall, at which hour the bell was rung.

The poem is the labor of Miss Rosa Hartwick (now Mrs. E. C. Thorpe, of Litchfield, Michigan), and was first brought to light about October, 1870, in the *Commercial Advertiser*, Detroit, Michigan.]

Slowly England's sun was setting o'er the hilltops far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day,
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair,—
He with footsteps slow and weary, she with sunny, floating hair;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she with lips all cold and white,
Struggled to keep back the murmur,—
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its turrets tall and gloomy, with its walls dark, damp, and cold,
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die,
At the ringing of the curfew—and no earthly help is nigh;
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her lips grew strangely white
As she breathed the husky whisper,—
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton, every word pierced her young heart
Like the piercing of an arrow, like a deadly, poisoned dart,
"Long, long years I've rung the curfew from that gloomy, shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
Now I'm old I still must do it,
Curfew it must ring to-night."

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,
And within her secret bosom Bessie made a solemn vow
She had listened while the judges read without a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the curfew, Basil Underwood must die."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright—
In an undertone she murmured,—
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

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[1] Tacit. Hist. lib. iii. cap. 51.
[2] Idem, ibid. [3] Propert. lib.

She with quick steps bounded forward, sprung within
the old church door,
Left the old man threading slowly paths so oft he'd trod
before;
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with eye and
cheek aglow,
Mounted up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to
and fro;
And she climbed the dusty ladder on which fell no ray
of light,
Up and up—her white lips saying—
"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the
great dark bell;
Awful is the gloom beneath her, like a pathway down
to hell.
Lo, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of
curfew now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her
breath, and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! Flash her eyes with
sudden light,
And she springs and grasps it firmly—
"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a speck of light
below,
'Twixt heaven and earth her form suspended, as the
bell swung to and fro,
And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf, heard not
the bell,
But he thought it still was ringing fair young Basil's
funeral knell.
Still the maiden clung most firmly, and with trembling
lips and white,
Said to hush her heart's wild beating,—
"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

It was o'er, the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden
stepped once more
Firmly on the dark old ladder, where for hundred years
before,
Human foot had not been planted. The brave deed
that she had done
Should be told long ages after, as the rays of setting sun
Should illume the sky with beauty; aged sires with
heads of white,
Long should tell the little children,
Curfew did not ring that night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie sees him,
and her brow,
Full of hope and full of gladness, has no anxious traces
now.
At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands all
bruised and torn;
And her face so sweet and pleading, yet with sorrow
pale and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eye with
misty light:
"Go, your lover lives," said Cromwell,
"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

CHARLES II.'S FLIGHT AFTER THE BATTLE OF WORCESTER.

[EDWARD HYDE, first earl of Clarendon, an eminent English statesman and historian, born at Dinton, Wiltshire, Feb. 18, 1609. He was educated at Oxford, and studied law under his uncle, Nicholas Hyde, who became chief-justice. He was a member of the Long Parliament, which met in 1640, and he acted at first with the popular party, but when the civil war broke out, in 1642, he attached himself to the royalist cause. He wrote several able state papers, which defended the policy of the king against the Parliament. In 1643 he was appointed chancellor of the exchequer and privy councillor. He accompanied Charles, Prince of Wales, to Jersey, in 1645–46, and served him as counsellor while he was an exile in France and Holland. On the restoration of Charles II., in 1660, Hyde became prime minister and lord chancellor of England, and in 1661 he was created earl of Clarendon. He opposed popery, and was more moderate than many of the royalists. In Aug., 1667, he was removed from office and impeached by the House of Commons, which condemned him to perpetual banishment. He died in Rouen, in Dec., 1674. His daughter, Anne Hyde, was married to the duke of York (James II.). He left a "*History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars*" (1702).]

After some days' stay, and communication between the king and the Lord Wilmot by letters, the king came to know that Colonel Francis Windham lived within little more than a day's journey of the place where he was, of which he was very glad; for, besides the inclination he had to his eldest brother, whose wife had been his nurse, this gentleman had behaved himself very well during the war, and had been governor of Dunster Castle where the king had lodged when he was in the west. After the end of the war, and when all other places were surrendered in the country, he likewise surrendered that, upon fair conditions, and made his peace, and afterwards married a wife with a competent fortune, and lived, quietly, without any suspicion of having lessened his affection towards the king.

The king sent Wilmot to him and acquainted him where he was, and "that he would gladly speak with him." It was not

hard for him to choose a good place where to meet, and thereupon the day was appointed. After the king had taken his leave of Mrs. Lane, who remained with her cousin Norton, the king and the Lord Wilmot met the colonel; and in the way he met in a town through which they passed, Mr. Kirton, a servant of the king's, who well knew the Lord Wilmot, who had no other disguise than the hawk, but took no notice of him, nor suspected the king to be there; yet that day made the king more wary of having him in his company upon the way. At the place of meeting, they rested only one night, and then the king went to the colonel's house where he rested many days, whilst the colonel projected at what place the king might embark, and how they might procure a vessel to be ready there, which was not easy to find, there being so great a fear possessing those who were honest, that it was hard to procure any vessel that was outward bound to take in any passengers.

There was a gentleman, one Mr. Ellison, who lived near Lyme, in Dorsetshire, and was well known to Colonel Windham, having been a captain in the king's army, and was still looked upon as a very honest man. With him the colonel consulted how they might get a vessel to be ready to take in a couple of gentlemen, friends of his, who were in danger to be arrested, and transport them into France. Though no man would ask who the persons were, yet it could not but be suspected who they were; at least they concluded that it was some of Worcester party. Lyme was generally as malicious and disaffected a town to the king's interest as any town in England could be, yet there was in it a master of a barque, of whose honesty this captain was very confident. This man was lately returned from France, and had unladen his vessel, when Ellison asked him "when he would make another voyage?" And he answered. "As soon as he could get lading for his ship." The other asked "whether he would undertake to carry over a couple of gentlemen, and land them in France, if he might be as well paid for his voyage as he used to be when he was freighted by the merchants?" In conclusion, he told him "he should receive fifty pounds for his fare." The large recompense had that effect, that the man undertook it; though he said "he must make his provision very secretly, for that he might be well suspected for going to sea again without being freighted, after he was so newly returned." Colonel Windham being advertised of this, came, together with the Lord Wilmot, to the captain's house, from whence the lord and the captain rid to a house near Lyme, where the master of the barque met them; and the Lord Wilmot being satisfied with the discourse of the man, and his wariness in foreseeing suspicions which would arise, it was resolved that on such a night, which upon consideration of the tides was agreed upon, the man should draw out his vessel from the pier, and, being at sea, should come to such a point about a mile from the town, where his ship should remain upon the beach when the water was gone, which would take it off again about break of day the next morning. There was very near that point, even in the view of it, a small inn, kept by a man who was reputed honest, to which the cavaliers of the country often resorted; and the London road passed that way, so that it was seldom without company. Into that inn the two gentlemen were to come in the beginning of the night, that they might put themselves on board. All things being thus concerted, and good earnest given to the master, the Lord Wilmot and the colonel returned to the colonel's house, above a day's journey from the place, the captain undertaking every day to look that the master should provide, and, if anything fell out contrary to expectation, to give the colonel notice at such a place where they intended the king should be the day before he was to embark.

The king being satisfied with these preparations, came at the time appointed to that house where he was to hear that all went as it ought to do; of which he received assurance from the captain, who found that the man had honestly put his provisions on board, and had his company ready, which were but four men, and that the vessel should be drawn out that night; so that it was fit for the two persons to come to the aforesaid inn: and the captain conducted them within sight of it, and then went to his own house, not distant a mile from it; the colonel remaining still at the house where they had lodged the night before, till he might hear the news of their being embarked.

They found many passengers in the inn, and so were to be contented with an ordinary chamber, which they did not intend to sleep long in. But as soon as there appeared any light, Wilmot went out to dis-

cover the barque, of which there was no appearance. In a word, the sun arose, and nothing like a ship in view. They sent to the captain, who was as much amazed; and he sent to the town, and his servant could not find the master of the barque, which was still in the pier. They suspected the captain, and the captain suspected the master. However, it being past ten of the clock, they concluded it was not fit for them to stay longer there, and so they mounted their horses again to return to the house where they had left the colonel, who, they knew, resolved to stay there till he was assured that they were gone.

The truth of the disappointment was this: the man meant honestly, and made all things ready for his departure; and the night he was to go out with his vessel he stayed in his own house, and slept two or three hours; and the time of the tide being come that it was necessary to be on board, he took out of a cupboard some linen and other things, which he used to carry with him to sea. His wife had observed that he had been for some days fuller of thoughts than he used to be, and that he had been speaking with seamen who used to go with him, and that some of them had carried provisions on board the barque; of which she had asked her husband the reason, who had told her "that he was promised freight speedily, and therefore he would make all things ready." She was sure there was yet no lading in the ship, and therefore, when she saw her husband take all those materials with him, which was a sure sign that he meant to go to sea, and it being late in the night, she shut the door, and swore he should not go out of the house. He told her "he must go, and was engaged to go to sea that night, for which he should be well paid." His wife told him "she was sure he was doing somewhat that would undo him, and she was resolved he should not go out of his house; and if he should persist in it, she would tell the neighbours, and carry him before the mayor to be examined, that the truth might be found out." The poor man, thus mastered by the passion and violence of his wife, was forced to yield to her, that there might be no further noise, and so went into his bed.

And it was very happy that the king's jealousy hastened him from that inn. It was the solemn fast-day, which was observed in those times principally to inflame the people against the king, and all those who were loyal to him; and there was a chapel in that village over against that inn, where a weaver, who had been a soldier, used to preach, and utter all the villany imaginable against the old order of government: and he was then in the chapel preaching to his congregation when the king went from thence, and telling the people "that Charles Stuart was lurking somewhere in that country, and that they would merit from God Almighty if they could find him out." The passengers, who had lodged in the inn that night, had, as soon as they were up, sent for a smith to visit their horses, it being a hard frost. The smith, when he had done what he was sent for, according to the custom of that people, examined the feet of the other two horses, to find more work. When he had observed them, he told the host of the house, "that one of those horses had travelled far, and that he was sure that his four shoes had been made in four several counties;" which, whether his skill was able to discover or no, was very true. The smith, going to the sermon, told the story to some of his neighbours, and so it came to the ears of the preacher when his sermon was done. Immediately he sent for an officer, and searched the inn, and inquired for those horses; and being informed that they were gone, he caused horses to be sent to follow them, and to make inquiry after the two men who rid those horses, and positively declared "that one of them was Charles Stuart."

When they came again to the colonel, they presently concluded that they were to make no longer stay in those parts, nor any more to endeavour to find a ship upon that coast; and without any further delay, they rode back to the colonel's house, where they arrived in the night. Then they resolved to make their next attempt in Hampshire and Sussex, where Colonel Windham had no interest. They must pass through all Wiltshire before they came thither, which would require many days' journey; and they were first to consider what honest houses there were in or near the way, where they might securely repose; and it was thought very dangerous for the king to ride through any great town, as Salisbury, or Winchester, which might probably lie in their way.

There was, between that and Salisbury, a very honest gentleman, Colonel Robert Philips, a younger brother of a very good family, which had always been very loyal, and he had served the king during the war.

J. SCHWENINGER, PINX.

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THE NUT BROWN MAID.

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The king was resolved to trust him, and so sent the Lord Wilmot to a place from whence he might send to Mr. Philips to come to him; and when he had spoken with him, Mr. Philips should come to the king, and Wilmot was to stay in such a place as they two should agree. Mr. Philips accordingly came to the colonel's house, which he could do without suspicion, they being nearly allied. The ways were very full of soldiers, which were sent now from the army to their quarters, and many regiments of horse and foot were assigned for the west, of which division Desborough was commander-in-chief. These marches were like to last for many days, and it would not be fit for the king to stay so long in that place. Thereupon he resorted to his old security of taking a woman behind him, a kinswoman of Colonel Windham, whom he carried in that manner to a place not far from Salisbury, to which Colonel Philips conducted him. In this journey he passed through the middle of a regiment of horse, and, presently after, met Desborough walking down a hill with three or four men with him, who had lodged in Salisbury the night before, all that road being full of soldiers.

The next day, upon the plains, Dr. Hinchman, one of the prebends of Salisbury, met the king, the Lord Wilmot and Philips then leaving him to go to the sea-coast to find a vessel, the doctor conducting the king to a place called Heale, three miles from Salisbury, belonging then to Serjeant Hyde, who was afterwards Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and then in the possession of the widow of his elder brother—a house that stood alone from neighbours, and from any highway—where, coming in late in the evening, he supped with some gentlemen who accidentally were in the house, which could not well be avoided. But the next morning he went early from thence, as if he had continued his journey; and the widow, being trusted with the knowledge of her guest, sent her servants out of the way, and at an hour appointed received him again, and accommodated him in a little room, which had been made since the beginning of the troubles for the concealment of delinquents, the seat always belonging to a malignant family.

Here he lay concealed, without the knowledge of some gentlemen who lived in the house, and of others who daily resorted thither, for many days, the widow herself only attending him with such things as were necessary, and bringing him such letters as the doctor received from the Lord Wilmot and Colonel Philips. A vessel being at last provided upon the coast of Sussex, and notice thereof sent to Dr. Hinchman, he sent to the king to meet him at Stonehenge, upon the plains, three miles from Heale, whither the widow took care to direct him; and being there met, he attended him to the place where Colonel Philips received him. He, the next day, delivered him to the Lord Wilmot, who went with him to a house in Sussex recommended by Colonel Gunter, a gentleman of that country, who had served the king in the war, who met him there, and had provided a little barque at Brighthelmstone, a small fisher town, where he went early on board, and, by God's blessing, arrived safely in Normandy.

THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

[The Authorship of this poem, which dates about 1521, is unknown.]

Be it right or wrong, these men among
Of women do complain;
Affirming this, how that it is
A labour spent in vain,
To love them well; for never a deal
They love a man again:
For let a man do what he can
Their favour to attain,
Yet, if a new do them pursue,
Their first true lover then
Laboureth for nought; for from their thought
He is a banish'd man.

I say not nay, but that all day
It is both writ and said,
That woman's faith is, as who saith,
All utterly decay'd;
But, nevertheless, right good witness
In this case might be laid,
That they love true, and continue:
Record the Nut-Brown Maid:
Which, when her love came, her to prove,
To her to make his moan,
Would not depart; for in heart
She loved but him alone.

Then between us let us discuss
What was all the manner
Between them two: we will also
Tell all the pain, and fear,

That she was in. Now I begin,
So that ye me answèr;
Wherefore, all ye, that present be,
I pray you give an ear.
"I am the knight; I come by night,
As secret as I can;
Saying, alas! thus standeth the case,
I am a banish'd man."

She.—And I your will for to fulfil
In this will not refuse;
Trustying to show, in wordès few,
That men have an ill use
(To their own shame) women to blame,
And causeless them accuse;
Therefore to you I answer now,
All women to excuse—
Mine own heart dear, with you what cheer?
I pray you tell, anon;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He.—It standeth so; a deed is do
Whereof great harm shall grow;
My destiny is for to die
A shameful death, I trow;
Or else to flee: the one must be.
None other way I know,
But to withdraw as an outlaw,
And take me to my bow.
Wherefore adieu, my own heart true
None other rede I can:
For I must to the green wood go,
Alone a banished man.

She.—O Lord, what is this worldly bliss,
That changeth as the moon!
My summer's day in lusty May
Is derked[1] before the noon.
I hear you say, Farewell: nay, nay,
We départ not so soon.
Why say ye so? whither will ye go?
Alas! what have you done?
All my welfáre to sorrow and care
Should change if you were gone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He.—I can believe it shall you grieve,
And somewhat you distrain;
But afterward, your paynes hard
Within a day or twain
Shall soon aslake:[2] and ye shall take
Comfort to you again.
Why should ye ought? for to make thought,
Your labour were in vain.
And thus I do; and pray you to,
As hart'ly as I can;
For I must to the green wood go,
Alone a banish'd man.

[1] Darkened. [2] Abate.

She.—Now, sith that ye have showed to me
The secret of your mind,
I shall be plain to you again,
Like as ye shall me find.
Sith it is so, that ye will go,
I will not leve behind;
Shall never be said, the Nut-brown Maid
Was to her love unkind:
Make you ready, for so am I,
Although it were anon;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He.—Yet I you rede[1] to take good heed
What men will think, and say;
Of young and old it shall be told,
That ye be gone away,
Your wanton will for to fulfil,
In green wood you to play;
And that ye might from your delight
No longer make delay.
Rather than ye should thus for me
Be call'd an ill woman,
Yet would I to the green wood go,
Alone, a banish'd man.

She.—Though it be sung of old and young,
That I should be to blame,
Theirs be the charge, that speak so large
In hurting of my name:
For I will prove that faithful love
It is devoid of shame;
In your distress, and heaviness,
To part with you, the same:
And sure all those, that do not so,
True lovers are they none;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He.—I counsel you, remember how,
It is no maiden's law,
Nothing to doubt, but to run out
To wood with an outlaw:
For ye must there in your hand bear
A bow, ready to draw,
And, as a thief, thus must you live
Ever in dread and awe;
Whereby to you great harm might grow:
Yet had I lever[2] than,
That I did to the green wood go,
Alone, a banish'd man.

She.—I think not nay, but as ye say,
It is no maiden's lore:
But love may make me for your sake,
As I have said before,
To come on foot, to hunt, and shoot
To get us meat in store;
For so that I your company

[1] Advise. [2] Rather.

May have, I ask no more:
From which to part, it maketh my heart
As cold as any stone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He.—For an outlaw this is the law,
That men him take and bind;
Without pity, hangèd to be,
And waver with the wind.
If I had need (as God forbid!)
What rescue could ye find?
Forsooth, I trow, ye and your bow
For fear would draw behind:
And no marvel; for little avail
Were in your counsel then:
Wherefore I will to the green wood go,
Alone a banish'd man.

She.—Right well know ye that woman be
But feeble for to fight;
No womanhede it is indeed
To be bold as a knight:
Yet, in such fear if that ye were
With enemies day or night,
I would withstand, with bow in hand,
To grieve them as I might,
And you to save: as women have
From death men many one;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He.—Yet take good heed; for ever I dread
That ye could not sustain
The thorny ways, the deep valleys,
The snow, the frost, the rain,
The cold, the heat: for dry or wet,
We must lodge on the plain;
And, us above, none other roof
But a brake bush, or twain:
Which soon should grieve you, I believe,
And ye would gladly than
That I had to the green wood gone,
Alone, a banish'd man.

She.—Sith I have here been partynere
With you of joy and bliss,
I must also part of your woe
Endure, as reason is:
Yet am I sure of one pleasure;
And shortly, it is this:
That, where ye be, me seemeth, parde,[1]
I could not fare amiss.
Without more speech, I you beseech
That we were soon agone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He.—If ye go thither, ye must consider,
When ye have lust to dine,
There shall no meat be for you gete,
Nor drink, beer, ale, nor wine.
No shetes clean, to lie between,
Made of thread and twine;
None other house but leaves and bougha,
To cover your head and mine,
Oh, mine heart sweet, this evil dyete
Should make you pale and wan;
Wherefore I will to the green wood go,
Alone, a banish'd man.

She.—Among the wild deer, such an archar
As men say that ye be,
Ye may not fail of good vitayle,
Where there is so great plenty:
And water clear of the river
Shall be full sweet to me;
With which in hele[1] I shall right wele
Endure, as ye shall see;
And, or we go, a bed or two,
I can provide anon;
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He.—Lo, yet, before, ye must do more,
If ye will go with me:
As cut your hair up by the ear,
Your kirtle by the knee;
With bow in hand, for to withstand
Your enemies, if need be:
And this same night before daylight.
To wood-ward I will flee.
If that ye will all this fulfil,
Do it shortly as you can:
Else will I to the green wood go,
Alone, a banish'd man.

She.—I shall as now do more for you
Than longeth to womanhede;
To shote[2] my hair, a bow to bear,
To shoot in time of need.
Oh, my sweet mother, before all other
For you I have most dread:
But now, adieu! I must ensue[3]
Where fortune doth me lead.
All this make ye: now let us flee;
The day cometh fast upon;
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He.—Nay, nay, not so; you shall not go,
And I shall tell you why,—
Your appetite is to be light
Of love, I well espy:
For like as ye have said to me,
In likewise hardely
You would answer whosoever it were,
In way of company.
It is said of old, Soon hot, soon cold:
And so is a woman.
Wherefore I to the wood will go,
Alone, a banish'd man.

[1] In truth.

[1] Health. [2] Cut. [3] Follow.

SHE.—If you take heed, it is no need
Such words to say to me;
For oft ye pray'd, and long assay'd,
B'fore I you loved, pardè:
And though that I of ancestry
A baron's daughter be,
Yet have you proved how I you loved,
A squire of low degree;
And ever shall whatso befall;
To die thereon anon;
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.—A baron's child to be beguiled!
It were a cursed deed;
To be felawe[1] with an outlaw!
Almighty God forbid!
Yet better were the poor squyere
Alone to forest yede,[2]
Then ye shall say another day,
That by my cursed deed,
Ye were betray'd: Wherefore, good maid,
The best rede[3] that I can,
Is, that I to the green wood go,
Alone, a banish'd man.

SHE.—Whatever befall, I never shall
Of this thing you upbraid:
But if ye go, and leave me so,
Then have you me betray'd.
Remember you well, how that ye deal;
For, if ye, as ye said,
Be so unkind, to leave behind,
Your love the Nut-brown Maid,
Trust me truly, that I shall die
Soon after ye be gone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.—If that ye went ye should repent;
For in the forest now
I have purvayed[4] me of a maid,
Whom I love more than you;
Another fairer than ever ye were,
I dare it well avow;
And of you both each should be wroth
With other as I trow:
It were mine ease to live in peace;
So will I, if I can;
Wherefore I to the wood will go,
Alone, a banish'd man.

SHE.—Though in the wood I understood
Ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remove my thought,
But that I will be your:
And she shall find me soft and kind,
And courteous every hour;
Glad to fulfil all that she will
Command me to my dower:
For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,
"Of them I would be one,"
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.—Mine own dear love, I see the proof
That ye be kind and true;
Of maid, and wife, in all my life,
The best that ever I knew.
Be merry and glad, be no more sad,
The case is changed new;
For it were ruth, that, for your truth,
Ye should have cause to rue.
Be not dismay'd; whatsoever I said
To you when I began;
I will not to the green wood go;
I am no banished man.

SHE.—These tidings be more glad to me,
Than to be made a queen,
If I were sure they should endure;
But it is often seen,
When men will break promise they speak
The wordes on the spleen.
Ye shape some wile, me to beguile,
And steal from me, I ween:
Then were the case worse than it was,
And I more woe-begone!
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.—Ye shall not need further to dread;
I will not dispárage
You (God defend!), sith ye descend
Of so great lineáge.
Now understand; to Westmoreland,
Which is mine heritage,
I will you bring; and with a ring,
By way of marriage
I will you take, and lady make,
As shortly as I can:
Thus have you won an Erly's son,
And not a banished man.

AUTHOR.—Here may ye see that woman be,
In love, meek, kind, and stable:
Let never man reprove them then,
Or call them variable;
But rather pray God that we may
To them be comfortable;
Which sometimes proveth such, as he loveth
If they be charitable.
For sith men would that women should
Be meek to them each one;
Much more ought they to God obey
And serve but him alone.

[1] Companion. [2] Went. [3] Advice. [4] Provided.

THE THEOGONY.

[HESIOD, next to Homer, the oldest of the Grecian poets whose works are known to us, and founder of the epic-didactic school of poetry at the foot of Mt. Helicon in Bœotia, as Homer was the representative of the epic-Ionian school of Asia Minor. The two schools had little in common except the epic form and dialect, for while Homer sang the exploits of heroes, and sought to inspire admiration for adventurous enterprises, Hesiod inculcates the duty of labor and frugality, and treats of the daily round of domestic life. From these characteristics Cleomenes claimed the former as the bard of the Spartan warriors, while Hesiod was termed by him the poet of the Helots. Of the period when he flourished and the circumstances of his life, we know little. What little is known is derived from his own writings; for while Homer, in whom there is greater objectivity than in any other poet, has left in his productions no personal allusions, Hesiod has introduced in many passages incidental accounts of his life and family relations. But in neither poet is any indication given of the period in which he lived. Nor is there any external testimony worthy of confidence. Herodotus says that Hesiod and Homer lived 400 years before his time, and not more, which would give their date about 840 B. C. Most writers make the two contemporary, while some place Hesiod before, others 100 years later than Homer.

The various statements are collected in Clinton's Fasti Hellenici, (vol. I, pp. 359–361.) Göttling coincides in the opinion of Herodotus, while Grote, from the internal evidence of style and sentiment, places him shortly after 700 B. C.. Hesiod was of Æolian parentage, boru at Ascra in Bœotia. His father had been a resident of Cyme, a town of Æolis in Asia Minor, but had removed to Ascra, where he possessed and cultivated a farm which he left at his death to his two sons, Hesiod and Perses. After the division, Perses, the younger brother, who seems to have been fond of lawsuits, and the harassing business of the agora, managed by bribing the judges to defraud his brother of a portion of his inheritance. Hesiod thereupon in disgust left his native Ascra, and removed to Orchomenus, where he spent the rest of his life. He further intimates that he was engaged in farming pursuits, and precepts which are embodied in his Works and Days appear to be the result of a practical acquaintance with agriculture. The way in which he was led to attempt poetic composition is related in the opening of the Theogony. The Muses, who frequented Mt. Helicon, on one occasion met Hesiod as he was pasturing his flocks at the foot of the mountain. They thereupon bestowed on him the gift of poetry, and consecrated him to their service by presenting him a laurel branch.

The Rev. James Davies, M. A., of Oxford, has given such a clear review of Hesiod's great work, "*The Theogony*," that we cannot do a better service to the reader than make extract from his criticism and use the translations which he has adopted.]

Hesiod's "Theogony" consists of three divisions: a cosmogony, or creation of the world, its powers, and its fabric; a theogony proper, recording the history of the dynasties of Cronus and Zeus; and a fragmentary generation of heroes, sprung from the intercourse of mortals with immortals. Hesiod and his contemporaries considered that in their day Jupiter or Zeus was the lord of Olympus; but it was necessary to chronicle the antecedents of his dynasty, and hence the account of the stages and revolutions which had led up to the established order under which Hesiod's generation found itself. And so, after a preface containing amongst other matters the episode of the Muses' visit to the shepherd poet, Hesiod proceeds to his proper task, and represents Chaos as primeval, and Earth, Tartarus, and Eros (Love), as coming next into existence:—

> "Love then arose,
> Most beauteous of immortals; he at once
> Of every god and every mortal man
> Unnerves the limbs, dissolves the wiser breast
> By reason steeled, and quells the very soul."
>
> —*Elton*, 171-175.

At first Chaos spontaneously produces Erebus and Night, the latter of whom gives birth to Ether and Day; whilst Earth creates in turn the heaven, the mountains, and the sea, the cosmogony so far corresponding generally with the Mosaic. But at this point Eros or Love begins to work. The union of Earth with Heaven results in the birth of Oceanus and the Titans, the Cyclopes, and the hundred-handed giants. The sire of so numerous a progeny, and first ruler of creation, Uranus, conceiving that his sovereignty is imperilled by his offspring, resorts to the expedient of relodging each child, as soon as it is born, within the bowels of its mother, Earth. Groaning under such a burden, she arms her youngest and wiliest son, Cronus, with a sickle of her own product, iron, and hides him in an ambush with a view to his mutilating his sire. The conspiracy is justified on the principle of retributive justice. Uranus is disabled and dethroned, and, by a not very clear nor presentable legend, the foam-born goddess, Aphrodite, is fabled to have sprung from his mutilation. Here is the poet's account of her rise out of the sea:—

> "So severing with keen steel
> The sacred spoils, he from the continent
> Amid the many surges of the sea

Hurled them. Full long they drifted o'er the deeps,
Till now swift-circling a white foam arose
From that immortal substance, and a nymph
Was nourished in their midst. The wafting waves
First bore her to Cythera the divine:
To wave-encircled Cyprus came she then,
And forth emerged a goddess in the charms
Of awful beauty. *Where her delicate feet*
Had pressed the sands, green herbage, flowering sprang.
Her Aphrodite gods and mortal name,
The foam-born goddess: and her name is known
As Cytherea with the blooming wreath,
For that she touched Cytherea's flowery coast;
And Cyprus, for that on the Cyprian shore
She rose amid the multitude of waves.
Love tracked her steps, and beautiful Desire
Pursued; while soon as born she bent her way
Towards heaven's assembled gods; her honours these
From the beginning; whether gods or men
Her presence bless, to her the portion falls
Of virgin whisperings and alluring smiles,
And smooth deceits, and gentle ecstacy,
And dalliance and the blandishments of love."
—*Frere*—258-283.

The concluding verses of this passage are notable as enumerating the fabled accessories of Venus; and the italicised lines, which find modern parallels in Milton, Scott, and Tennyson, may have suggested the invocation of the benignant goddess in the opening of Lucretius:—

"Before thee, goddess, thee! the winds are hushed,
Before thy coming are the clouds dispersed;
The plastic earth spreads flowers before thy feet;
Thy presence makes the plains of ocean smile,
And sky shines placid with diffusèd light."
—*Lucret.* i. 7-12 (Johnson).

By the act of Cronus, the Titans, released from durance, arose to a share in the deliverer's dynasty, the Cyclopes and giants still, it would seem, remaining shut up in their prison-house. Before the poet proceeds to the history of this dynasty and succession of rulers, he apparently conceives it to be his duty to go through the generations of the elder deities with a genealogical minuteness which, it must be confessed, is now and then tedious; though, on the other hand, there are occasional points of interest in the process, which would be interminable if not so relieved. It is curious, for example, to find "the Hesperian maids"—

"Whose charge o'ersees the fruits of bloomy gold
Beyond the sounding ocean, the fair trees
Of golden fruitage"— —*Elton*, 293-297.

ranked with Death, and Sleep, and Gloom and its kindred, as the unbegotten brood of Night. Possibly the clue is to be found in Hesiod's having a glimmering of the Fall and its consequences, because death and woe were in the plucking of the fruit of "that forbidden tree." Again, from the union of Nereus, the sea-god *par excellence*, and the eldest offspring of Pontus, one of the original powers, with the Oceanid Doris, are said to have sprung the fifty Nereids, whose names, taken from some characteristic of the sea—its wonders, its treasures, and its good auguries—correspond in many instances with Homer's list in the Iliad (xviii. 38-48), and point to a pre-existent legend approached by both poets. In due order, also, are recorded the children of Tethys and the Titan Oceanus, —to wit, the endless rivers and springs, and the water nymphs, or Oceanids, whose function is to preside over these, and to convey nourishment from the sire to all things living. As to the list of rivers, it is noticeable that Hesiod includes the Nile, known to Homer only by the name of Ægyptus—and the Eridanus, supposed to represent the Rhodanus or Rhone; also that the rivers of Greece appear to be slighted in comparison with those of Asia Minor and the Troad—a circumstance to be accounted for by the Asiatic origin of the poet's father, which would explain his completer geographical knowledge of the colonies than of the mother country. The names of the water-nymphs are referable to islands and continents—*e. g.* Europa, Asia, Doris, Persia—or to physical characteristics, such as clearness, turbidness, violet hue, and the like. But the poet gives a good reason for furnishing only a selection:—

"More remain untold. Three thousand nymphs
Of Oceanic line, in beauty tread
With ample step, and far and wide dispersed
Haunt the green earth and azure depth of lakes,
A blooming race of glorious goddesses.
As many rivers also yet untold,
Rushing with hollow dashing sound, were born
To awful Tethys, but their every name
Is not for mortal man to memorate.
Arduous, yet known to all the dwellers round."
—*Elton*, 492-501.

We must not trespass upon our readers' patience, by enumerating with the conscientious genealogist the progeny of the rest of the Titans. Two goddesses, however, stand

out from amidst one or other of these broods, as of more special note, and more direct bearing on the world's government and order. Asteria, the goddess of stars, a Titanid in the second generation, bears to Perses, a god of light, and a Titan of the original stock, one only daughter, Hecate. The attributes of this goddess, as described by Hesiod, are so discrepant from those ascribed to her by later poets, as to afford strong proof of the antiquity of this poem. She is not, as in later poetry, the patron of magic arts, but the goddess who blesses labour and energy, in field, senate, and forum :—

"When the mailed men rise
To deadly battle, comes the goddess prompt
To whom she wills, bids rapid victory
Await them, and extends the wreath of fame.
She sits upon the sacred judgment-seat
Of venerable monarchs. She is found
Propitious when in solemn games the youth
Contending strive; there is the goddess nigh
With succor; he whose hardiment and strength
Victorious prove, with ease the graceful palm
Achieving, joyous o'er his father's age,
Sheds a bright gleam of glory. She is known
To them propitious, who the fiery steed
Rein in the course, and them who laboring cleave
Through the blue watery waste the untractable way."
—*Elton*, 581-595.

The other goddess, Styx, a daughter of Oceanus, is memorable not more for her own prominent position in ancient fable, than for having amongst her offspring those iron-handed ministers of Jove, Strength (Kratos) and Force (Bia), whom the classical reader meets again in the opening of the 'Prometheus' of Æschylus. Their nearness to Zeus is ascribed by Hesiod to the decision with which their mother espoused his cause in the struggle with Cronus and the Titans :—

"Lo! then incorruptible Styx the first,
Swayed by the awful counsels of her sire,
Stood on Olympus and her sons beside;
There graced with honour and with goodly gifts,
Her Zeus ordained the great tremendous oath
Of deities; her sons for evermore
Indwellers in the heavens. Alike to all,
E'en as he pledged his sacred word, the god
Performed; so reigned he strong in might and power."
—*Elton*, 537-545.

But here Hesiod has been anticipating the sequence of events, and forestalling, to this extent, the second stage of the poem. According to Hesiod, Cronus or Saturn was alive to the faults of his sire's policy of self-protection, and conceived an improvement in the means of checking revolutionary development on the part of his offspring, by imprisoning them in his own bowels rather than their mother's. Mindful of the destiny that "to his own child he should bow down his strength," he proceeded to swallow up his progeny with such regularity, that the maternal feelings of his consort, Rhea, roused her to a spirit of opposition. When about to be delivered of her sixth child, Zeus, she called in the aid of her parents, Heaven and Earth, in the concealment of his birth :—

"And her they sent to Lyctus, to the clime
Of fruitful Crete; and when her hour was come,
The birth of Zeus, her youngest born, then Earth
Took to herself the mighty babe, to rear
With nurturing softness, in the spacious isle
Of Crete; so came she then, transporting him
Swift through the darksome air, to Lyctus first,
And thence upbearing in her arms, concealed
Beneath the sacred ground in sunless cave,
Where shagged with densest wood the Ægean mount
Impends. But to the imperial son of heaven,
Whilom the King of Gods, the stone she gave
Inwrapt in infant swathes, and this with grasp
Eager he snatched, and in his ravening breast
Conveyed away; unhappy! nor once thought
That for the stone his child remained behind
Invincible, secure; who soon with hands
Of strength o'ercoming him, should cast him forth
From glory, and himself the immortals rule."
—*Elton*, 641-659.

As the gods in ancient mythology grow apace, Zeus is soon ripe for the task of aiding his mother, whose craft persuades Cronus to disgorge first the stone which he had mistaken for his youngest-born, and then the five children whom he had previously devoured. A stone, probably meteoric, was shown at Delphi in Pausanias's day as the stone in question, and an object of old memorial to the devout Greek. The rescued brethren at once take part with their deliverer. The first act of Zeus was, as we have seen, to advance Force and Strength, with their brothers Victory and Rivalry, to the dignity of "a body-guard," and to give their mother Styx the style and functions of "oath-sanctioner." His next was to free from the prison to which their father Uranus had consigned them, the hundred-handed giants, and the Cyclopes, who furnished his artillery of lightnings and hot thunderbolts.

His success in the struggle was assured by the oracles of Gæa (Earth), if only he could band these towers of strength and muscularity against Cronus and his Titans; and so the battle was set in array, and a fierce war ensued—

"Each with each
Ten years and more the furious battle joined
Unintermitted; nor to either host
Was issue of stern strife nor end; alike
Did either stretch the limit of the war."
—*Elton*, 846–850.

Hesiod's description of the contest, which has been justly held to constitute his title to a rank near Homer as an epic poet, is prefaced by a feast at which Zeus addresses his allies, and receives in turn the assurance of their support. The speeches are not wanting in dignity, though briefer than those which, in his great epic, Milton has moulded on their model. Our English poet had bathed his spirit in Hesiod before he essayed the sixth book of his 'Paradise Lost;' and it was well and wisely done by the translator of the following description of the war betwixt Zeus and the Titans to aim at a Miltonic style and speech:—

"All on that day roused infinite the war,
Female and male; the Titan deities,
The gods from Cronus sprang, and those whom Zeus
From subterranean gloom released to light:
Terrible, strong, of force enormous; burst
A hundred arms from all their shoulders huge:
From all their shoulders fifty heads upsprang
O'er limbs of sinewy mould. They then arrayed
Against the Titans in fell combat stood,
And in their nervous grasp wielded aloft
Precipitous rocks. On the other side alert
The Titan phalanx closed: then hands of strength
Joined prowess, and displayed the works of war.
Tremendous then the immeasurable sea
Roared: earth resounded: the wide heaven throughout
Groaned shattering: from its base Olympus vast
Reeled to the violence of the gods: the shock
Of deep concussion rocked the dark abyss
Remote of Tartarus: the shrilling din
Of hollow tramplings and strong battle-strokes,
And measureless uproar of wild pursuit.
So they reciprocal their weapons hurled
Groan-scattering, and the shout of either host
Burst in exhorting ardour to the stars
Of heaven: with mighty war-cries either host
Encountering closed."
Elton, 883–908.

In the conflict with the Titans, Zeus has to exert all his might to insure victory:—

"Nor longer then did Zeus
Curb his full power, but instant in his soul
There grew dilated strength, and it was filled
With his omnipotence. *At once he loosed*
His whole of might, and put forth all the god.
The vaulted sky, the mount Olympian flashed
With his continual presence, for he passed
Incessant forth, and scattered fires on fires.
Hurled from his hardy grasp the lightnings flew
Reiterated swift: the whirling flash
Cast sacred splendour, and the thunderbolt
Fell; roared around the nurture-yielding earth
In conflagration; for on every side
The immensity of forests crackling blazed:
Yea, the broad earth burned red, the streams that mix
With ocean and the deserts of the sea.
Round and around the Titan brood of earth
Rolled the hot vapour on its fiery surge.
The liquid heat air's pure expanse divine
Suffused: the radiance keen of quivering flame
That shot from writhen lightnings, each dim orb,
Strong though they were, intolerable smote,
And scorched the blasted vision: through the void
Of Erebus the preternatural glare
Spread mingling fire with darkness. But to see
With human eye and hear with the ear of man
Had been as if midway the spacious heaven
Hurtling with earth shocked—e'en as nether earth
Crashed from the centre, and the wreck of heaven
Fell ruinous from high. So vast the din
When, gods encountering gods, the clang of arms
Commingled, and the tumult roared from heaven."
—*Elton*, 908–939.

To heighten the turmoil, the winds and elements fight on the side of Zeus. The tide of battle turns. Jove's huge auxiliaries overwhelm the Titans with a succession of huge missiles, send them sheer beneath the earth, and consign them to a durance "as far beneath, under earth, as heaven is from earth, for equal is the space from earth to murky Tartarus." There, in the deeper chamber of an abyss from which there is no escape, the Titans are thenceforth imprisoned, with the hundred-handed giants set over them as keepers, and with Day and Night acting as sentries or janitors in front of the brazen threshold:—

"There Night
And Day, near passing, mutual greeting still
Exchange, alternate as they glide athwart
The brazen threshold vast. This enters, that
Forth issues, nor the two can one abode
At once constrain. This passes forth and roams
The round of earth, that in the mansion waits
Till the due season of her travel come.
Lo! from the one the far-discerning light
Beams upon earthly dwellers: but a cloud
Of pitchy darkness veils the other round;

Pernicious Night, aye leading in her hand
Sleep, Death's twin brother: sons of gloomy Night,
There hold they habitation, Death and Sleep,
Dread deities: nor them doth shining sun
E'er with his beam contemplate, when he climbs
The cope of heaven, or when from heaven descends.
Of these the one glides gentle o'er the space
Of earth and broad expanse of ocean waves,
Placid to man. The other has a heart
Of iron; yea, the heart within his breast
Is brass unpitying: whom of men he grasps,
Stern he retains: e'en to immortal gods
A foe." —*Elton*, 992–1014.

Of these sentries the readers of Milton's "Paradise Lost" may recall the description at the opening of the sixth book; whilst the counterparts of the twin children of Night may be found in the Iliad,[1] as well as in the Æneid.[2]

Another wonder of the prison-house, in Hesiod's account of it, is Cerberus:—

"A grisly dog, implacable,
Watching before the gates. A stratagem
Is his, malicious: them who enter there,
With tail and bended ears he fawning soothes,
But suffers not that they with backward step
Repass: whoe'er would issue from the gates
Of Pluto strong and stern Persephone,
For them with marking eye he lurks: on them
Springs from his couch, and pitiless devours."
—*Elton*, 1018–1026.

In close proximity to this monster was the fabled Styx, in some respects the most awful personage in the "Theogony." The legend about her is somewhat obscure, but it is curious as being connected with that of Iris, the rainbow, whose function of carrying up water when any god has been guilty of falsehood seems a vague embodiment of the covenant sealed by the "bow set in the cloud:"—

"Jove sends Iris down
To bring the great oath in a golden ewer,
The far-famed water, from steep, sky-capt rock
Distilling in cold stream. Beneath the earth
Abundant from the sacred river-head
Through shades of darkest night the Stygian horn
Of Ocean flows: a tenth of all the streams
To the dread Oath allotted. In nine streams
Circling the round of earth and the broad seas
With silver whirlpools twined with many a maze,
It falls into the deep: one stream alone
Glides from the rock, a mighty bane to gods.
Who of immortals, that inhabit still
Olympus topped with snow, libation pours
And is forsworn, he one whole year entire
Lies reft of breath, nor yet approaches once
The nectared and ambrosial sweet repast:
But still reclines on the spread festive couch
Mute, breathless: and a mortal lethargy
O'erwhelms him: but his malady absolved
With the great round of the revolving year,
More ills on ills afflictive seize: nine years
From everlasting deities remote
His lot is cast; in council nor in feast
Once joins he, till nine years entire are full.
* * * * * * *
So great an oath the deities of heaven
Decreed the waters incorruptible,
Ancient, of Styx, who sweeps with wandering wave
A rugged region: where of dusky Earth,
And darksome Tartarus, and Ocean waste,
And the starred Heaven, the source and boundary
Successive rise and end: a dreary wild
And ghastly, e'en by deities abhorred."
—*Elton*, 1038–1072.

Such, according to Hesiod, are the surroundings of the infernal prison-house which received the vanquished Titans when Jove's victory was assured. Not yet, however, could he rest from his toil: he had yet to scotch the half-serpent, Typhœus, the offspring of a new union betwixt Earth and Tartarus,—a monster so terror-inspiring by means of its hundred heads and voices to match, that Olympus might well dread another and less welcome master should this pest attain full development. Zeus, we are told, foresaw the danger:—

"Intuitive and vigilant and strong
He thundered: instantaneous all around
Earth reeled with horrible crash: the firmament
Roared of high heaven, the ocean streams and seas,
And uttermost cavèrns! *While the king in wrath*
Uprose, beneath his everlasting feet
Trembled Olympus: groaned the steadfast earth.
From either side a burning radiance caught
The darkly-rolling ocean, from the flash
Of lightnings and the monster's darted flame,
Hot thunderbolts, and blasts of fiery winds.
Glowed earth, air, sea: the billows heaved on high
Foamed round the shores, and dashed on every side
Beneath the rush of gods. Concussion wild
And unappeasable arose: aghast
The gloomy monarch of th' infernal dead
Trembled: the sub-Tartarean Titans heard
E'en where they stood on Cronus in the midst;
They heard appalled the unextinguished rage
Of tumult and the din of dreadful war.
Now when the god, the fulness of his might
Gathering at once, had grasped his radiant arms,
The glowing thunderbolt and bickering flame,

[1] Il. xiv. 231, &c. [2] Æn. vi. 278, &c.

He from the summit of th' Olympian mount
Leapt at a bound, and smote him: hissed at once
The horrible monster's heads enormous, scorched
In one conflagrant blaze. When thus the god
Had quelled him, thunder-smitten, mangled, prone,
He fell: beneath his weight earth groaning shook.
Flame from the lightning-stricken prodigy
Flashed 'mid the mountain hollow, rugged, dark,
Where he fell smitten. Broad earth glowed intense
From that unbounded vapour, and dissolved,:—
As fusile tin, by art of youths, above
The wide-brimmed vase up-bubbling, foams with heat;
Or iron hardest of the mine, subdued
By burning flame, amid the mountain dells
Melts in the sacred caves beneath the hands
Of Vulcan,—so earth melted in the glare
Of blazing fire. He down wide Hell's abyss
His victim hurled, in bitterness of soul."

—*Elton*, 1108–1149.

The italicised lines may recall the noble image in the "Paradise Lost;"[1] a passage which Milton's editor, Todd, pronounces grander in conception than Hesiod's. But, as Elton fairly answers, it is only in Milton's reservation that he is superior. "The mere rising of Zeus causing mountains to rock beneath his everlasting feet, is sublimer than the firmament shaking from the rolling of wheels."

After quelling this monster, Zeus is represented bethinking himself of a suitable consort, and espousing Metis or Wisdom, so as to effect a union of absolute wisdom with absolute power. As, however, in the Hesiodic view of the divinity, there was ever a risk of dethronement to the sire at the hand of offspring, Zeus hit upon a plan which should prevent his wife producing a progeny that might hereafter conspire with her to dethrone him, after the hereditary fashion. He absorbed Metis, with her babe yet unborn, in his own breast, and, according to mythology, found this task easier through having persuaded her to assume the most diminutive of shapes. Thenceforth he blended perfect wisdom in his own body, and in due time, as from a second womb—

"He from his head disclosed, himself, to birth
The blue-eyed maid Tritonian Pallas, fierce,
Rousing the war-field's tumult, unsubdued,
Leader of armies, awful, whose delight
The shout of battle and the shock of war."

—*Elton*, 1213–1217.

[1] "Under his burning wheels
The steadfast empyrean shook throughout,
All but the throne itself of God."

—vi. 832–834.

Yet, notwithstanding so summary a putting away of his first wife, Zeus, it appears, had no mind to remain a widower. Themis bare him the Hours; Eurynome the Graces—

"Whose eyelids, as they gaze,
Drop love unnerving; and beneath the shade
Of their arched brows they steal the sidelong glance
Of sweetness;" —*Elton*, 1196–1199.

and Mnemosyne, a daughter of Uranus, became the mother by him of the Nine Muses, celebrated by Hesiod at the beginning of the poem. With Demeter and Latona also he had tender relations, before he finally resigned himself to his sister Hera (Juno), who took permanent rank as Queen of the Gods. From this union sprang Mars and Hebe, and Eileithyia or Lucina: whilst according to Hesiod, who herein differs from Homer, Hephæstus or Vulcan was the offspring of Hera alone, as a set-off to Zeus's sole parentage of Athena. Of the more illicit amours of the fickle king of the gods, and of their issues, and the marriages consequent upon these children of the gods espousing nymphs or mortals, Hesiod has still much to tell, in his fashion of genealogising, before we reach the Heroögony, or list of heroes born of the union of goddesses with mortal men, which is tacked to the "Theogony" proper, as it has come down to us. It is indeed a list and little more; tracing, for example, the birth of Plutus to the meeting of Demeter with Iasius in the wheatfields of Crete; of Achilles, to the union of Peleus with Thetis; of Latinus, Telegonus, and another, to the dalliance of Ulysses with the divine Circe.

"Lo! these were they who, yielding to embrace
Of mortal men, themselves immortal, gave
A race resembling gods."

—*Elton*, 1324–1326.

Thus virtually ends the "Theogony" in its extant form, but our sketch of it would not be complete were we to ignore the story of Pandora and Prometheus, which has been passed over at its proper place in the genealogy, with a view to a clearer unfolding of the sequence of the poem. In the "Works" this legend is an episode; in the "Theogony" it is a piece of genealogy, *à propos* of the offspring of Iapetus, the brother of Cronus, and Clymene. Atlas, one of their sons, was doomed by Zeus to bear up the vault of heaven as an eternal penalty; Menœtius, another, was for his insolence thrust down to Erebus by the lightning-flash. Of Epi-

metheus, who in the "Works" accepts the gift of Pandora, it is simply said in the "Theogony" that he did so, and brought evil upon man by his act. Nothing is said of heedlessness of his brother's caution; nothing of the casket of evils, from which in the 'Works,' Pandora, by lifting the lid, lets mischief and disease loose upon the world. The key to the difference between the two accounts is to be found in the fact that in the 'Works' Hesiod narrates the consequences of the sin of Prometheus; in the 'Theogony,' the story of the sin itself. In the order of events that story would run thus: Prometheus enrages Zeus by scoffing at sacrifices, and by tricking the sage ruler of Olympus into a wrong choice touching the most savoury part of the ox. In his office of arbitrator, he divides two portions, the flesh and entrails covered with the belly on one hand, the bones under a cover of white fat on the other. Zeus chooses after the outward appearance, but, as Hesiod seems to imply, chooses wittingly, for the sake of having a grievance. Thenceforth in sacrifice it was customary to offer the whitening bones at his altars. But the god neither forgot nor forgave the cheat—

"And still the fraud remembering from that hour,
The strength of unexhausted fire denied
To all the dwellers upon earth. But him
Benevolent Prometheus did beguile:
The far-seen splendour in a hollow reed
He stole of inexhaustible flame. But then
Resentment stung the Thunderer's inmost soul,
And his heart chafed with anger when he saw
The fire far-gleaming in the midst of men.
Straight for the flame bestowed devised he ill
To man." —*Elton*, 749–759.

Outwitted twice, he roused himself to take vengeance upon Prometheus as well as his clients. On the latter he inflicted the evil of winsome womankind, represented by Pandora, and placed them in the dilemma of either not marrying, and dying heirless, or of finding in marriage the lottery which it is still accounted. As to Prometheus and his punishment, Hesiod's account is as follows:—

"Prometheus, versed
In various wiles, he bound with fettering chains
Indissoluble, chains of galling weight,
Midway a column. Down he sent from high
The broad-winged eagle: she his liver gorged
Immortal. For it sprang with life, and grew
In the night season, and the waste repaired
Of what by day the bird of spreading wing
Devoured." —*Elton*, 696–704.

This durance was eventually terminated by Hercules slaying the vulture or eagle, and reconciling Zeus and the Titan. Hesiod's moral will sum up the tale:—

"Nathless it is not given thee to deceive
The god, nor yet elude the omniscient mind;
For not Prometheus, void of blame to man,
Could 'scape the burden of oppressive wrath;
And vain his various wisdom; vain to free
From pangs, or burst the inextricable chain."
—*Elton*, 816–821.

The foregoing sketch will, it is hoped, have enabled English readers to discover in Hesiod's 'Theogony' not a mere prosy catalogue, but a systematised account of the generation of the gods of Hellas, relieved of excessive detail by fervid descriptions, stirring battle-pieces, noble images, and graceful fancies. Such as it was, it appears to have found extensive circulation and acceptance in Greece, and to have formed the chief source of information amongst Greeks concerning the divine antiquity. This is not the kind of work to admit of a comparison of the so-called Orphic Theogony, which, in point of fact, belongs to a much later date, with that of Hesiod. Enough to state that the former, to use Mr. Grote's expression, "contains the Hesiodic ideas and persons, enlarged and mystically disguised." But those who have the time and materials for carrying out the comparison for themselves, will be led to discover in the development of religious belief, in the bias towards a sort of unity of Godhead, and in the investment of the powers of nature with the attributes of deity, which characterise the Orphic worship and theogonies, indirect corroboration of the opinion which assigns a very early date to the simple, unmystical, and, so to speak, unspiritual view of the divine foretime, handed down to us in Hesiod's theogonic system.

WIRT'S PORTRAIT OF BLANNERHASSETT.

WHO IS BLANNERHASSETT?

From a Speech on the Trial of Aaron Burr.

[William Wirt, an American writer and advocate, born at Bladensburg, Md., 1772, died at Washington, in 1834. He studied law, which he practised for twenty-

five years in Virginia, where he aided in the prosecution of Aaron Burr for treason in 1807; was Attorney General of the United States twelve years, 1817-29. Mr. Wirt was noted for the finished and elaborate character of his legal arguments, and for the rhetorical quality of his style. He wrote "*Letters of a British Spy*," a series of critical and descriptive sketches, often reprinted. "*The Old Bachelor*," 2 vols., 1812, and "*Sketches of the Life and Character of Patrick Henry*," 1817; which has passed through more than twenty editions.]

Who is Blannerhassett? A native of Ireland, a man of letters, who fled from the storms of his own country to find quiet in ours. His history shows that war is not the natural element of his mind. If it had been, he would never have exchanged Ireland for America. So far is an army from furnishing the society natural and proper to Mr. Blannerhassett's character, that on his arrival in America he retired even from the population of the Atlantic States, and sought quiet and solitude in the bosom of our western forests. But he carried with him taste, and science, and wealth; and lo, the desert smiled! Possessing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace, and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery, that Shenstone might have envied, blooms around him. Music, that might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs, is his. An extensive library spreads its treasures before him. A philosophical apparatus offers to him all the secret mysteries of nature. Peace, tranquillity, and innocence shed their mingled delights around him. And to crown the enchantment of the scene a wife, who is said to be lovely even beyond her sex, and graced with every accomplishment that can render it irresistible, had blessed him with her love and made him the father of several children. The evidence would convince you that this is but a faint picture of the real life. In the midst of all this peace, this innocent simplicity, and this tranquillity, this feast of the mind, this pure banquet of the heart, the destroyer comes; he comes to change this paradise into a hell. Yet the flowers do not wither at his approach. No monitory shuddering through the bosom of their unfortunate possessor warns him of the ruin that is coming upon him. A stranger presents himself. Introduced to their civilities by the high rank which he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way to their hearts by the dignity and elegance of his demeanour, the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating power of his address. The conquest was not difficult. Innocence is ever simple and credulous. Conscious of no design itself, it suspects none in others. It wears no guard before its breast. Every door and portal and avenue of the heart is thrown open, and all who choose it enter. Such was the state of Eden when the serpent entered its bowers. The prisoner, in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpractised heart of the unfortunate Blannerhassett, found but little difficulty in changing the native character of that heart and the object of its affection. By degrees he infuses into it the poison of its own ambition. He breathes into it the fire of his own courage; a daring and desperate thirst for glory; an ardour panting for great enterprises, for all the storm and bustle and hurricane of life. In a short time the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delight is relinquished. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene; it has become flat and insipid to his taste. His books are abandoned. His retort and crucible are thrown aside. His shrubbery blooms and breathes its fragrance upon the air in vain; he likes it not. His ear no longer drinks the rich melody of music; it longs for the trumpet's clangour and the cannon's roar. Even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him; and the angel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ecstasy so unspeakable, is now unseen and unfelt. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul. His imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems, of stars and garters, and titles of nobility. He has been taught to burn with restless emulation at the names of great heroes and conquerors. His enchanted island is destined soon to relapse into a wilderness; and in a few months we find the beautiful and tender partner of his bosom, whom he lately "permitted not the winds of" summer "to visit too roughly," we find her shivering at midnight on the winter banks of the Ohio, and mingling her tears with the torrents that froze as they fell. Yet this unfortunate man, thus deluded from his interest and his happiness, thus seduced from the paths of innocence and peace, thus confounded in the toils that were deliberately spread for him, and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit and genius of another—this man, thus ruined and un-

done, and made to play a subordinate part in this grand drama of guilt and treason, this man is to be called the principal offender, while he by whom he was thus plunged in misery is comparatively innocent, a mere accessory! Is this treason? Is it law? Is it humanity? Sir, neither the human heart nor the human understanding will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd! so shocking to the soul! so revolting to reason! Let Aaron Burr, then, not shrink from the high destination which he has courted, and having already ruined Blannerhassett in fortune, character, and happiness for ever, let him not attempt to finish the tragedy by thrusting that ill-fated man between himself and punishment.

HAMILTON ON A DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION.

[Alexander Hamilton, an American author and statesman, born in the island of Nevis, 1757, killed by Aaron Burr in a duel, near New York, 1804. His father was Scottish and his mother a Huguenot. Educated at Columbia College, New York, he early took part in the war of Independence, serving on Washington's staff. Later, he studied law, was elected to Congress from New York in 1782, and one of the most prominent members of the Constitutional Convention of 1787. In defence of that instrument, he wrote a large part of the papers known as *The Federalist*. He was President Washington's first Secretary of the Treasury (1789–95) and author of the funding system, which restored the public credit. An ardent politician of the Federalist school, an able advocate, and a very influential writer, his share in the formation of our institutions, and the settlement of the country's financial difficulties, was a highly important one.]

Assuming it, therefore, as an established truth, that, in cases of disunion, the several states, or such combinations of them as might happen to be formed out of the wreck of the general confederacy, would be subject to those vicissitudes of peace and war, of friendship and enmity, with each other, which have fallen to the lot of all other nations not united under one government, let us enter into a concise detail of some of the consequences that would attend such a situation.

War between the states, in the first periods of their separate existence, would be accompanied with much greater distresses than it commonly is in those countries where regular military establishments have long obtained. The disciplined armies always kept on foot on the continent of Europe, though they bear a malignant aspect to liberty and economy, have, notwithstanding, been productive of the singular advantage of rendering sudden conquests impracticable, and of preventing that rapid desolation which used to mark the progress of war prior to their introduction. The art of fortification has contributed to the same ends. The nations of Europe are encircled with the chains of fortified places, which mutually obstruct invasion. Campaigns are wasted in reducing two or three fortified garrisons, to gain admittance into an enemy's country. Similar impediments occur at every step, to exhaust the strength and delay the progress of an invader. Formerly, an invading army would penetrate into the heart of a neighbouring country almost as soon as intelligence of its approach could be received; but now, a comparatively small force of disciplined troops, acting on the defensive, with the aid of posts, is able to impede, and finally to frustrate, the purposes of one much more considerable. The history of war in that quarter of the globe is no longer a history of nations subdued, and empires overturned; but of towns taken and retaken, of battles that decide nothing, of retreats more beneficial than victories, of much effort and little acquisition.

In this country the scene would be altogether reversed. The jealousy of military establishments would postpone them as long as possible. The want of fortifications, leaving the frontier of one state open to another, would facilitate inroads. The populous states would with little difficulty overrun their less populous neighbours. Conquests would be as easy to be made as difficult to be retained. War, therefore, would be desultory and predatory. Plunder and devastation ever march in the train of irregulars. The calamities of individuals would ever make the principal figure in events, and would characterize our exploits.

This picture is not too highly wrought; though I confess it would not long remain a just one. Safety from external danger is the most powerful director of national conduct. Even the ardent love of liberty will, after a time, give way to its dictates. The violent destruction of life and property incident to war, the continual effort and alarm attendant on a state of continual danger, will compel nations the most attached to liberty to resort for repose and security to

institutions which have a tendency to destroy their civil and political rights. To be more safe, they at length become willing to run the risk of being less free. The institutions chiefly alluded to are STANDING ARMIES, and the corresponding appendages of military establishments. Standing armies, it is said, are not provided against in the new constitution; and it is thence inferred that they would exist under it. This inference, from the very form of the proposition, is, at best, problematical and uncertain. But standing armies, it may be replied, must inevitably result from a dissolution of the confederacy. Frequent war and constant apprehension, which requires a state of constant preparation, will infallibly produce them. The weaker states or confederacies would first have recourse to them, to put themselves on an equality with their more potent neighbours. They would endeavour to supply the inferiority of population and resources by a more regular and effective system of defence—by disciplined troops, and by fortifications. They would, at the same time, be obliged to strengthen the executive arm of government; in doing which their constitutions would acquire a progressive direction towards monarchy. It is the nature of war to increase the executive at the expense of the legislative authority. The expedients which have been mentioned would soon give the states, or confederacies, that made use of them, a superiority over their neighbours. Small states, or states of less natural strength, under vigorous governments, and with the assistance of disciplined armies, have often triumphed over large states, or states of greater natural strength, which have been destitute of these advantages. Neither the pride nor the safety of the important states, or confederacies, would permit them long to submit to this mortifying and adventitious superiority. They would quickly resort to means similar to those by which it had been effected, to re-instate themselves in their lost pre-eminence. Thus we should, in a little time, see established in every part of this country the same engines of despotism which have been the scourge of the old world. This, at least, would be the natural course of things; and our reasonings will be likely to be just, in proportion as they are accommodated to this standard. These are not vague inferences, deduced from speculative defects in a constitution, the whole power of which is lodged in the hands of the people, or the representatives and delegates; they are solid conclusions, drawn from the natural and necessary progress of human affairs. . . . .

If we are wise enough to preserve the union, we may for ages enjoy an advantage similar to that of an insulated situation. Europe is at a great distance from us. Her colonies in our vicinity will be likely to continue too much disproportioned in strength to be able to give us any dangerous annoyance. Extensive military establishments cannot, in this position, be necessary to our security. But, if we should be disunited, and the integral parts should either remain separated, or, which is most probable, should be thrown together into two or three confederacies, we should be, in a short course of time, in the predicament of the continental powers of Europe. Our liberties would be a prey to the means of defending ourselves against the ambition and jealousy of each other.

This is an idea not superficial or futile, but solid and weighty. It deserves the most serious and mature consideration of every prudent and honest man of whatever party. If such men will make a firm and solemn pause, and meditate dispassionately on its importance; if they will contemplate it in all its attitudes, and trace it to all its consequences, they will not hesitate to part with trivial objections to a constitution, the rejection of which would, in all probability, put a final period to the union. The airy phantoms that now flit before the distempered imaginations of some of its adversaries, would then quickly give place to more substantial prospects of dangers, real, certain, and extremely formidable.

DR. PANGLOSS AND HIS PUPIL.

(*From "The Heir at Law."*)

[GEORGE COLMAN, the Younger, born October 21, 1762. Educated at Westminster and Oxford. Favourite companion of George IV., and by him made licenser of plays. Died in London, October 26, 1836.]

Pangloss. Never before did honour and affluence let fall such a shower on the head of Dr. Pangloss! Fortune, I thank thee! Propitious goddess, I am grateful! I, thy favoured child, who commenced his career in the loftiest apartment of a muffin-maker,

in Milk Alley. Little did I think—"good easy man"—Shakespeare—hem!—of the riches and literary dignities which now—

Enter DICK DOWLAS.

My pupil!

Dick. (*Speaking while entering.*) Well, where is the man that wants—oh! you are he, I suppose—

Pang. I am the man, young gentleman. *Homo sum.* Terence—hem! Sir, the person who now presumes to address you is Peter Pangloss, to whose name in the College of Aberdeen, is subjoined L. L. D., signifying Doctor of Laws; to which has been recently added the distinction of A double S; the Roman initials for a Fellow of the Society of Arts.

Dick. I am your most obedient, Richard Dowlas; to whose name, in his tailor's bill, is subjoined DR., signifying Debtor; to which are added L. S. D., the Roman initials for pounds, shillings, and pence.

Pang. (*Aside.*) Ha! this youth was, doubtless, designed by destiny to move in the circles of fashion, for he dips in debt, and makes a merit of telling it.

Dick. But what are your commands with me, doctor?

Pang. I have the honour, young gentleman, of being deputed an ambassador to you, from your father.

Dick. Then you have the honour to be ambassador of as good-natured an old fellow as ever sold a ha'porth of cheese in a chandler's shop.

Pang. Pardon me, if on the subject of your father's cheese, I advise you to be as mute as a mouse in one for the future; 'twere better to keep that *altâ mente repostum!* Virgil—hem!

Dick. Why, what's the matter? Any misfortune?—Broke, I fear?

Pang. No, not broke; but his name, as 'tis customary in these cases, has appeared in the *Gazette*.

Dick. Not broke, but gazetted! why, zounds!

Pang. Check your passions; learn philosophy. When the wife of the great Socrates threw a—hum!—threw a teapot at his erudite head, he was as cool as a cucumber. When Plato——

Dick. Hang Plato! What of my father?

Pang. Don't hang Plato. The bees swarmed round his mellifluous mouth as soon as he was swaddled. *Cum in cunis apes in labellis consedissent.*—Cicero—hem!

Dick. I wish you had a swarm round yours, with all my heart. Come to the point.

Pang, In due time. But calm your choler. *Ira furor brevis est.*—Horace—hem! Read this.

[*Gives a letter.*

Dick. [*Snatches the letter, breaks it open, and reads.*]

"DEAR DICK,—This comes to inform you I am in a perfect state of health, hoping you are the same." Ay, that's the old beginning. "It was my lot, last week, to be made"—ay, a bankrupt, I suppose?—"to be made a"—what?—"to be made a PEAR." A pear!—to be made a pear! What on earth does he mean by that?

Pang. A peer!—a peer of the realm. His lordship's orthography is a little loose, but several of his equals countenance the custom. Lord Loggerhead always spells physician with an F.

Dick. A peer!—what, my father? I'm electrified! Old Daniel Dowlas made a peer! But, let me see. (*Reads on.*)—"A pear of the realm. Lawyer Ferrett got me my tittle"—titt—oh, title!—"and an estate of fifteen thousand per ann., by making me out next of kin to old Lord Duberly, because he died without—without hair." 'Tis an odd reason, by-the-by, to be next of kin to a nobleman because he died bald.

Pang. His lordship means heir—heir to his estate. We shall ameliorate his style speedily.

"Reform it altogether."—Shakespeare—hem!

Dick. "I send my carrot"—carrot.

Pang. He! he! he! Chariot, his lordship means.

Dick. "With Dr. Pangloss in it."

Pang. That's me.

Dick. "Respect him, for he's an L. L. D., and moreover, an A double S."

[*They bow.*

Pang. His lordship kindly condescended to insert that at my request.

Dick. "And I have made him your tutorer, to mend your cakelology."

Pang. Cacology; from *kakos,* "malus," and *logos,* "verbum." Vide lexicon—hem!

Dick. "Come with the doctor to my house in Hanover Square"—Hanover

Square! "I remain your affectionate father, to command.—Duberly."

Pang. That's his lordship's title.

Dick. Is it?

Pang. It is.

Dick. Say *sir* to a Lord's son. You have no more manners than a bear!

Pang. Bear! Under favour, young gentleman, I am the bear-leader, being appointed your tutor.

Dick. And what can you teach me?

Pang. Prudence. Don't forget yourself in a sudden success. *Tecum habita.*—Persius—hem!

Dick. Prudence to a nobleman's son with fifteen thousand a year!

Pang. Don't give way to your passions.

Dick. Give way! Zounds! I'm wild—mad! *You* teach me! Pooh! I have been in London before, and I know it requires no teaching to be a modern fine gentleman. Why, it all lies in a nutshell; sport a curricle—walk Bond Street—play at faro—get drunk—dance reels—go to the Opera—cut off your tail—pull on your pantaloons, and there's a buck of the first fashion in town for you. D'ye think I don't know what's going?

Pang. Mercy on me! I shall have a very refractory pupil.

Dick. Not at all. We'll be hand and glove together, my little doctor. I'll drive you down to all the races; with my little terrier between your legs, in a tandem.

Pang. Dr. Pangloss, the philosopher, with a terrier between his legs, in a tandem!

Dick. I'll tell you what, doctor: I'll make you my long-stop at cricket—you shall draw corks when I'm president—laugh at my jokes before company—squeeze lemons for punch—cast up the reckoning—and woe betide you if you don't keep sober enough to see me safe home after a jollification!

Pang. Make me a long-stop, and a squeezer of lemons! Zounds! this is more fatiguing than walking with the lapdogs! And are these the qualifications for a tutor, young gentleman?

Dick. Come now, tutor, go you and call the waiter.

Pang. Go and call. Sir—sir! I'd have you to understand, Mr. Dowlas——

Dick. Ay, let us understand one another, doctor. My father, I take it, comes down very handsomely to you for your management of me?

Pang. My lord has been liberal.

Dick. But 'tis I must manage you, doctor. Acknowledge this, and, between ourselves, I'll find means to double your pay.

Pang. Double my pay! Say no more, done! *Actum est!* Terence, hem! Waiter (*Bawling.*) Gad, I've reached the right reading at last!

FANCY AND DESIRE.

[Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford.—This nobleman, so highly popular in the court of Elizabeth (1540–1604), and conspicuous on many memorable occasions—as in the trial of Mary Queen of Scots—is now known only for some verses in the miscellany entitled the "*Paradise of Dainty Devices.*" He was famed in his own day for comedies, or courtly entertainments, none of which has been preserved. Stow states that this nobleman was the first that brought to England from Italy embroidered gloves and perfumes, which Elizabeth no doubt approved of as highly as his sonnets or madrigals]

Come hither, shepherd swain!
Sir, what do you require?
I pray thee shew to me thy name!
My name is Fond Desire.

When wert thou born, Desire?
In pomp and prime of May.
By whom, sweet boy, wert thou begot?
By fond Conceit, men say.

Tell me who was thy nurse?
Fresh youth, in sugared joy.
What was thy meat and daily food?
Sad sighs with great annoy.

What hadst thou then to drink?
Unfeigned lovers' tears.
What cradle wert thou rocked in?
In hope devoid of fears.

What lulled thee then asleep?
Sweet speech, which likes me best.
Tell me where is thy dwelling-place?
In gentle hearts I rest.

What thing doth please thee most?
To gaze on beauty still.
Whom dost thou think to be thy foe?
Disdain of my good will.

Doth company displease?
Yes, surely, many one.
When doth Desire delight to live?
He loves to live alone.

Doth either time or age
Bring him into decay?
No, no! Desire both lives and dies
A thousand times a day.

Then, Fond Desire, farewell!
Thou art no mate for me;
I should be loath, methinks, to dwell
With such a one as thee.

REASONS FOR THE SOUL'S IMMORTALITY.

All moving things to other things do move
Of the same kind, which shews their nature such;
So earth falls down, and fire doth mount above,
Till both their proper elements do touch.

And as the moisture which the thirsty earth
Sucks from the sea to fill her empty veins,
From out her womb at last doth take a birth,
And runs a nymph along the grassy plains;

Long doth she stay, as loth to leave the land,
From whose soft side she first did issue make;
She tastes all places, turns to every hand,
Her flowery banks unwilling to forsake.

Yet nature so her streams doth lead and carry
As that her course doth make no final stay,
Till she herself unto the sea doth marry,
Within whose watery bosom first she lay:

E'en so the soul, which, in this earthly mould
The Spirit of God doth secretly infuse,
Because at first she doth the earth behold,
And only this material world she views:

At first her mother-earth she holdeth dear,
And doth embrace the world and worldly things;
She flies close by the ground, and hovers here,
And mounts not up with her celestial wings:

Yet under heaven she cannot light on aught
That with her heavenly nature doth agree;
She cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought,
She cannot in this world contented be.

For who did ever yet, in honour, wealth,
Or pleasure of the sense, contentment find?
Who ever ceased to wish, when he had health,
Or, having wisdom, was not vexed in mind?

Then, as a bee which among weeds doth fall,
Which seem sweet flowers, with lustre fresh and gay,
She lights on that, and this, and tasteth all,
But, pleased with none, doth rise and soar away;

So, when the soul finds here no true content,
And, like Noah's dove, can no sure footing take,
She doth return from whence she first was sent,
And flies to him that first her wings did make.

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

THE QUARREL OF SQUIRE BULL AND HIS SON.

FROM JOHN BULL AND BROTHER JONATHAN.

[JAMES KIRKE PAULDING, an American writer of fiction and belles lettres, born in Duchess County, N. Y., in 1779, died at Hyde Park, N. Y., 1860. Paulding was of Dutch descent, and became early associated with Washington Irving in the authorship of *Salmagundi* (1807–1809), the whole second series of that work being by Paulding. The satirical humor of this book gave it immediate success, and encouraged Paulding to write his "*Diverting History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan*," which also succeeded well. Among his numerous other works were "*Koningsmark*," (1823), "*Merry Tales of the Three Wise Men of Gotham*," and "*The Dutchman's Fireside*" (1831), a domestic story of the Hudson during the old French war, full of quaint humor, which is still ranked as Paulding's best work. Besides his many novels and poems, Paulding published a book on slavery, and a life of Washington, the latter in Harpers' Family Library.]

JOHN BULL was a choleric old fellow, who held a good manor in the middle of a great millpond, and which, by reason of its being quite surrounded by water, was generally called *Bullock Island*. Bull was an ingenious man, an exceedingly good blacksmith, a dexterous cutler, and a notable weaver and pot-baker besides. He also brewed capital porter, ale, and small beer, and was, in fact, a sort of jack-of-all-trades, and good at each. In addition to these, he was a hearty fellow, an excellent bottle companion, and passably honest as times go.

But what tarnished all these qualities was a devilish, quarrelsome, overbearing disposition, which was always getting him into some scrape or other. The truth is, he never heard of a quarrel going on among his neighbours, but his fingers itched to be in the thickest of them; so that he was hardly ever seen without a broken head, a black eye, or a bloody nose. Such was Squire Bull, as he was commonly called by the country people, his neighbours—one of those odd, testy, grumbling, boasting old codgers, that never get credit for what they are, because they are always pretending to be what they are not.

The squire was as tight a hand to deal with in-doors as out; sometimes treating his family as if they were not the same flesh and blood, when they happened to differ with him in certain matters. One day he got into a dispute with his youngest son Jonathan, who was familiarly called BROTHER JONATHAN, about whether churches ought

to be called churches or meeting-houses; and whether steeples were not an abomination. The squire, either having the worst of the argument, or being naturally impatient of contradiction (I can't tell which), fell into a great passion, and swore he would physic such notions out of the boy's noddle. So he went to some of his *doctors*, and got them to draw up a prescription, made up of *thirty-nine different articles*, many of them bitter enough to some palates. This he tried to make Jonathan swallow; and finding he made villanous wry faces, and would not do it, fell upon him and beat him like fury. After this he made the house so disagreeable to him, that Jonathan, though as hard as a pine knot and as tough as leather, could bear it no longer. Taking his gun and his axe, he put himself in a boat and paddled over the millpond to some new lands to which the squire pretended some sort of claim, intending to settle them, and build a meeting-house without a steeple as soon as he grew rich enough.

When he got over, Jonathan found that the land was quite in a state of nature, covered with wood, and inhabited by no body but wild beasts. But being a lad of mettle, he took his axe on one shoulder, and his gun on the other, marched into the thickest of the wood, and clearing a place, built a log-hut. Pursuing his labours, and handling his axe like a notable woodman, he in a few years cleared the land, which he laid out into *thirteen good farms:* and building himself a fine frame house, about half-finished, began to be quite snug and comfortable.

But Squire Bull, who was getting old and stingy, and, besides, was in great want of money, on account of his having lately been made to pay swinging damages for assaulting his neighbours and breaking their heads —the squire, I say, finding Jonathan was getting well-to-do in the world, began to be very much troubled about his welfare, so he demanded that Jonathan should pay him a good rent for the land which he had cleared and made good for something. He trumped up I know not what claim against him, and under different pretences managed to pocket all Jonathan's honest gains. In fact the poor lad had not a shilling left for holiday occasions; and had it not been for the filial respect he felt for the old man, he would certainly have refused to submit to such impositions.

But for all this, in a little time, Jonathan grew up to be very large of his age, and became a tall, stout, double-jointed, broad-footed cub of a fellow, awkward in his gait and simple in his appearance; but showing a lively, shrewd look, and having the promise of great strength when he should get his full growth. He was rather an odd-looking chap, in truth, and had many queer ways; but everybody that had seen John Bull saw a great likeness between them, and swore he was John's own boy, and a true chip of the old block. Like the old squire, he was apt to be blustering and saucy, but in the main was a peaceable sort of careless fellow, that would quarrel with nobody if you only let him alone. He used to dress in homespun trousers with a huge bagging seat, which seemed to have nothing in it. This made people to say he had no *bottom;* but whoever said so lied, as they found to their cost whenever they put Jonathan in a passion. He always wore a linsey-woolsey coat that did not above half cover his breech, and the sleeves of which were so short that his hand and wrist came out beyond them, looking like a shoulder of mutton. All of which was in consequence of his growing so fast that he outgrew his clothes.

While Jonathan was outgrowing his strength, in this way, Bull kept on picking his pockets of every penny he could scrape together; till at last one day when the squire was even more than usually pressing in his demands, which he accompanied with threats, Jonathan started up in a furious passion, and threw the TEA-KETTLE at the old man's head. The choleric Bull was hereupon exceedingly enraged; and after calling the poor lad an undutiful, ungrateful, rebellious rascal, seized him by the collar, and forthwith a furious scuffle ensued. This lasted a long time; for the squire, though in years, was a capital boxer, and of most excellent bottom. At last, however, Jonathan got him under, and before he would let him up, made him sign a paper giving up all claim to the farms, and acknowledging the fee-simple to be in Jonathan forever.

PUBLIC OPINION.

FROM A SPEECH ON THE GREEK REVOLUTION.

[DANIEL WEBSTER, perhaps the most distinguished of American parliamentary orators, born in Salisbury, N. H., in 1782, died at Marshfield, Mass., 1852. Webster's early advantages consisted of a few months' academy schooling at Exeter, and four years at Dart-

mouth College, where he supported himself by teaching school during the winters. He was the finest scholar in his class, and became early noted in debate for the clearness and strength of his speeches. He studied law, and became one of the most illustrious advocates and ornaments of the American bar. Elected to Congress in 1812, he took an early and very active part in all political questions. Removing to Boston in 1816, he became thenceforth identified with his adopted State, taking rank for nearly fifty years as her most eminent statesman, and one of her profoundest jurists. Among the most notable of Webster's public addresses not political in character were his celebrated discourse at Plymouth on the two hundredth anniversary of the Pilgrim landing, his magnificent oration at laying the corner-stone of Bunker Hill monument, June 17, 1825, and his eulogy of Adams and Jefferson, at Faneuil Hall in 1826. Webster entered the Senate of the United States in 1827, and was continuously re-elected until his death, in 1852, resigning twice to enter the Cabinet as Secretary of State. His State papers in the latter office are marked by great ability and cogency of statement. It is generally conceded that Webster's crowning effort in forensic eloquence was his reply to Senator Hayne, of South Carolina, in 1830, in which the doctrine of nullification was powerfully dissected, and the supremacy of the national constitution and laws over those of the States maintained. Webster's "*Speeches, Forensic Arguments, and Diplomatic Papers*" appeared in six volumes in 1851, and his life has been elaborately written by George Ticknor Curtis (2 vols., N. Y., 1869.)].

It may be asked, perhaps . . . what can *we* do? Are we to go to war? Are we to interfere in the Greek cause, or any other European cause? Are we to endanger our pacific relations?—No, certainly not. What, then, the question recurs, remains for *us?* If we will not endanger our own peace; if we will neither furnish armies nor navies to the cause which we think the just one, what is there within *our* power?

Sir, this reasoning mistakes the age. The time has been, indeed, when fleets, and armies, and subsidies were the principal reliances even in the best cause. But, happily for mankind, there has arrived a great change in this respect. Moral causes come into consideration in proportion as the progress of knowledge is advanced; and the *public opinion* of the civilized world is rapidly gaining an ascendency over mere brutal force. It is already able to oppose the most formidable obstruction to the progress of injustice and oppression; and, as it grows more intelligent and more intense, it will be more and more formidable. It may be silenced by military power, but it cannot be conquered. It is elastic, irrepressible, and invulnerable to the weapons of ordinary warfare. It is that impassable, unextinguishable enemy of mere violence and arbitrary rule which, like Milton's angels,

> "Vital in every part,
> Cannot, but by annihilating, die."

Until this be propitiated or satisfied, it is vain for power to talk either of triumphs or of repose. No matter what fields are desolated, what fortresses surrendered, what armies subdued, or what provinces overrun. In the history of the year that has passed by us, and in the instance of unhappy Spain, we have seen the vanity of all triumphs in a cause which violates the general sense of justice of the civilized world. It is nothing that the troops of France have passed from the Pyrenees to Cadiz; it is nothing that an unhappy and prostrate nation has fallen before them; it is nothing that arrests, and confiscation, and execution sweep away the little remnant of national resistance. There is an enemy that still exists to check the glory of these triumphs. It follows the conqueror back to the very scene of his ovations; it calls upon him to take notice that Europe, though silent, is yet indignant; it shows him that the sceptre of his victory is a barren sceptre; that it shall confer neither joy nor honour, but shall moulder to dry ashes in his grasp. In the midst of his exultation it pierces his ear with the cry of injured justice, it denounces against him the indignation of an enlightened and civilized age; it turns to bitterness the cup of his rejoicing, and wounds him with the sting which belongs to the consciousness of having outraged the opinion of mankind.

SOUTH CAROLINA AND MASSACHUSETTS.

FROM A SPEECH IN THE SENATE.

The eulogium pronounced on the character of the State of South Carolina by the honourable gentleman, for her revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honourable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent, or distinguished character, South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honour: I partake in the pride of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all

The Laurenses, Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumpters, the Marions—Americans all—whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by State lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits. In their day and generation they served and honoured the country, and the whole country, and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him, whose honoured name the gentleman himself bears—does he suppose me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light in Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir!—increased gratification and delight, rather. Sir, I thank God that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is said to be able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit which would drag angels down.

When I shall be found, sir, in my place here in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happened to spring up beyond the little limits of my own State and neighbourhood; when I refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or if I see an uncommon endowment of heaven—if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the South—and if moved by local prejudice, or gangrened by State jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections—let me indulge in refreshing remembrances of the past—let me remind you that in early times no States cherished greater harmony, both of principle and of feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return. Shoulder to shoulder they went through the Revolution—hand in hand they stood round the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exist, alienation and distrust are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts—she needs none. There she is—behold her and judge for yourselves. There is her history—the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain for ever. The bones of her sons, fallen in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State, from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie for ever. And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nourished and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it—if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it; if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed to separate it from that union, by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand in the end by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm with whatever of vigour it may still retain over the friends who gather round it: and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

IMPORTANCE OF PRESERVING THE UNION.

FROM A SPEECH IN THE SENATE.

I PROFESS, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honour of the whole country, and the preservation of our federal union. It is to that union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues, in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection, or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonoured fragments of a once glorious union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honoured throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured—bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as—What is all this worth? Nor those other words of delusion and folly—liberty first, and union afterward—but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment dear to every true American heart—liberty and union, now and for ever, one and inseparable!

DANIEL WEBSTER.

OLD GRIMES.

[A. G. GREENE. Born in Providence, Rhode Island Feb. 10, 1802, and educated at Brown University, in that city, died 1868.]

Old Grimes is dead; that good old man,
We ne'er shall see him more:
He used to wear a long black coat,
All button'd down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true:
His hair was some inclined to grey;
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burn'd;
The large, round head upon his cane
From ivory was turn'd.

Kind words he ever had for all,
He knew no base design;
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true;
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes
He pass'd securely o'er,
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown;
He wore a double-breasted vest,
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert;
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbours he did not abuse,
Was sociable and gay;
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view,
Nor make a noise town-meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances,

He lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturb'd by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran;
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

[WILLIAM ROBERTSON, D. D., born at Borthwick, near Edinburgh, Scotland, Sept. 19, 1721; graduated at the University of Edinburgh 1741; became a minister of the Scottish Church at Gladsmuir 1743; became principal of the University of Edinburgh and minister of Greyfriars Church 1762, and was appointed historiographer of Scotland 1764. Died at Grange House, Edinburgh, June 11, 1793. Author of a "*History of Scotland during the reigns of Mary and James VI.*" (2 vols., 1759,) "*History of the reign of the Emperor Charles V.*" (3 vols., 1769), a "*History of America,*" (2 vols., 1777), and an "*Historical Disquisition concerning the knowledge which the Ancients had of India,*" (1791). During his life time and long afterward his name was ranked with those of Gibbon and Hume, and his complete works have been often reprinted, but are now little read. His life was written by Dugald Stewart (1801), and by Lord Brougham, who was a family connection.]

Next morning, being Friday, the 3rd day of August, in the year 1492, Columbus set sail, a little before sunrise, in presence of a vast crowd of spectators, who sent up their supplications to Heaven for the prosperous issue of the voyage, which they wished rather than expected. Columbus steered directly for the Canary Islands, and arrived there without any occurrence that would have deserved notice on any other occasion. But in a voyage of such expectation and importance, every circumstance was the object of attention.

Upon the 1st of October they were, according to the admiral's reckoning, seven hundred and seventy leagues to the west of the Canaries; but, lest his men should be intimidated by the prodigious length of the navigation, he gave out that they had proceeded only five hundred and eighty-four leagues; and, fortunately for Columbus, neither his own pilot nor those of the other ships had skill sufficient to correct this error and discover the deceit. They had now been above three weeks at sea; they had proceeded far beyond what former navigators had attempted or deemed possible; all their prognostics of discovery, drawn from the flight of birds and other circumstances, had proved fallacious; the appearances of land, with which their own credulity or the artifice of their commander had from time to time flattered and amused them, had been altogether illusive, and their prospect of success seemed now to be as distant as ever. These reflections occurred often to men who had no other object or occupation than to reason and discourse concerning the intention and circumstances of their expedition. They made impression at first upon the ignorant and timid, and extending by degrees to such as were better informed or more resolute, the contagion spread at length from ship to ship. From secret whispers or murmurings they proceeded to open cabals and public complaints. They taxed their sovereign with inconsiderate credulity, in paying such regard to the vain promises and rash conjectures of an indigent foreigner, as to hazard the lives of so many of her own subjects in prosecuting a chimerical scheme. They affirmed that they had fully performed their duty by venturing so far in an unknown and hopeless course, and could incur no blame for refusing to follow any longer a desperate adventurer to certain destruction. They contended that it was necessary to think of returning to Spain while their crazy vessels were still in a condition to keep the sea, but expressed their fears that the attempt would prove vain, as the wind, which had hitherto been so favourable to their course, must render it impossible to sail in the opposite direction. All agreed that Columbus should be compelled by force to adopt a measure on which their common safety depended. Some of the more audacious proposed, as the most expeditious and certain method for getting rid at once of his remonstrances, to throw him into the sea, being persuaded that, upon their return to Spain, the death of an unsuccessful projector would excite little concern, and be inquired into with no curiosity.

Columbus was fully sensible of his perilous situation. He had observed, with great uneasiness, the fatal operation of ignorance and of fear in producing disaffection among his crew, and saw that it was now ready to burst out into open mutiny. He retained, however, perfect presence of mind. He affected to seem ignorant of their machinations. Notwithstanding the agitation and solicitude of his own mind, he appeared with

a cheerful countenance, like a man satisfied with the progress he had made, and confident of success. Sometimes he employed all the arts of insinuation to sooth his men. Sometimes he endeavoured to work upon their ambition or avarice by magnificent descriptions of the fame and wealth which they were about to acquire. On other occasions he assumed a tone of authority, and threatened them with vengeance from their sovereign if, by their dastardly behaviour, they should defeat this noble effort to promote the glory of God, and to exalt the Spanish name above that of every other nation. Even with seditious sailors, the words of a man whom they had been accustomed to reverence were weighty and persuasive, and not only restrained them from those violent excesses which they meditated, but prevailed with them to accompany their admiral for some time longer.

As they proceeded, the indications of approaching land seemed to be more certain, and excited hope in proportion. The birds began to appear in flocks, making towards the south-west. Columbus, in imitation of the Portuguese navigators, who had been guided in several of their discoveries by the motion of birds, altered his course from due west towards that quarter whither they pointed their flight. But after holding on for several days in this new direction, without any better success than formerly, having seen no object during thirty days but the sea and the sky, the hopes of his companions subsided faster than they had risen; their fears revived with additional force; impatience, rage, and despair appeared in every countenance. All sense of subordination was lost. The officers, who had hitherto concurred with Columbus in opinion, and supported his authority, now took part with the private men; they assembled tumultuously on the deck, expostulated with their commander, mingled threats with their expostulations, and required him instantly to tack about and return to Europe. Columbus perceived that it would be of no avail to have recourse to any of his former arts, which, having been tried so often, had lost their effect; and that it was impossible to rekindle any zeal for the success of the expedition among men in whose breasts fear had extinguished every generous sentiment. He saw that it was no less vain to think of employing either gentle or severe measures to quell a mutiny so general and so violent. It was necessary, on all these accounts, to soothe passions which he could no longer command, and to give way to a torrent too impetuous to be checked. He promised solemnly to his men that he would comply with their request, provided they would accompany him and obey his command for three days longer, and if during that time land was not discovered, he would then abandon the enterprise, and direct his course towards Spain.

Enraged as the sailors were, and impatient to turn their faces again towards their native country, this proposition did not appear to them unreasonable; nor did Columbus hazard much in confining himself to a term so short. The presages of discovering land were now so numerous and promising that he deemed them infallible. For some days the sounding-line reached the bottom, and the soil that it brought up indicated land to be at no great distance. The flocks of birds increased, and were composed not only of sea-fowl, but of such land-birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the shore. The crew of the *Pinta* observed a cane floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber artificially carved. The sailors aboard the *Nigna* took up the branch of a tree with red berries perfectly fresh. The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance; the air was more mild and warm, and during night the wind became unequal and variable. From all these symptoms, Columbus was so confident of being near land, that on the evening of the 11th of October, after public prayers for success, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the ships to lie to, keeping strict watch lest they should be driven ashore in the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation, no man shut his eyes, all kept upon deck, gazing intently towards that quarter where they expected to discover the land, which had so long been the object of their wishes.

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the forecastle, observed a light in the distance, and privately pointed it out to Pedro Guttierez, a page of the queen's wardrobe. Guttierez perceived it, and calling to Salcedo, comptroller of the fleet, all three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place. A little after midnight, the joyful sound of "Land! land!" was heard from the *Pinta*, which kept always ahead of the other ships. But having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, every man was now become

slow of belief, and waited in all the anguish of uncertainty and impatience for the return of day. As soon as morning dawned, all doubts and fears were dispelled. From every ship an island was seen about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country. The crew of the *Pinta* instantly began the *Te Deum*, as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships with tears of joy and transports of congratulation. This office of gratitude to Heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation, mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conceptions of all former ages.

As soon as the sun arose, all their boats were manned and armed. They rowed towards the island with their colours displayed, with warlike music and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view. Columbus was the first European who set foot on the new world which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and, kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. They next erected a crucifix, and prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue. They then took solemn possession of the country for the crown of Castile and Leon, with all the formalities which the Portuguese were accustomed to observe in acts of this kind in their new discoveries.

The Spaniards, while thus employed, were surrounded by many of the natives, who gazed in silent admiration upon actions which they could not comprehend, and of which they did not foresee the consequences. The dress of the Spaniards, the whiteness of their skins, their beards, their arms, appeared strange and surprising. The vast machines in which they had traversed the ocean, that seemed to move upon the water with wings, and uttered a dreadful sound resembling thunder, accompanied with lightning and smoke, struck them with such terror that they began to respect their new guests as a superior order of beings, and concluded that they were children of the sun, who had descended to visit the earth.

The Europeans were hardly less amazed at the scene now before them. Every herb and shrub and tree was different from those which flourished in Europe. The soil seemed to be rich, but bore few marks of cultivation. The climate, even to the Spaniards, felt warm, though extremely delightful. The inhabitants appeared in the simple innocnce of nature, entirely naked. Their black hair, long and uncurled, floated upon their shoulders, or was bound in tresses on their heads. They had no beards, and every part of their bodies was perfectly smooth. Their complexion was of a dusky copper colour, their features singular rather than disagreeable, their aspect gentle and timid. Though not tall, they were well shaped and active. Their faces, and several parts of their bodies, were fantastically painted with glaring colours. They were shy at first through fear, but soon became familiar with the Spaniards, and with transports of joy received from them hawk-bells, glass beads, or other baubles; in return for which they gave such provisions as they had, and some cotton yarn, the only commodity of value which they could produce. Towards evening, Columbus returned to his ship, accompanied by many of the islanders in their boats, which they called canoes, and which, though rudely formed out of the trunk of a single tree, they rowed with surprising dexterity. Thus, in the first interview between the inhabitants of the old and new worlds, everything was conducted amicably and to their mutual satisfaction. The former, enlightened and ambitious, formed already vast ideas with respect to the advantages which they might derive from the regions which began to open to their view. The latter, simple and undiscerning, had no foresight of the calamities and desolation which were approaching their country!

WORKERS IN ART.

[**Samuel Smiles**, born in Haddington, East Lothian, 23d December, 1812. Educated as a surgeon, and practised for some time in his native town. He renounced medicine for literature and railways. He succeeded Robert Nicol, the poet, as editor of the *Leeds Times;* but he has spent the greater part of his life as secretary, first to the Leeds and Thirsk, and then to the South-Eastern Railways. As an author he has won high reputation throughout Europe and America. His principal works are: *The Life of George Stephenson*, of which over 40,000 copies have been sold in this country, whilst two publishers have issued it in America; *Self-Help*—from which our extract is taken: this work has been translated into French, Italian, German, Portuguese, Danish, Dutch, Spanish, and Japanese; *The Lives of the Engineers; Industrial Biography; The Huguenots*, their Settlements, Industries, and Churches in England and Ireland; &c. He has also contributed many articles to the *Quarterly Review* on railways and similar subjects. Sir Stafford Northcote said: "No more interesting books have been published of late years than those of Mr. Smiles."]

Excellence in art, as in everything else, can only be achieved by dint of painstaking labour. There is nothing less accidental than the painting of a fine picture or the chiselling of a noble statue. Every skilled touch of the artist's brush or chisel, though guided by genius, is the product of unremitting study.

Sir Joshua Reynolds was such a believer in the force of industry, that he held that artistic excellence, "however expressed by genius, taste, or the gift of Heaven, may be acquired." Writing to Barry he said, "Whoever is resolved to excel in painting, or indeed any other art, must bring all his mind to bear upon that one object from the moment that he rises till he goes to bed." And on another occasion he said, "Those who are resolved to excel must go to their work, willing or unwilling, morning, noon, and night; they will find it no play, but very hard labour." But although diligent application is no doubt absolutely necessary for the achievement of the highest distinction in art, it is equally true that without the inborn genius no amount of mere industry, however well applied, will make an artist. The gift comes by nature, but is perfected by self-culture, which is of more avail than all the imparted education of the schools.

Some of the greatest artists have had to force their way upward in the face of poverty and manifold obstructions. Illustrious instances will at once flash upon the reader's mind. Claude Lorraine, the pastry-cook; Tintoretto, the dyer; the two Caravaggios, the one a colour-grinder, the other a mortar-carrier at the Vatican; Salvator Rosa, the associate of bandits; Giotto, the peasant boy; Zingaro, the gipsy; Cavedone, turned out of doors to beg by his father; Canova, the stone-cutter; these, and many other well-known artists, succeeded in achieving distinction by severe study and labour, under circumstances the most adverse.

Nor have the most distinguished artists of our own country been born in a position of life more than ordinarily favourable to the culture of artistic genius. Gainsborough and Bacon were the sons of cloth-workers; Barry was an Irish sailor-boy, and Maclise a banker's apprentice at Cork; Opie and Romney, like Inigo Jones, were carpenters; West was the son of a small Quaker farmer in Pennsylvania; Northcote was a watchmaker, Jackson a tailor, and Etty a printer; Reynolds, Wilson, and Wilkie were the sons of clergymen; Lawrence was the son of a publican, and Turner of a barber. Several of our painters, it is true, originally had some connection with art, though in a very humble way,—such as Flaxman, whose father sold plaster casts; Bird, who ornamented tea-trays; Martin, who was a coach-painter; Wright and Gilpin, who were ship-painters; Chantrey, who was a carver and gilder; and David Cox, Stanfield, and Roberts, who were scene-painters.

It was not by luck or accident that these men achieved distinction, but by sheer industry and hard work. Though some achieved wealth, yet this was rarely, if ever, their ruling motive. Indeed, no mere love of money could sustain the efforts of the artist in his early career of self-denial and application. The pleasure of the pursuit has always been its best reward; the wealth which followed but an accident. Many noble-minded artists have preferred following the bent of their genius, to chaffering with the public for terms. Spagnoletto verified in his life the beautiful fiction of Xenophon, and after he had acquired the means of luxury, preferred withdrawing himself from their influence, and voluntarily returned to poverty and labour. When Michael Angelo was asked his opinion respecting a work which a painter had taken great pains to exhibit for profit, he said, "I think that he will be a poor fellow so long as he shows such an extreme eagerness to become rich."

Like Sir Joshua Reynolds, Michael Angelo was a great believer in the force of labour; and he held that there was nothing which the imagination conceived that could not be embodied in marble, if the hand were made vigorously to obey the mind. He was himself one of the most indefatigable of workers; and he attri-

buted his power of studying for a greater number of hours than most of his contemporaries to his spare habits of living. A little bread and wine was all he required for the chief part of the day when employed at his work; and very frequently he rose in the middle of the night to resume his labours. On these occasions it was his practice to fix the candle, by the light of which he chiselled, on the summit of a pasteboard cap which he wore. Sometimes he was too wearied to undress, and he slept in his clothes, ready to spring to his work so soon as refreshed by sleep. He had a favourite device of an old man in a go-cart, with an hour-glass upon it bearing the inscription, *Ancora imparo!* Still I am learning.

Titian, also, was an indefatigable worker. His celebrated "Pietro Martire" was eight years in hand, and his "Last Supper" seven. In his letter to Charles V. he said, "I send your Majesty the 'Last Supper' after working at it almost daily for seven years—*dopo sette anni lavorandovi quasi continuamente.*" Few think of the patient labour and long training involved in the greatest works of the artist. They seem easy and quickly accomplished, yet with how great difficulty has this ease been acquired. "You charge me fifty sequins," said the Venetian nobleman to the sculptor, "for a bust that cost you only ten days' labour. "You forget," said the artist, "that I have been thirty years learning to make that bust in ten days." Once when Domenichino was blamed for his slowness in finishing a picture which was bespoken, he made answer, "I am continually painting it within myself." It was eminently characteristic of the industry of the late Sir Augustus Callcott, that he made not fewer than forty separate sketches in the composition of his famous picture of "Rochester." This constant repetition is one of the main conditions of success in art, as in life itself.

No matter how generous nature has been in bestowing the gift of genius, the pursuit of art is nevertheless a long and continuous labour. Many artists have been precocious, but without diligence their precocity would have come to nothing. The anecdote related of West is well known. When only seven years old, struck with the beauty of the sleeping infant of his eldest sister whilst watching by its cradle, he ran to seek some paper, and forthwith drew its portrait in red and black ink. The little incident revealed the artist in him, and it was found impossible to draw him from his bent. West might have been a greater painter, had he not been injured by too early success: his fame, though great, was not purchased by study, trials, and difficulties, and it has not been enduring.

Richard Wilson, when a mere child, indulged himself with tracing figures of men and animals on the walls of his father's house with a burned stick. He first directed his attention to portrait-painting; but when in Italy, calling one day at the house of Zucarelli, and growing weary with waiting, he began painting the scene on which his friend's chamber window looked. When Zucarelli arrived, he was so charmed with the picture that he asked if Wilson had not studied landscape, to which he replied that he had not. "Then I advise you," said the other, "to try; for you are sure of great success." Wilson adopted the advice, studied and worked hard, and became our first great English landscape-painter.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, when a boy, forgot his lessons, and took pleasure only in drawing, for which his father was accustomed to rebuke him. The boy was destined for the profession of physic, but his strong instinct for art could not be repressed, and he became a painter. Gainsborough went sketching, when a schoolboy, in the woods of Sudbury; and at twelve he was a confirmed artist: he was a keen observer and a hard worker,—no picturesque feature of any scene he had once looked upon escaping his diligent pencil. William Blake, a hosier's son, employed himself in drawing designs on the backs of his father's shop-bills, and making sketches on the counter. Edward Bird, when a child only three or four years old, would mount a chair and draw figures on the walls, which he called French and English soldiers. A box of colours was purchased for him, and his father, desirous of turning his love of art to account, put him apprentice to a maker of tea-trays! Out of this trade he gradually raised himself, by study and labour, to the rank of a Royal Academician.

Hogarth, though a very dull boy at his lessons, took pleasure in making drawings of the letters of the alphabet, and his school exercises were more remarkable for the ornaments with which he embellished them, than for the matter of the exercises themselves. In the latter respect he was beaten by all the blockheads of the school, but in his adornments he stood alone. His father put him apprentice to a silversmith, where he learned to draw, and also to engrave spoons and forks with crests and ciphers. From silver-chasing he went on to teach himself engraving on copper, principally griffins and monsters of heraldry, in the course of which practice he became ambitious to delineate the varieties of human character.

The singular excellence which he reached in this art was mainly the result of careful observation and study. He had the gift, which he sedulously cultivated, of committing to memory the precise features of any remarkable face, and afterwards reproducing them on paper; but if any singularly fantastic form or *outré* face came in his way he would make a sketch of it on the spot, upon his thumb-nail, and carry it home to expand at his leisure. Everything fantastical and original had a powerful attraction for him, and he wandered into many out-of-the-way places for the purpose of meeting with character. By this careful storing of his mind he was afterwards enabled to crowd an immense amount of thought and treasured observation into his works. Hence it is that Hogarth's pictures are so truthful a memorial of the character, the manners, and even the very thoughts of the times in which he lived. True painting, he himself observed, can only be learned in one school, and that is kept by Nature. But he was not a highly cultivated man, except in his own walk. His school education had been of the slenderest kind, scarcely even perfecting him in the art of spelling; his self-culture did the rest. For a long time he was in very straitened circumstances, but nevertheless worked on with a cheerful heart. Poor though he was, he contrived to live within his small means, and he boasted, with becoming pride, that he was "a punctual paymaster." When he had conquered all his difficulties and become a famous and thriving man, he loved to dwell upon his early labours and privations, and to fight over again the battle which ended so honourably to him as a man and so gloriously as an artist. "I remember the time," said he on one occasion, "when I have gone moping into the city with scarce a shilling, but as soon as I have received ten guineas there for a plate, I have returned home, put on my sword, and sallied out with all the confidence of a man who had thousands in his pockets."

"Industry and perseverance" was the motto of the sculptor Banks, which he acted on himself, and strongly recommended to others. His well-known kindness induced many aspiring youths to call upon him and ask for his advice and assistance; and it is related that one day a boy called at his door to see him with this object, but the servant, angry at the loud knock he had given, scolded him, and was about sending him away, when Banks overhearing her, himself went out. The little boy stood at the door with some drawings in his hand. "What do you want with me?" asked the sculptor. "I want, sir, if you please, to be admitted to draw at the Academy." Banks explained that he himself could not procure his admission, but he asked to look at the boy's drawings. Examining them, he said, "Time enough for the Academy, my little man! go home—mind your schooling—try to make a better drawing of the Apollo—and in a month come again and let me see it." The boy went home—sketched and worked with redoubled diligence—and, at the end of the month, called again on the sculptor. The drawing was better; but again Banks sent him back, with good advice, to work and study. In a week the boy was again at his door, his drawing much improved; and Banks bid him be of good cheer, for if spared he would distinguish himself. The boy was Mulready; and the sculptor's augury was amply fulfilled.

The fame of Claude Lorraine is partly explained by his indefatigable industry. Born at Champagne, in Lorraine, of poor parents, he was first apprenticed to a pastry-cook. His brother, who was a wood-carver, afterwards took him into his shop to learn that trade. Having there shown indications of artistic skill, a travelling dealer persuaded the brother to allow Claude to accompany him to Italy. He assented, and the young man reached Rome, where he was shortly after engaged by Agostino Tassi, the landscape-painter, as his house-servant. In that capacity Claude first learned landscape-painting, and in course of time he began to produce pictures. We next find him making the tour of Italy, France, and Germany, occasionally resting by the way to paint landscapes, and thereby replenish his purse. On returning to Rome he found an increasing demand for his works, and his reputation at length became European. He was unwearied in the study of nature in her various aspects. It was his practice to spend a great part of his time in closely copying buildings, bits of ground, trees, leaves, and such like, which he finished in detail, keeping the drawings by him in store for the purpose of introducing them in his studied landscapes. He also gave close attention to the sky, watching it for whole days from morning till night, and noting the various changes occasioned by the passing clouds and the increasing and waning light. By this constant practice he acquired, although it is said very slowly, such a mastery of hand and eye as eventually secured for him the first rank among landscape-painters.

Turner, who has been styled "the English Claude," pursued a career of like laborious industry. He was destined by his father for his own trade of a barber, which he carried on in

London, until one day the sketch which the boy had made of a coat of arms on a silver salver having attracted the notice of a customer whom his father was shaving, the latter was urged to allow his son to follow his bias, and he was eventually permitted to follow art as a profession. Like all young artists, Turner had many difficulties to encounter, and they were all the greater that his circumstances were so straitened. But he was always willing to work, and to take pains with his work, no matter how humble it might be. He was glad to hire himself out at half-a-crown a night to wash in skies in Indian ink upon other people's drawings, getting his supper into the bargain. Thus he earned money and acquired expertness. Then he took to illustrating guide-books, almanacs, and any sort of books that wanted cheap frontispieces. "What could I have done better?" said he afterwards; "it was first-rate practice." He did everything carefully and conscientiously, never slurring over his work because he was ill-remunerated for it. He aimed at learning as well as living; always doing his best, and never leaving a drawing without having made a step in advance upon his previous work. A man who thus laboured was sure to do much; and his growth in power and grasp of thought was, to use Ruskin's words, "as steady as the increasing light of sunrise." But Turner's genius needs no panegyric; his best monument is the noble gallery of pictures bequeathed by him to the nation, which will ever be the most lasting memorial of his fame.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

BY THE REV. JOHN KEBLE.

"They shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water courses."—Isaiah xliv. 4.

Lessons sweet of spring returning,
Welcome to the thoughtful heart!
May I call ye sense or learning,
Instinct pure, or Heaven-taught art?
Be your title what it may,
Sweet the lengthening April day,
While with you the soul is free,
Ranging wild o'er hill and lea.

Soft as Memnon's harp at morning,
To the inward ear devout,
Touch'd by light, with heavenly warning
Your transporting chords ring out.
Every leaf in every nook,
Every wave in every brook,
Chanting with a solemn voice,
Minds us of our better choice.

Needs no show of mountain hoary,
Winding shore or deepening glen,
Where the landscape in its glory
Teaches truth to wandering men:
Give true hearts but earth and sky,
And some flowers to bloom and die,
Homely scenes and simple views
Lowly thoughts may best infuse.

See the soft green willow springing
Where the waters gently pass,
Every way her free arms flinging
O'er the moist and reedy grass.
Long ere winter blasts are fled,
See her tipp'd with vernal red,
And her kindly flower display'd
Ere her leaf can cast a shade.

Though the rudest hand assail her,
Patiently she droops awhile,
But when showers and breezes hail her,
Wears again her willing smile.
Thus I learn Contentment's power
From the slighted willow bower,
Ready to give thanks and live
On the least that Heaven may give.

If, the quiet brooklet leaving,
Up the stony vale I wind,
Haply half in fancy grieving
For the shades I leave behind,
By the dusty wayside drear,
Nightingales with joyous cheer
Sing, my sadness to reprove,
Gladlier than in cultur'd grove.

Where the thickest bows are twining
Of the greenest darkest tree,
There they plunge, the light declining—
All may hear, but none may see.
Fearless of the passing hoof,
Hardly will they fleet aloof;
So they live in modest ways,
Trust entire, and ceaseless praise.

—*The Christian Year.*

SONG.

The sun is careering in glory and might
Mid the deep blue sky and the cloudlets white;
The bright wave is tossing its foam on high,
And the summer breezes go lightly by;
The air and the water dance, glitter, and play—
And why should not I be as merry as they?

The linnet is singing the wild wood through;
The fawn's bounding footstep skims over the dew;
The butterfly flits round the flowering tree;
And the cowslip and blue-bell are bent by the bee;
All the creatures that dwell in the forest are gay—
And why should not I be as merry as they?

M. R. Mitford.

A BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

As a single man, I have spent a good deal of my time in noting down the infirmities of Married People, to console myself for those superior pleasures which they tell me I have lost by remaining as I am.

I cannot say that the quarrels of men and their wives ever made any great impression upon me, or had much tendency to strengthen me in those anti-social resolutions which I took up long ago upon more substantial considerations. What oftenest offends me at the houses of married persons where I visit, is an error of quite a different description;—it is that they are too loving.

Not too loving neither; that does not explain my meaning. Besides, why should that offend me? The very act of separating themselves from the rest of the world, to have the fuller enjoyment of each other's society, implies that they prefer one another to all the world.

But what I complain of is, that they carry this preference so undisguisedly, they perk it up in the faces of us single people so shamelessly, you cannot be in their company a moment without being made to feel, by some indirect hint or open avowal, that *you* are not the object of this preference. Now there are some things which give no offence, while implied or taken for granted merely; but expressed, there is much offence in them. If a man were to accost the first homely-featured or plain-dressed young woman of his acquaintance, and tell her bluntly that she was not handsome or rich enough for him, and he could not marry her, he would deserve to be kicked for his ill manners; yet no less is implied in the fact, that having access and opportunity of putting the question to her, he has never yet thought fit to do it. The young woman understands this as clearly as if it were put into words; but no reasonable young woman would think of making this the ground of a quarrel. Just as little right have a married couple to tell me by speeches, and looks that are scarce less plain than speeches, that I am not the happy man,—the lady's choice. It is enough that I know I am not: I do not want this perpetual reminding.

The display of superior knowledge or riches may be made sufficiently mortifying; but these admit of a palliative. The knowledge which is brought out to insult me may accidentally improve me; and in the rich man's houses and pictures,—his parks and gardens, I have a temporary usufruct at least. But the display of married happiness has none of these palliatives: it is throughout pure, unrecompensed, unqualified insult.

Marriage by its best title is a monopoly, and not of the least invidious sort. It is the cunning of most possessors of any exclusive privilege to keep their advantage as much out of sight as possible, that their less favoured neighbours, seeing little of the benefit, may the less be disposed to question the right. But these married monopolists thrust the most obnoxious part of their patent into our faces.

Nothing is to me more distasteful than that entire complacency and satisfaction which beam in the countenances of a new-married couple,—in that of the lady particularly; it tells you, that her lot is disposed of in this world; that *you* can have no hopes of her. It is true, I have none; nor wishes either, perhaps: but this is one of those truths which ought, as I said before, to be taken for granted, not expressed.

The excessive airs which those people give themselves, founded on the ignorance of us unmarried people, would be more offensive if they were less irrational. We will allow them to understand the mysteries belonging to their own craft better than we who have not had the happiness to be made free of the company: but their arrogance is not content within these limits. If a single person presume to offer his opinion in their presence, though upon the most indifferent subject, he is immediately silenced as an incompetent person. Nay, a young married lady of my acquaintance, who, the best of the jest was, had not changed her condition above a fortnight before, in a question on which I had the misfortune to differ from her, respecting the properest mode of breeding oysters for the London market, had the assurance to ask with a sneer, how such an old bachelor as I could pretend to know anything about such matters.

But what I have spoken of hitherto is nothing to the airs which these creatures give themselves when they come, as they generally do, to have children. When I consider how little of a rarity children are,—that every street and blind alley swarms with them,—that the poorest people commonly have them in most abundance,—that there are few marriages that are not blessed with at least one of these bargains,—how often they turn out ill, and defeat the fond hopes of their parents, taking to vicious courses, which end in poverty, disgrace, the gallows, &c.—I cannot for my

life tell what cause for pride there can possibly be in having them. If they were young phenixes, indeed, that were born but one in a year, there might be a pretext. But when they are so common——

I do not advert to the insolent merit which they assume with their husbands on these occasions. Let them look to that. But why *we*, who are not their natural-born subjects, should be expected to bring our spices, myrrh, and incense,—our tribute and homage of admiration,—I do not see.

"Like as the arrows in the hand of the giant, even so are the young children:" so says the excellent office in our Prayer-book appointed for the churching of women. "Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them:" so say I; but then don't let him discharge his quiver upon us that are weaponless; —let them be arrows, but not to gall and stick us. I have generally observed that these arrows are double-headed: they have two forks, to be sure to hit with one or the other. As, for instance, where you come into a house which is full of children, if you happen to take no notice of them (you are thinking of something else, perhaps, and turn a deaf ear to their innocent caresses), you are set down as untractable, morose, a hater of children. On the other hand, if you find them more than usually engaging,—if you are taken with their pretty manners, and set about in earnest to romp and play with them, some pretext or other is sure to be found for sending them out of the room: they are too noisy or boisterous, or Mr. —— does not like children. With one or other of these forks the arrow is sure to hit you.

I could forgive their jealousy, and dispense with toying with their brats if it gives them any pain; but I think it unreasonable to be called upon to *love* them, where I see no occasion,—to love a whole family, perhaps, eight, nine, or ten, indiscriminately,—to love all the pretty dears, because children are so engaging.

I know there is a proverb, "Love me, love my dog:" that is not always so very practicable, particularly if the dog be set upon you to tease you or snap at you in sport. But a dog, or a lesser thing,—any inanimate substance, as a keepsake, a watch or a ring, a tree, or the place where we last parted when my friend went away upon a long absence, I can make shift to love, because I love him, and anything that reminds me of him; provided it be in its nature indifferent, and apt to receive whatever hue fancy can give it. But children have a real character and an essential being of themselves: they are amiable or unamiable *per se;* I must love or hate them as I see cause for either in their qualities. A child's nature is too serious a thing to admit of its being regarded as a mere appendage to another being, and to be loved or hated accordingly: they stand with me upon their own stock, as much as men and women do. O! but you will say, sure it is an attractive age,—there is something in the tender years of infancy that of itself charms us. That is the very reason why I am more nice about them. I know that a sweet child is the sweetest thing in nature, not even excepting the delicate creatures which bear them; but the prettier the kind of a thing is, the more desirable it is that it should be pretty of its kind. One daisy differs not much from another in glory; but a violet should look and smell the daintiest.—I was always rather squeamish in my women and children.

But this is not the worst: one must be admitted into their familiarity at least, before they can complain of inattention. It implies visits, and some kind of intercourse. But if the husband be a man with whom you have lived on a friendly footing before marriage,—if you did not come in on the wife's side,—if you did not sneak into the house in her train, but were an old friend in fast habits of intimacy before their courtship was so much as thought on,—look about you—your tenure is precarious—before a twelvemonth shall roll over your head, you shall find your old friend gradually grow cool and altered towards you, and at last seek opportunities of breaking with you. I have scarce a married friend of my acquaintance, upon whose firm faith I can rely, whose friendship did not commence *after the period of his marriage.* With some limitations they can endure that: but that the good-man should have dared to enter into a solemn league of friendship in which they were not consulted, though it happened before they knew him,—before they that are now man and wife ever met,—this is intolerable to them. Every long friendship, every old authentic intimacy, must be brought into their office to be new stamped with their currency, as a sovereign prince calls in the good old money that was coined in some reign before he was born or thought of, to be new marked and minted with the stamp of his authority, before he will let it pass current in the world. You may guess what luck generally befalls such a rusty piece of metal as I am in these *new mintings.*

Innumerable are the ways which they take

to insult and worm you out of their husband's confidence. Laughing at all you say with a kind of wonder, as if you were a queer kind of fellow that said good things, *but an oddity*, is one of the ways;—they have a particular kind of stare for the purpose; till at last the husband, who used to defer to your judgment, and would pass over some excrescences of understanding and manner for the sake of a general vein of observation (not quite vulgar) which he perceived in you, begins to suspect whether you are not altogether a humourist,—a fellow well enough to have consorted with in his bachelor days, but not quite so proper to be introduced to ladies. This may be called the staring way; and is that which has oftenest been put in practice against me.

Then there is the exaggerating way, or the way of irony: that is, where they find you an object of especial regard with their husband, who is not so easily to be shaken from the lasting attachment founded on esteem which he has conceived towards you; by never-qualified exaggerations to cry up all that you say or do, till the good-man, who understands well enough that it is all done in compliment to him, grows weary of the debt of gratitude which is due to so much candour, and by relaxing a little on his part, and taking down a peg or two in his enthusiasm, sinks at length to that kindly level of moderate esteem,—that "decent affection and complacent kindness" towards you, where she herself can join in sympathy with him without much stretch and violence to her sincerity.

Another way (for the ways they have to accomplish so desirable a purpose are infinite) is, with a kind of innocent simplicity, continually to mistake what it was which first made their husband fond of you. If an esteem for something excellent in your moral character was that which rivetted the chain which she is to break, upon any imaginary discovery of a want of poignancy in your conversation she will cry, "I thought, my dear, you described your friend, Mr. —— as a great wit." If, on the other hand, it was for some supposed charm in your conversation that he first grew to like you, and was content for this to overlook some trifling irregularities in your moral deportment, upon the first notice of any of these she as readily exclaims, "This, my dear, is your good Mr. ——." One good lady, whom I took the liberty of expostulating with for not showing me quite so much respect as I thought due to her husband's old friend, had the candour to confess to me that she had often heard Mr. —— speak of me before marriage, and that she had conceived a great desire to be acquainted with me, but that the sight of me had very much disappointed her expectations; for from her husband's representations of me she had formed a notion that she was to see a fine, tall, officer-like looking man (I use her very words); the very reverse of which proved to be the truth. This was candid; and I had the civility not to ask her in return how she came to pitch upon a standard of personal accomplishments for her husband's friends which differed so much from his own; for my friend's dimensions as near as possible approximate to mine; he standing five feet in his shoes, in which I have the advantage of him by about half an inch; and he no more than myself exhibiting any indications of a martial character in his air or countenance.

These are some of the mortifications which I have encountered in the absurd attempt to visit at their houses. To enumerate them all would be a vain endeavour: I shall therefore just glance at the very common impropriety of which married ladies are guilty,—of treating us as if we were their husbands, and *vice versa*. I mean, when they use us with familiarity, and their husbands with ceremony. *Testacea*, for instance, kept me the other night two or three hours beyond my usual time of supping, while she was fretting because Mr. —— did not come home, till the oysters were all spoiled, rather than she would be guilty of the impoliteness of touching one in his absence. This was reversing the point of good manners; for ceremony is an invention to take off the uneasy feeling which we derive from knowing ourselves to be less the object of love and esteem with a fellow-creature than some other person is. It endeavours to make up, by superior attentions in little points, for that invidious preference which it is forced to deny in the greater. Had *Testacea* kept the oysters back for me, and withstood her husband's importunities to go to supper, she would have acted according to the strict rules of propriety. I know no ceremony that ladies are bound to observe to their husbands, beyond the point of a modest behaviour and decorum; therefore I must protest against the vicarious gluttony of *Cerasia*, who at her own table sent away a dish of Morellas, which I was applying to with great good-will, to her husband at the other end of the table, and recommended a plate of less extraordinary gooseberries to my unwedded palate in their stead. Neither can I excuse the wanton affront of ——.

But I am weary of stringing up all my married acquaintance by Roman denominations.

Let them amend and change their manners, or I promise to record the full-length English of their names, to the terror of all such desperate offenders in future.

AN IRISH PEASANT'S HOME.

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.[1]

Jack Doran's cottage, from a bare hillside,
Look'd out across the bogland black and wide,
Where some few ridges broke the swarthy soil,
A patch of culture, won with patient toil.
The walls were mud, around an earthen floor,
Straw-ropes held on the thatch, and by his door
A screen of wattles fenced the wind away,
For open wide from morn till dusk it lay,
A stool perhaps across, for barring out
The too familiar porker's greedy snout.
Thieves were undreamt-of, vagrants not repell'd,
The poor man's dole the pauper's budget swell'd,
A gift of five potatoes, gently given,
Or fist of meal, repaid with hopes of Heaven.

There Jack and Maureen, Neal their only son,
And daughter Bridget, saw the seasons run;
Poor but contented peasants, warm and kind,
Of hearty manners, and religious mind;
Busy to make their little corner good,
And full of health, upon the homeliest food.
They tasted flesh-meat hardly thrice a year,
Crock-butter, when the times were not too dear,
Salt herring as a treat, as luxury
For Sunday mornings and cold weather, tea;
Content they were if milk the noggins crown'd,
What time their oatmeal-stirabout went round,
Or large potatoes, teeming from the pot,
Descended to the basket, smoking hot,—
Milk of its precious butter duly stript,
Wherewith to Lisnamoy young Biddy tripp'd.
Not poor they seem'd to neighbours poorer still,
As Doran's father was, ere bog and hill
Gave something for his frugal fight of years
'Gainst marsh and rock, and furze with all its spears,
And round the cottage an oasis green
Amidst the dreary wilderness was seen.
Two hardy cows the pail and churn supplied,
Short-legg'd, big-boned, with rugged horns and wide,
That each good spot among the heather knew,
And every blade that by the runnels grew,
Roved on the moor at large, but meekly came
With burden'd udders to delight the dame,
And in its turn the hoarded stocking swell'd
Which envious neighbours in their dreams beheld;
At thought whereof were bumpkins fain to cast
Sheep's eyes at comely Bridget as she pass'd
With napkin-shaded basket many a morn;
But every bumpkin Bridget laugh'd to scorn.

Who at an evening dance more blithe than she?—
With steps and changes, modest in their glee,
So true she foots it, and so hard to tire,
Whilst Phil the Fiddler's elbow jerks like fire,
That courting couples turn their heads to look,
And elders praise her from the chimney-nook
Amidst their pipes, old stories, and fresh news.
From twenty decent boys might Bridget choose;
For, put the jigs aside, her skill was known
To help a neighbour's work, or speed her own,
And where at *kemp* or *kayley*[2] could be found
One face more welcome, all the country round?
Mild oval face, a freckle here and there,
Clear eyes, broad forehead, dark abundant hair,
Pure placid look that show'd a gentle nature,
Firm, unperplex'd, were hers; the Maiden's stature
Graceful arose, and strong, to middle height,
With fair round arms, and footstep free and light;
She was not showy, she was always neat,
In every gesture native and complete,
Disliking noise, yet neither dull nor slack,
Could throw a rustic banter briskly back,
Reserved but ready, innocently shrewd,—
In brief, a charming flower of Womanhood.

The girl was rich, in health, good temper, beauty,
Work to be done, amusement after duty,
Clear undistracted mind, and tranquil heart,
Well-wishers, in whose thoughts she had her part,
A decent father, a religious mother,
The pride of all the parish in a brother,
And Denis Coyle for sweetheart, where the voice
Of Jack and Maureen praised their daughter's choice.

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[1] From *Laurence Bloomfield in Ireland, or the New Landlord*, a poem in twelve chapters (Macmillan & Co.) In his preface to a new edition (1869) Mr. Allingham says: "Seven centuries are nearly finished since the political connection began between England and Ireland; and yet Ireland remains to this hour not a well known country to the general British public. To do something, however small, towards making it better understood, is the aim of this little book." He adds that since the poem "first appeared in *Frazer's Magazine*, the aspect of Irish affairs has changed in several particulars." and refers, with satisfaction, to the increased attention given to them by Parliament.

[2] *Kemp*, a meeting of girls for sewing, spinning, or other work, ending with a dance. *Kayley*, a casual gathering of neighbours for gossip.

More could she ask for? grief and care not yet,
Those old tax-gatherers, dunn'd her for their debt;
Youth's joyous landscape round her footsteps lay,
And her own sunshine made the whole world gay.

Jack and his wife, through earlier wedded years,
Untroubled with far-sighted hopes and fears,
Within their narrow circle not unskill'd,
Their daily duties cautiously fulfill'd
Of house and farm, of bargain and of pray'r;
And gave the Church and gave the Poor a share;
Each separate gift by angels put in score
As plain as though 'twere chalk'd behind the door.
The two themselves could neither write nor read,
But of their children's lore were proud indeed,
And most of Neal, who step by step had pass'd
His mates, and trod the master's heels at last.

When manly, godly counsels took the rule,
And open'd to her young a freer school,
Poor Erin's good desire was quickly proved;
Learning she loves, as long ago she loved.
The peasant, sighing at his own defect,
Would snatch his children from the same neglect;
From house and hut, by hill and plain, they pour
In tens of thousands to the teacher's floor;
Across the general island seems to come
Their blended voice, a pleasing busy hum.
Our little Bridget, pretty child, was there,
And Neal, a quick-eyed boy with russet hair,
Brisk as the month of March, yet with a grace
Of meditative sweetness in his face;
To Learning's Temple, which made shift to stand
In cowhouse form on great Sir Ulick's land
(Who vex'd these schools with all his pompous might
Nor would, for love or money, grant a site),
Each morn with merry step they cross'd the hill,
And soon could read with pleasure, write with skill,
Amaze from print their parents' simple wit,
Decipher New-world letters cramply writ;
But Neal, not long content with primers, redd
"Rings round him," as his mother aptly said;
Sought far for books, devour'd whate'er he found,
And peep'd through loopholes from his narrow bound.

Good Maureen gazed with awe on pen and ink,
On books with blindest reverence. Whilst we think
The Dark and Middle Ages flown away,
Their population crowds us round to-day;
So slowly moves the world. Our dame believed,
Firmly as saints and angels she received,
In witchcraft, lucky and unlucky times,
Omens and charms, and fairy-doctors' rhymes
To help a headache, or a cow fall'n dry;
Strong was the malice of an evil eye;
She fear'd those hags of dawn, who skimm'd the well,
And robb'd the churning by their May-day spell;
The *gentle* race, whom youngsters now neglect,
From Mary never miss'd their due respect;
And when a little whirl of dust and straws
Rose in her pathway, she took care to pause
And cross herself; a twine of rowan-spray,
An ass's shoe, might keep much harm away;
Saint Bridget's candle, which the priest had blest,
Was stored to light a sick-bed. For the rest,
She led a simple and contented life,
Sweet-temper'd, dutiful, as maid and wife;
Her husband's wisdom from her heart admired,
And in her children's praises never tired.

Jack was a plodding man, who deem'd it best
To hide away the wisdom he possess'd;
Of scanty words, avoiding all dispute;
But much experience in his mind had root;
Most deferential, yet you might surprise
A secret scanning in the small gray eyes;
Short, active, though with labour's trudge, his legs;
His knotted fingers, like rude wooden pegs,
Still firm of grip; his breath was slow and deep;
His hair unbleach'd with time, a rough black heap.
Fond, of a night, to calmly sit and smoke,
While neighbours plied their argument or joke,
To each he listen'd, seldom praised or blamed,
All party-spirit prudently disclaim'd,
Repeating, with his wise old wrinkled face,
"I never knew it help a poor man's case;"
And when they talk'd of "tyrants," Doran said
Nothing, but suck'd his pipe and shook his head.

In patient combat with a barren soil,
Jack saw the gradual tilth reward his toil,
Where first his father as a cottier came
On patch too poor for other man to claim.
Jack's father kept the hut against the hill
With daily eightpence earned by sweat and skill;
Three sons grew up; one hasted over sea,
One married soon, fought hard with poverty,
Sunk, and died young; the eldest boy was Jack,
Young herd and spadesman at his father's back,
With every hardship sturdily he strove,
To fair or distant ship fat cattle drove,
(Not theirs, his father had a single cow),
And cross'd the narrow tides to reap and mow.
A fever burn'd away the old man's life;
Jack had the land, the hovel, and a wife;
And in the chimney's warmest corner sat
His good old mother, with her favourite cat.

Manus, now dead (long since, on "cottier-take,"
Allow'd cheap lodgment for his labour's sake),

Contriving days and odd half-days to snatch,
By slow degrees had tamed the savage patch
Beside his hut, driven back the stubborn gorse,
Whose pounded prickles meanwhile fed his horse;
And crown'd the cut-out bog with many a sheaf
Of speckled oats, and spread the dark-green leaf
Where plaited white or purple blooms unfold
To look on summer with an eye of gold,
Potato-blossoms, namely. Now, be sure,
A larger rent was paid; nor, if secure
Of foot-sole place where painfully he wrought,
Would Manus grumble. Year by year he sought
A safeguard; but the Landlord still referr'd
Smoothly to Agent, Agent merely heard,
And answer'd—"We'll arrange it by-and-by;
Meanwhile, you're well enough, man; let it lie,"—
Resolved to grant no other petty lease,
The ills of petty farming to increase.
Old Manus gone, and Bloomfield's father gone,
Sir Ulick Harvey's guardian rule came on;
And so at last Jack found his little all
At Viceroy Pigot's mercy, which was small.
With more than passive discontent he look'd
On tenancies like Jack's, and ill had brook'd
The whisper of their gains. He stood one day,
Filling the petty household with dismay,
Within their hut, and saw that Paudeen Dhu,
The bailiff, when he called it "snug," spoke true.

The patch'd, unpainted, but substantial door,
The well-fill'd dresser, and the level floor,
Clean chairs and stools, a gaily-quilted bed,
The weather-fast though grimy thatch o'erhead,
The fishing rods and reels above the fire,
Neal's books, and comely Bridget's neat attire,
Express'd a comfort which the rough neglect
That reign'd outside forbade him to expect.
Indeed, give shrewd old cautious Jack his way,
The house within had shown less neat array,
Who held the maxim that, in prosperous case,
'Tis wise to show a miserable face;
A decent hat, a wife's good shawl or gown
For higher rent may mark the farmer down;
Beside your window shun to plant a rose
Lest it should draw the prowling bailiff's nose,
Nor deal with whitewash, lest the cottage lie
A target for the bullet of his eye;
Rude be your fence and field—if trig and trim
A cottier shows them, all the worse for him.
To scrape, beyond expenses, if he can,
A silent stealthy penny, is the plan
Of him who dares it—a suspected man!
With tedious, endless, heavy-laden toil,
Judged to have thieved a pittance from the soil.
But close in reach of Bridget's busy hand
Dirt and untidiness could scarcely stand;
And Neal, despite his father's sense of guilt,
A dairy and a gable-room had built,
And by degrees the common kitchen graced
With many a touch of his superior taste.

The peasant draws a low and toilsome lot;
Poorer than all above him?—surely not.
Conscious of useful strength, untaught to care
For smiling masquerade and dainty fare,
With social pleasures, warmer if less bland,
Companionship and converse nigh at hand,
If sad, with genuine sorrows, well-defined,
His life brought closer to a simpler mind;
He's friends with earth and cloud, plant, beast, and bird;
His glance, by oversubtleties unblurr'd,
At human nature, flies not much astray;
Afoot he journeys but enjoys the way.
Th' instinctive faith, perhaps, of such holds best
To that ideal truth, the power and zest
Of all appearance; limitation keeps
Their souls compact; light cares they have, sound sleeps;
Their day, within a settled course begun,
Brings wholesome task, advancing with the sun,
The sure result with satisfaction sees,
And fills with calm a well-earn'd hour of ease.
Nay, gold, whose mere possession less avails,
Far-glittering, decks the world with fairy-tales.
Who grasp at poison, trigger, cord, or knife?—
Seldom the poorest peasant tires of life.

Mark the great evil of a low estate;
Not Poverty, but Slavery,—one man's fate
Too much at mercy of another's will.
Doran has prosper'd, but is trembling still.
Our Agent's lightest word his heart can shake,
The Bailiff's bushy eyebrow bids him quake.
. . . . . .

LUCY.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half-hidden from the eye
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky!

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

WORDSWORTH

TOMASO AND PEPINA.

[William Gilbert, born in London, 1806—a descendant of an old Salisbury family. He is a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, and M.D. of Paris; but he retired from the profession of medicine about thirty-five years ago. In literature he has earned a high reputation as a novelist. Critics have repeatedly compared his style to that of Defoe, and occasionally he displays some of those characteristics which most distinguished Hawthorne. His chief works are: *Shirley Hall Asylum; De Profundis; Dr. Austin's Guests; The Wizard of the Mountain*, &c. From the last-mentioned work (published by Strahan & Co.) we quote the following tale.]

On a small farm in the Bresciano lived an old working couple, Tomaso and Pepina. They were frugal, industrious, and pious. The few inhabitants of the secluded village in which they resided much respected them; but beyond it they were unknown. Besides their other good qualities, they were very much attached to each other; and both being by nature amiably disposed, their lives had passed very happily in each other's society. Though not poor, they were far from being rich, yet they did not envy their richer neighbours, but were content with what God had given them. They had but one cause for anxiety. The little farm on which they lived was not their own; and the landlord had frequently spoken of dispossessing them, in order to add the land to his own farm. But something or other had always turned up to induce him to delay carrying his idea into practice, prior to the date of our narrative, when they received a peremptory notice to quit within the space of a week.

By a singular coincidence, on the same day they received this order, intelligence reached them that a cousin of Tomaso's, an old bachelor, who resided near Menaggio, and whom he had not seen for more than thirty years, was dead, and had left Tomaso his farm, with the house and furniture. The worthy couple, late in life though it was for them to remove to a new dwelling, determined to go and reside in it. Many long and anxious debates took place, however, before they came to this resolution. Their principal objection was that they were not acquainted with any one in the neighbourhood of the new dwelling, and that they should leave behind them friends whom they loved and respected. They had but one alternative, however—they must remove, or starve; and they chose the former, sorely as it grieved them to do so. As they had heard on good authority that the house left them was amply furnished, they sold all they had in their old dwelling with the exception of a modest stock of clothing, which could be tied up in a bundle. After a painful leave-taking with their friends, they engaged the driver of a cart, who was returning to Lecco, to carry them with him so far on their journey, as they intended to make that town their first halting-place.

For some time after they had quitted the village both husband and wife gave full vent to their tears; while the driver of the cart, prompted by a feeling of delicacy, pretended not to see them, but walked quietly beside his horse's head, looking straight along the road before him. After they had been about an hour on their journey, Tomaso said to his wife—

"It's very hard for people at our time of life to be turned out of house and home at a week's notice, isn't it, Pepina?"

"So it is, dear," was the reply; "but still we ought to be thankful that we have another good home to go to, when so many poor creatures are wandering about in these hard times without a roof to shelter them."

"True, wife; but for all that, it's a hard thing to have to leave against one's will. I trust we shall be as happy in our new home as we were in our last."

"There's little fear of that," said Pepina; "our happiness will be, in a great measure, in our own hands. I have no doubt we shall be as happy in the new house as we have been in the one we have left."

"It will be no fault of mine if we are not," said Tomaso.

"That I know," said his wife. "You have been a good husband to me for the last fifty years, and I am sure there is no danger of your changing now."

"Fifty years!" said the driver, who, finding his passengers had so far recovered as to allow them the use of their tongues, had gradually slackened his pace, and had fallen back from the horse's head in a line with Tomaso and Pepina as they were seated in the cart. "Fifty years! Why, you don't mean to say you have been married so long as that."

"Very nearly," said Pepina; "we want only five days of it. Next Sunday we shall have been married fifty years."

"And a very happy time we have had of it," said Tomaso. "I should like to live as much longer."

"I don't know that we should gain much by it," said his wife. "At our time of life we have as many infirmities as we can well bear; and how many we should have when we had

lived fifty, or even twenty years more, would be even terrible to think of. No, old man, we are better off as we are, unless we could find somebody to make us young again, and that is not very likely, I should think."

"I don't know that," said the driver, who was a native of Lecco. "There is a wonderful astrologer in our parts, who, they say, can make people young again. Not that I know any case of the kind; though, I must say, I have heard of some extraordinary things he has done, which no common man could do."

"Where does he live?" inquired Pepina.

"In the slope of the mountains, behind the horns of Cantu."

"But perhaps," said Pepina, with a pious shudder, "he may be in league with the Evil One."

"I know nothing about that," said the driver in a somewhat careless tone; "but I should rather think he is not. I never heard of him doing any harm to any one, but I have heard of a good many he has been kind to, especially the poor."

"That don't look as if there was much wrong in him," said both husband and wife at the same time.

Conversation was carried on in this amicable manner until the cart arrived at Lecco, when Tomaso and his wife bade adieu to the friendly driver. Carrying the bundle which contained their clothes, they proceeded to a small inn, where they engaged a room for the night, determining to continue their journey the next day. In the evening they entered into conversation with some of the inmates of the house; and, by chance, the Innominato and his wonderful powers were mentioned. Tomaso and his wife (who had felt greatly interested in the details given by the driver respecting that singular individual) listened attentively, and made many inquiries. The answers they received had only the effect of greatly increasing their curiosity. When they retired for the night, Tomaso said to his wife,—

"I wish we could only find out the place where that astrologer lives. If we could, I should be much tempted to pay him a visit to-morrow."

"For what purpose?" inquired Pepina.

"I should like to know whether he could make us young again. If he could, it would go a great way to reconcile me to our removal."

"I should like it as much as you," said the old woman. "But if he can do so, I am afraid he would require more money than we have to give him."

"That we should know more about when we saw him," said Tomaso. "Even though we found that he wanted more than we could pay, we should be no worse off than we are now. But from what the driver told us, as well as what we heard this evening, he is not likely to be hard upon a poor old couple. I'll tell you what I will do. To-morrow I will inquire if he lives far from here, and, if not, we will go and see him. It will do us no harm, even though we come back no better off than when we went."

"With all my heart," said the old woman. "I am sure, if we succeed, it would give me as much pleasure as it would you."

Next morning Tomaso rose at daybreak, and made many inquiries respecting the astrologer's abode, and the best method of reaching it. He found that they could arrive at it in the course of the day; so the old couple, after making a hearty breakfast, Tomaso shouldering his bundle, started for the castle of the Innominato ["the Wizard of the Mountain"]. It was late in the afternoon when they reached the Hospice, where they remained while a servant took in their message. In a few minutes he returned and informed them that, if they would follow him to the castle, his master would see them immediately. On their arrival they were ushered into the presence of the Innominato, whom they found in his study, engaged in some chemical experiments, assisted by one of his servants. So deeply intent was he in his work, that it was some minutes before he was aware of their presence—a somewhat fortunate circumstance for them; for they were so overwhelmed by the mysterious aspect of the place, and the imposing appearance of the astrologer, that it is probable neither would have been able to address him. But presently the astrologer turned round, and seeing his two visitors, and the expression of bewilderment on their countenances, he addressed them with great kindness of tone and manner. After requesting them to be seated, he inquired the purpose of their visit.

"Learned sir," said Tomaso—rising from his seat, and, evidently in great fear, bowing to the astrologer most obsequiously—"we have heard that you are very kind to poor people, and that you can perform very wonderful things, so we have come to ask you to do us a great favour. At the same time, we hope you will not be offended at our boldness; and we are ready to pay you as much as we can afford."

"As you say you do not intend to offend me," said the astrologer, "I will take no offence. At the same time, understand that I

accept money from no one. Tell me plainly and conscientiously what you wish, and I will oblige you if I can; for, by aid of my science, I know you are a worthy old couple."

"Many thanks, Illustrissimo," said Tomaso, greatly encouraged by his kind reception; "we are much obliged to you for your good opinion. The truth is, we are much attached to each other, and have lived a very happy life together for many years. What we want to ask you is, whether you could make us young again, as we are now getting very old. We have been married fifty years come next Sunday."

"I am sorry I have not the power to oblige you," said the astrologer. "One of you I could make young again, but not both; that is far beyond my power. If that will meet your views, and you can settle between you which of the two it shall be, I am ready to oblige you."

For some seconds Tomaso and his wife remained silent, looking at each other in a state of great perplexity. At last Pepina said—

"I am obliged to your excellency for the offer, but, for my own part, I decline it. I should like to be young again if my husband could be so too; but I have no wish to change if he must remain old. Whatever good I may get I always like to share it with him."

"And I am of the same opinion," said Tomaso. "I have no wish to be young if she is to remain old. We will now leave you, sir, if you cannot make us both young; but, at the same time, we are much obliged to you for your condescension in receiving us." So saying, he rose, and taking up his bundle, prepared to depart.

"Stop one moment," said the astrologer. "I wish to oblige you as far as I can, and I have another proposition to make, though I hardly think you will agree to it. I cannot make you both young—my power being limited—but I can divide the gift. I can make one of you young and beautiful in appearance, but whichever of you it may be, must retain the grave method of thinking and speaking of old age. The other must keep the appearance of age, but shall have the mind and spirits of youth—gay, buoyant, and enthusiastic. Now what do you say to my offer? If you are satisfied with it, you can decide between yourselves which portion of the gift you would each like to accept."

Again Tomaso and his wife were silent for some seconds, both being evidently inclined to accept the offer of the astrologer.

"I see," he continued, "that you both like the idea. Before you definitely decide, however, let me urge you to consider well what you are about to accept, as very likely you will both be exposed to the ridicule of your friends when you return home."

"We are not going to our old home," said Tomaso, "but to a farm near Menaggio, where nobody knows us. We have hitherto lived in the Bresciano."

"That entirely alters the case," said the astrologer. "But other inconveniences may possibly arise, therefore think well over the matter before you decide."

"I have made up my mind, sir," said Tomaso. "Give me but the spirits of youth, and I am perfectly content to wear the appearance of old age."

"And what do you say?" said the astrologer, addressing Pepina.

The old woman hung her head with an absurd appearance of modesty, but made no reply.

"If you do not give me an answer," said the astrologer, "I can do nothing for either."

Still Pepina was silent.

"Then the bargain is dropped," said the astrologer, turning again to the experiment he was performing, "and we will say no more about it."

"I will do just as my husband pleases, sir," said Pepina quickly, and evidently alarmed.

"And I wish her to be young and beautiful," said Tomaso, "but to remain discreet and steady, as she now is."

"Very well," said the astrologer, "then we are all agreed. Go now to the Hospice, where you can remain for the night. But remember, you must, without a lamp or any other light, rise before daybreak and start on your journey. As the sun rises, you will gradually undergo the transformation you wish—the one in mind and the other in body. One word more. You are a good old couple, and in case you should find that you do not like your altered condition after you have tried it, I will give you an opportunity of returning to your present state, should you desire it. On Sunday next you say you will have been married fifty years. If at any time before midnight on Saturday you should both wish to be restored to your former condition of life, you can do so; but remember, you must be agreed on the subject. Now you can leave me."

The old couple now quitted the presence of the Innominato, and descended to the Hospice, where a good supper had been prepared for them. After partaking of it they retired to their room, but not to sleep—so fearful and anxious were they lest the sun might rise be-

fore they awoke and were able to carry out the instructions of the astrologer.

It wanted considerably more than an hour of daybreak when they left the house to commence their journey. For some time their progress was trifling, for the night was dark, their eyesight dim, and the path somewhat difficult to keep. After they had proceeded about a mile from the castle, the old man commenced to sing, at the top of his cracked voice, a warrior's song, which drew from Pepina rather a sharp remark on the folly of his behaviour—singing in such an absurd manner, instead of carefully looking which way they were going, while they were on the edge of a precipice. Tomaso, in obedience to his wife's wishes, stopped his singing for some minutes, but he soon burst out again still louder than before, at the same time using the most ludicrous gesticulations, as if he saw an enemy before him whom he was about to attack. Pepina now got fairly angry, and fractiously told him not to make an old fool of himself. Tomaso stopped his singing a second time, and good-naturedly turned round to say something conciliatory to his wife, when a faint ray of the coming dawn passing through a cleft in the mountains allowed him to gain a tolerably distinct view of her face. He gazed at her in silent astonishment, for she now appeared a buxom woman of about fifty years of age—stout, well-made, erect, and hearty. Pepina seemed at a loss to understand her husband's astonishment, and somewhat angrily inquired what he saw to make him stare at her in that silly manner.

"See in you?" said Tomaso, almost breathless with surprise—"see in you? Why, a very handsome woman. Don't you think that is a very good excuse for staring at you? I declare you are twice as plump as you were before we went to the astrologer."

Pepina now felt her own arms, and then took as good a look at her person as the faint light of day would enable her to do. She could easily perceive that her form was greatly changed for the better. She, however, expressed no pleasure at this, but said, in a fractious tone—

"It was well worth while, indeed, to spend the whole of yesterday, wearing the soles off one's feet, to find out that conjuror, and then to be made fifty years of age! I suspect he is only a cheat after all. He promised me I should become young and beautiful, and he has made me fifty, if I'm a day. I would just as soon have kept as I was."

"Come, come, wife," said Tomaso, "don't be ungrateful. For a person at your time of life to have twenty years taken off their head in less than an hour is really a good deal gained."

"My time of life!" said Pepina, "my time of life, indeed! Look at your own. I can walk upright, at any rate, and that's more than you can do, try as much as you please."

They now entered a narrow valley hung with high trees, which so completely shut out the little light as to leave them again in total darkness. Here Pepina, finding that her husband moved along with great difficulty, offered to carry the bundle for him, saying that she was far stronger than he was. Tomaso took this offer very ill, and he told her he was not a man to require assistance from her or any other woman; and by way of proving his words hurried on before her, stumbling continually as he went. His ill-humour, however, soon vanished, and he again commenced to sing his warrior's song in the same absurd manner as before.

The road now opened up, being no longer overshadowed by trees. The daylight had now also increased so much that they could see a considerable distance before them. Tomaso still continued in front, singing his song, and taking no notice of his wife, who followed him silently and sedately.

Again their path lay along the side of a deep precipice, at the bottom of which rushed a swollen mountain-stream. Tomaso, on hearing the noise, looked below for a moment, and then continued his road, singing as lustily as ever. He also amused himself by walking at the extreme edge of the precipice, to Pepina's intense terror, for he stumbled incessantly, and appeared much fatigued.

"Come away from that dangerous place, you silly old man," she said. "Do you wish to break your neck? Come away, I say, and give me the bundle, for I see you are so tired you can hardly get along."

"That is not true," said Tomaso, turning round; "I was never stronger." Here he stopped speaking, and looked for some minutes in speechless astonishment at his wife, who now appeared a very handsome woman of thirty years of age. When she had reached him, she inquired what was the matter, that he had so suddenly become silent.

"Pepina," he said, "I cannot take my eyes off you. I never in my life saw a more beautiful woman than you have become. Give me a kiss."

"Nonsense, you silly old man," was her reply; "hold your tongue, and do not make a fool of yourself. Go on again, and keep away from the edge of the precipice."

But far from obeying her, Tomaso walked by her side, and attempted to make himself as agreeable as possible by saying all the sweet things which came into his head; to all of which Pepina lent either a deaf ear, or upbraided him for his folly. Finding his compliments had no other effect on her than to make her still more ill-tempered, he determined to try what singing would do, and immediately commenced a love-song, which he sang in a most impressive manner, but in so cracked a voice that he made himself perfectly ridiculous. It was not, however, without its effect on Pepina, who began to cry, and her husband, mistaking the cause, attempted to give a still more impassioned and pathetic tone to his voice, and by so doing made himself more absurd than ever.

Pepina still continuing to cry, her husband said to her,—"Why do you weep, my dear? Are you unhappy?" evidently thinking at the moment that she had melted into tears at the sweetness of his singing.

"Unhappy?" she replied; "how can I be otherwise, when I see an old man, who ought to know better, behaving so absurdly? You ought to be ashamed, croaking there like an old raven, and imagining that you are singing. If you have no respect for yourself, you ought at least to have a little for your wife's feelings."

Tomaso turned round to return her a sharp answer, but she looked so beautiful that he had not the heart to say anything unkind, and the pair walked on together for some time in silence; Tomaso, however, keeping close by the side of his wife.

Pepina, who had now dried her tears, wished in her turn to say something agreeable to her spouse, by way of smoothing away any little rancour against her that might still remain in his mind, and asked him in a kind tone whether he found his rheumatism better.

"My rheumatism!" he replied, tartly; "when I complain to you of it, you may then speak to me about it. I am no more rheumatic than you are. At the same time, I hope you don't suffer from your corns this morning as you did yesterday?"

"My corns, indeed!" said Pepina, with a toss of her head, and stopping to put out one of the prettiest little feet that could be seen in all Lombardy. "I should like to know where you would find them. But don't let us quarrel any more; but give me the bundle, for you must be getting tired, and I am a good deal stronger than you are."

Tomaso had too much gallantry to allow her to carry the bundle; and they now continued amicably enough on their road till they came to a roadside inn, at which they determined to stop for breakfast. They seated themselves at a table near the door, and the landlord soon spread before Tomaso some bread, cheese, and wine; his wife contenting herself with a cup of new milk, some fruit, and bread. When they had finished their meal, their host entered into conversation with them by asking how far they had travelled that morning. Tomaso told him only a few miles, saying nothing about his visit to the castle of the Innominato, and he then asked the landlord if they were far distant from Bellaggio.

"About four hours' walk," said the landlord, "Are you going to see any of the gay doings which are going on there?"

"I did not know that there were any," said Tomaso, delighted at the idea, while Pepina appeared to receive the news with perfect indifference. "What sort of gay doings are they?"

"Oh! there are a number of soldiers there, and very handsome young fellows they are; and they have excellent music."

"How fortunate!" said Tomaso.

"All the pretty girls for miles round are gathering there," continued the landlord; "and the soldiers, who are very gallant, dance with them every evening."

Tomaso's expression of countenance fell considerably at this information.

"If you are going to stop there any time, you had better take care," said the landlord, laughing, "or one of them will be running away with your pretty grand-daughter, as I suppose she is."

"You have made a very great mistake, my friend," said Tomaso, angrily. "She is my wife."

The landlord had so much difficulty in restraining his laughter at this information, that Tomaso noticed it, and was upon the point of saying something uncivil, when Pepina, fearing there might be an altercation, put in that they only intended stopping the night at Bellaggio, and then crossing over to the other side of the lake next morning.

"I think you would do wisely, old gentleman, if you kept to that resolution," said the landlord; "for, otherwise, I can assure you your pretty wife will have a great many admirers."

Tomaso was exceedingly displeased at the landlord's remark, and answered him very sharply. Even Pepina told him that he ought not to talk such nonsense, and that there was no one handsomer in her eyes than her husband;

at which the landlord burst into a very loud and rude laugh. Tomaso now got thoroughly into a passion, and after abusing the landlord soundly, he threw their reckoning on the table, and, snatching up his bundle, he and Pepina started on their journey again.

For some time they walked on silently together; Tomaso evidently sulky, though he said nothing. The truth was, he felt annoyed at the indifference Pepina showed to the landlord's remarks when he spoke of her beauty; and he seemed to think that she ought to have considered them as an insult, and shown proper and becoming spirit on the occasion. He then began to conjure up in his mind the possibility of her wishing to dance with the handsome young soldiers at Bellaggio. In all this, however, he did his wife a great injustice. The fact was, she cared nothing for gaieties of the kind. Her feelings were those of advanced age, she having, of course, undergone no mental change when she became beautiful; and although she might not have been, at the moment, angry when the landlord paid her the compliments (what woman would have been?), they had scarcely been uttered than they were forgotten, and her mind had reverted to the domestic duties she would have to perform at the new house, and what sort of a dwelling it would prove.

When they had arrived within two or three miles of Bellaggio, Tomaso, who had remained sullen and uneasy during the whole of the afternoon, suddenly complained of fatigue, and proposed to stay the night at a poor-looking little inn, instead of going further on. Pepina, however, not liking the appearance of the place, advised that they should continue their journey; whereupon Tomaso got into a great passion, and accused her of wishing to mix in the gaieties of Bellaggio, when nothing could have been further from the poor woman's thoughts. Her idea was simply that they would be able to find a more comfortable bed at Bellaggio than at the house where her husband proposed to remain. After they had passed the little inn a few hundred yards, Tomaso positively refused to go further, and Pepina, getting angry in her turn, was determined to go on; and her husband, telling her that she should, in that case, do it by herself, returned alone and inquired of the landlord whether he could give him a bed, and received in reply that he had not an unoccupied room in the house, it being full of soldiers who had been quartered on him.

On hearing this, Tomaso immediately left and hurried on after his wife. When they had arrived within two miles of their destination, they seated themselves on a bank by the side of the path, as they both began to feel fatigued by the unusual amount of exertion they had undergone. Presently they heard a noise in a thick clump of shrubs before them, as if some one was, with difficulty, making a way through, and a moment afterwards a young soldier made his appearance. He was remarkably handsome, and his fine figure appeared to still greater advantage from the attractive style of his uniform. His features were regular, and though he was somewhat sunburnt, this in no way detracted from his martial look; but his face at the time was rather flushed, for he was to all appearance partially intoxicated. For a moment he seemed surprised at the singular-looking couple before him, but recovering himself, he cast an impudent look on Pepina, and said,—

"What, tired, my pretty girl? I hope you are going my way, and then I can have the pleasure of offering you my arm."

"I neither want your arm nor your acquaintance," said Pepina. "Go on your way and leave us alone."

"Come, come, now," said the soldier, in a cajoling manner, and advancing close to her, "do not speak in that cruel manner. Ill-temper doesn't become such a pretty countenance, does it, old gentleman? Is this pretty girl your daughter or your grand-daughter?"

"Neither," said Tomaso, rising from the bank in a great passion at the impertinent behaviour of the soldier. "That lady is my wife."

"Your wife? Nonsense!" said the soldier. "You don't mean to tell me that that lovely creature could ever have chosen such a withered old baboon as you are?"

"I told you the truth," said Tomaso; "and what is more, if I hear any further impertinence from you, I will chastise you so severely that you will not forget the lesson the longest day you live."

The only answer the soldier gave to Tomaso's threat was a loud laugh, and then walking up to Pepina, who had also risen from the bank, and putting his arm round her waist, he said to her,—

"Come with me, my dear, and never mind him. You are far too handsome to be the wife of such a crabbed old fool as he is."

Pepina, enraged at the soldier's impertinence, told him to leave her alone; and by way of giving point to her words, she gave him a sound box on the ear.

"A fair challenge, by Jove!" said the sol-

dier. "There is the same penalty for that all the world over, and I claim it now." So saying, he put his arm round her neck and gave her a hearty kiss.

Both husband and wife now set upon him, and buffeted him soundly; indeed, so sudden and hearty were they in their attacks, that the soldier was completely taken by surprise. He struggled violently to disengage himself, but found it no easy matter, for their combined strength was quite equal to his own. At last, however, by a violent effort, he managed to release himself, and standing at a short distance, he remained for some moments to gather his scattered wits, so completely had they been dispersed by the vigorous attack of his two assailants. When he had somewhat succeeded, he said to Pepina,—

"I forgive you, young lady, for I cannot revenge myself upon you; but that amiable old gentleman shall suffer for his behaviour to-morrow morning, I can tell him. I suppose you are going to Bellaggio, and unfortunately I am going the other way. I am already somewhat behind time, and my sergeant is not particularly forgiving, so I must be off. But we shall meet again, old gentleman, and then, if you do not give me satisfaction, I will cudgel your old body till it is black and blue all over. Two hours after daybreak to-morrow I will be with you; so look for me." Saying this, he started off in the direction of the inn they had lately passed.

Tomaso and his wife now continued their road to Bellaggio, naturally very indignant at the behaviour of the soldier. Little conversation passed between the old couple, and at last there was a dead silence, which continued till darkness had set in. When they had come to within about a quarter of an hour's walk of Bellaggio, Pepina's attention was aroused by the sound of some one sobbing bitterly, and on listening more attentively, she found that it proceeded from Tomaso, who was walking a few paces in advance of her. She hastened up to him and found her suspicions were correct, and that he was crying like a child.

"What is the matter with you, my dear?" she said to him. "Why do you cry so? It is not, I hope, at the rude behaviour of the soldier. I think we have given him a good lesson, and we may now treat him with contempt."

"I do not care one straw about him; and if he puts his threat into force to-morrow, I think he will find me as completely his match as he did to-day," said Tomaso, totally ignoring the part Pepina had taken in the fray, which had been far more effective than his own. "I am unhappy from another cause. You are, in appearance, young and beautiful, while I am old and decrepit. All admire you, and all will ridicule me for having a wife so young and handsome; and I see that my life will, for the future, be one of utter misery, for I love you dearly, and cannot bear the idea of others paying you the attentions you will receive. I am afraid I made a very foolish bargain after all."

"But there is no difficulty in getting off it, you know, dear," said Pepina. "The astrologer told us that, if we repented of the transaction, we could change to our former condition any time before next Sunday, when we shall have been married fifty years."

"But if I do change," said Tomaso, still crying, "I do not see that I shall gain much by it. I shall then have an old man's mind in an old man's body; while you will still remain in person young and beautiful."

"But why should I remain young and beautiful?" said Pepina, artlessly. "He gave me the power to change if I wished it, as fully as he did to you."

"And you would really give up youth and beauty to please me?" said Tomaso, in a tone of mingled surprise and delight.

"Certainly," said his wife, "Why not? Just let us at once wish ourselves old again in mind and body, and so put an end to all unpleasantness between us."

Tomaso, of course, willingly agreed to this suggestion, and the transformation immediately took place. How it was effected it was impossible to say, so dense was the darkness around them. Tomaso's mind was now again that of an old man, while Pepina's form was once more that of an old woman, her body bent, and her step slow and difficult. At last they contrived to reach Bellaggio in safety, and they put up for the night at a little inn at the entrance to the town.

Next morning Tomaso rose early, and proceeded to the water-side to engage a boat to carry him and his wife over to Menaggio. Having secured one, he told the boatman to remain in readiness, as he would return in a few minutes. He then left the water-side, and was on his way back to the inn to fetch Pepina and settle with the landlord, when he heard some one calling out to him, "Stop, I say, you old baboon. You shan't escape me so easily as that."

On hearing the voice, Tomaso turned round and beheld the soldier of the previous evening, with a couple of swords under his arm, and a dozen of his comrades at his heels, advancing towards him.

"So I have found you, my friend," said the soldier. "You see I am a man of my word. And now, in the presence of my honourable comrades, I intend to wipe off the stain you put on my honour yesterday evening."

"Leave me alone," said Tomaso. "I want to have nothing to say to you."

"That I can easily imagine," said the soldier; "and I am perfectly willing to admit that it is not an unreasonable wish on your part. But, my friend, I take a totally different view of the case, and satisfaction for the insult you offered me yesterday I will have. I have brought with me a couple of good swords, so that you can have no excuse. Choose which you like, and you shall have fair play. By-the-by, where is your pretty wife? Yes, you may laugh, comrades," he continued; "but this old fellow has one of the handsomest girls for a wife I ever saw in my life. That I will say, although she was not particularly civil to me last night. No matter; I shall easily find the means to get into her good graces; and my first step shall be to rid her of her ugly old husband. I am sure she will be grateful to me for that, so this will be something gained. I only wish she were here now to see the pains I am taking to make her a widow."

This wish was immediately accomplished, for Pepina, who, witnessing the scene from the window of the inn, had guessed the soldier's intentions, now rushed through the crowd, and after buffeting the fellow's face severely, she seized him by the hair, which she pulled out by handfuls at a time—the soldier in vain attempting to rid himself of her.

"Comrades," he called out, "for heaven's sake take away this hag; I shall not have a hair left on my head if you don't."

But his companions, instead of assisting him, roared with laughter, and asked him jeeringly if this was the young beauty he had been raving so much about.

How long Pepina would have kept up the struggle it is impossible to say, had it not been put a stop to by the captain of the soldiers, who came forward to inquire the cause of the tumult.

"What is all this about?" he asked, as soon as some of the men, in obedience to his orders, had released their comrade from Pepina's clutches.

"He wanted to murder my husband, who is an infirm old man, and I am protecting him."

"And most efficiently, it appears," said the captain. "And now what is your version of the story?" he continued, addressing the soldier.

"In the first place, captain," said the soldier, "this hag is not the fellow's wife"—here he was interrupted by Pepina, who burst from the men holding her, and rushing on the soldier, assailed him even more vigorously than before, exclaiming at the same time, "How dare you say I am not his wife, when I have been married to him for fifty years? I will soon prove to you that I am."

Pepina was again drawn away from the soldier, and the captain inquired of Tomaso whether she was really his wife.

"She is, your excellency."

"Have you any complaint to make against the soldier?"

"I have, your excellency; and a great one too. He met us yesterday evening, and grossly insulted my wife; indeed, we had great difficulty in getting away from him."

"Well, what have you to say in your defence?" said the captain, turning to the soldier.

"I never insulted the old woman, captain, nor did I ever see her before. It is true I saw this fellow yesterday, but he was with a very beautiful young woman whom he called his wife."

The captain then inquired of Pepina whether she was with her husband the previous evening, and whether any other person had been with them. He received for answer that there was no one else present, and that she had not quitted her husband's society even for a minute during the whole of the day.

"Now," said the captain to the soldier, "one thing is clear to me; and that is, that you must have been drunk again yesterday evening; for no one in his sober senses could have mistaken this old woman for a handsome young girl. I have warned you many times that your drinking habits would at last bring you into disgrace, and you have paid no attention to these warnings. But I will now give you a lesson you will not easily forget. For one month you shall remain in irons; and the next time I hear any complaint against you, the sentence shall be confinement in irons for one year. Take him into custody," said the captain to his attendants, "and see that my orders are carried out."

The soldier was immediately removed, and the crowd shortly afterwards dispersed.

Tomaso, accompanied by his wife, and carrying his bundle, then went to the boat which he had engaged, and they were rowed across the lake to Menaggio. In the evening they arrived at their new dwelling, which they found very commodious, and in excellent condition. They resided in it during the remainder of their lives, without anything worthy of notice occurring to mar their happiness.

EXMOOR HARVEST-SONG.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE.

The corn, oh the corn, 'tis the ripening of the corn!
Go unto the door, my lad, and look beneath the moon,
Thou canst see, beyond the woodrick, how it is yelloon:
'Tis the harvesting of wheat, and the barley must be shorn.

(*Chorus.*)

The corn, oh the corn, and the yellow, mellow corn!
Here's to the corn, with the cups upon the board!
We've been reaping all the day, and we'll reap again the morn,
And fetch it home to mow-yard, and then we'll thank the Lord.

The wheat, oh the wheat, 'tis the ripening of the wheat!
All the day it has been hanging down its heavy head,
Bowing over on our bosoms with a beard of red:
'Tis the harvest, and the value makes the labour sweet.

(*Chorus.*)

The wheat, oh the wheat, and the golden, golden wheat!
Here's to the wheat, with the loaves upon the board!
We've been reaping all the day, and we never will be beat,
But fetch it all to mow-yard, and then we'll thank the Lord.

The barley, oh the barley, and the barley is in prime!
All the day it has been rustling with its bristles brown,
Waiting with its beard abowing, till it can be mown!
'Tis the harvest, and the barley must abide its time.

(*Chorus.*)

The barley, oh the barley, and the barley ruddy brown!
Here's to the barley, with the beer upon the board!
We'll go amowing, soon as ever all the wheat is down;
When all is in the mow-yard, we'll stop, and thank the Lord.

The oats, oh the oats, 'tis the ripening of the oats!
All the day they have been dancing with their flakes of white,
Waiting for the girding-hook, to be the nags' delight:
'Tis the harvest, let them dangle in their skirted coats.

(*Chorus.*)

The oats, oh the oats, and the silver, silver oats!
Here's to the oats with the backstone on the board!
We'll go among them, when the barley has been laid in rotes:
When all is home to mow-yard, we'll kneel and thank the Lord.

The corn, oh the corn, and the blessing of the corn!
Come unto the door, my lads, and look beneath the moon,
We can see, on hill and valley, how it is yelloon,
With a breadth of glory, as when our Lord was born.

(*Chorus.*)

The corn, oh the corn, and the yellow, mellow corn!
Thanks for the corn, with our bread upon the board!
So shall we acknowledge it, before we reap the morn,
With our hands to heaven, and our knees unto the Lord.

—*From Lorna Doone.*

A VISION OF MIGHTY BOOK-HUNTERS.

[John Hill Burton, LL.D., F.R.S.E., born at Aberdeen, 22d August, 1809. Educated at Marischal College; called to the Scottish bar in 1831; appointed secretary to the Prison Board, Scotland, in 1854, and subsequently historiographer royal for Scotland. Mr. Burton contributed to the *Westminster* and *Edinburgh Reviews* and to *Blackwood*. His principal works are: *The Life and Correspondence of David Hume; Lives of Simon, Lord Lovat, and Duncan Forbes of Culloden; Narratives from Criminal Trials in Scotland; History of Scotland*, from the Revolution to the Extinction of the last Jacobite Insurrection; *History of Scotland*, from Agricola's Invasion to the Revolution of 1688; *The Scot Abroad; The Book-Hunter;* and various legal works. He died in 1881.]

As the first case, let us summon from the shades my venerable friend Archdeacon Meadow, as he was in the body. You see him now —tall, straight, and meagre, but with a grim dignity in his air which warms into benignity as he inspects a pretty little clean Elzevir, or a tall portly Stephens, concluding his inward estimate of the prize with a peculiar grunting chuckle, known by the initiated to be an important announcement. This is no doubt one of the milder and more inoffensive types, but still a thoroughly confirmed and obstinate case. Its parallel to the classes who are to be taken charge of by their wiser neighbours is only too close and awful; for have not sometimes the female members of his household been known on occasion of some domestic emergency—or, it may be, for mere sake of keeping the lost man out of mischief—to have been searching for him on from bookstall unto bookstall, just as the mothers, wives, and daughters of other lost men hunt them through their favourite taverns? Then, again, can one forget that occasion of his going to London to be examined by a committee of the House of Commons, when he suddenly disappeared with all his money in his pocket, and returned penniless, followed by a waggon containing 372 copies of rare editions of the Bible? All were fish that came to his net. At one time you might find him securing a minnow for sixpence at a stall —and presently afterwards he outbids some princely collector, and secures with frantic impetuosity, "at any price," a great fish he has been patiently watching year after year. His hunting-grounds were wide and distant, and there were mysterious rumours about the numbers of copies, all identically the same in edition and minor individualities, which he possessed of certain books. I have known him, indeed, when beaten at an auction, turn round resignedly and say, "Well, so be it—but I daresay I have ten or twelve copies at home, if I could lay hands on them."

It is a matter of extreme anxiety to his friends, and, if he have a well-constituted mind, of sad misgiving to himself, when the collector buys his first *duplicate*. It is like the first secret dram swallowed in the forenoon—the first pawning of the silver spoons—or any other terrible first step downwards you may please to liken it to. There is no hope for the patient after this. It rends at once the veil of decorum spun out of the flimsy sophisms by which he has been deceiving his friends, and partially deceiving himself, into the belief that his previous purchases were necessary, or, at all events, serviceable for professional and literary purposes. He now becomes shameless and hardened; and it is observable in the career of this class of unfortunates, that the first act of duplicity is immediately followed by an access of the disorder, and a reckless abandonment to its propensities. The Archdeacon had long passed this stage ere he crossed my path, and had become thoroughly hardened. He was not remarkable for local attachment; and in moving from place to place, his spoil, packed in innumerable great boxes, sometimes followed him, to remain unreleased during the whole period of his tarrying in his new abode, so that they were removed to the next stage of his journey through life with modified inconvenience.

Cruel as it may seem, I must yet notice another and a peculiar vagary of his malady. He had resolved, at least once in his life, to part with a considerable proportion of his collection—better to suffer the anguish of such an act than endure the fretting of continued restraint. There was a wondrous sale by auction accordingly; it was something like what may have occurred at the dissolution of the monasteries at the Reformation, or when the contents of some time-honoured public library were realized at the period of the French Revolution. Before the affair was over, the Archdeacon himself made his appearance in the midst of the miscellaneous self-invited guests who were making free with his treasures. He pretended, honest man, to be a mere casual spectator, who, having seen in passing the announcement of a sale by auction, stepped in like the rest of the public. By degrees he got excited, gasped once or twice as if mastering some desperate impulse, and at length fairly bade. He could not brazen out the effect of this escapade, however, and disappeared from

the scene. It was remarked, however, that an unusual number of lots were afterwards knocked down to a military gentleman, who seemed to have left portentously large orders with the auctioneer. Some curious suspicions began to arise, which were settled by that presiding genius bending over his rostrum, and explaining in a confidential whisper that the military hero was in reality a pillar of the church so disguised.

The archdeacon lay under what, among a portion of the victims of his malady, was deemed a heavy scandal. He was suspected of reading his own books—that is to say, when he could get at them; for there are those who may still remember his rather shamefaced apparition of an evening, petitioning, somewhat in the tone with which an old schoolfellow down in the world requests your assistance to help him to go to York to get an appointment—petitioning for the loan of a volume of which he could not deny that he possessed numberless copies lurking in divers parts of his vast collection. This reputation of reading the books in his collection, which should be sacred to external inspection solely, is, with a certain school of book-collectors, a scandal, such as it would be among a hunting set to hint that a man had killed a fox. In the dialogues, not always the most entertaining, of Dibdin's *Bibliomania*, there is this short passage:—"'I will frankly confess,' rejoined Lysander, 'that I am an arrant *bibliomaniac*—that I love books dearly—that the very sight, touch, and mere perusal——.' 'Hold, my friend,' again exclaimed Philemon, 'you have renounced your profession—you talk of *reading* books—do *bibliomaniacs* ever *read* books?'"

Yes, the archdeacon read books—he devoured them; and he did so to full prolific purpose. His was a mind enriched with varied learning, which he gave forth with full, strong, easy flow, like an inexhaustible perennial spring coming from inner reservoirs, never dry, yet too capacious to exhibit the brawling, bubbling symptoms of repletion. It was from a majestic heedlessness of the busy world and its fame that he got the character of indolence, and was set down as one who would leave no lasting memorial of his great learning. But when he died, it was not altogether without leaving a sign; for from the casual droppings of his pen has been preserved enough to signify to many generations of students in the walk he chiefly affected how richly his mind was stored, and how much fresh matter there is in those fields of inquiry where compilers have left their dreary tracks, for ardent students to cultivate into a rich harvest. In him truly the bibliomania may be counted among the many illustrations of the truth so often moralized on, that the highest natures are not exempt from human frailty in some shape or other.

Let us now summon the shade of another departed victim—Fitzpatrick Smart, Esq. He too, through a long life, had been a vigilant and enthusiastic collector, but after a totally different fashion. He was far from omnivorous. He had a principle of selection peculiar and separate from all others, as was his own individuality from other men's. You could not classify his library according to any of the accepted nomenclatures peculiar to the initiated. He was not a black-letter man, or a tall-copyist, or an uncut man, or a rough-edge man, or an early-English-dramatist, or an Elzevirian, or a broadsider, or a pasquinader, or an old-brown-calf man, or a Grangerite, or a tawny-morocco-ite, or a gilt-topper, a marbled-insider, or an *editio princeps* man; neither did he come under any of the more vulgar classifications of an antiquarian, or a *belles-lettres*, or a classical collector. There was no way of defining his peculiar walk save by his own name—it was the Fitzpatrick-Smart walk. In fact, it wound itself in infinite windings through isolated spots of literary scenery, if we may so speak, in which he took a personal interest. There were historical events, bits of family history, chiefly of a tragic or a scandalous kind—efforts of art or of literary genius on which, through some intellectual law, his mind and memory loved to dwell; and it was in reference to these that he collected. If the book were the one desired by him, no anxiety and toil, no payable price, was to be grudged for its acquisition. If the book were an inch out of his own line, it might be trampled in the mire for aught he cared, be it as rare or costly as it could be.

It was difficult, almost impossible, for others to predicate what would please this wayward sort of taste, and he was the torment of the book-caterers, who were sure of a princely price for the right article, but might have the wrong one thrown in their teeth with contumely. It was a perilous, but, if successful, a gratifying thing to present him with a book. If it happened to hit his fancy, he felt the full force of the compliment, and overwhelmed the giver with his courtly thanks. But it required great observation and tact to fit one for such an adventure, for the chances against an ordinary thoughtless gift-maker were thousands to one; and those who were acquainted with his strange nervous temperament, knew that the

existence within his dwelling-place of any book not of his own special kind would impart to him the sort of feeling of uneasy horror which a bee is said to feel when an earwig comes into its cell. Presentation copies by authors were among the chronic torments of his existence. While the complacent author was perhaps pluming himself on his liberality in making the judicious gift, the recipient was pouring out all his sarcasm, which was not feeble or slight, on the odious object, and wondering why an author could have entertained against him so steady and enduring a malice as to take the trouble of writing and printing all that rubbish with no better object than disturbing the peace of mind of an inoffensive old man. Every tribute from such *dona ferentes* cost him much uneasiness and some want of sleep—for what could he do with it? It was impossible to make merchandise of it, for he was every inch a gentleman. He could not burn it, for under an acrid exterior he had a kindly nature. It was believed, indeed, that he had established some limbo of his own, in which such unwelcome commodities were subject to a kind of burial or entombment, where they remained in existence, yet were decidedly outside the circle of his household gods.

These gods were a pantheon of a very extraordinary description, for he was a hunter after other things besides books. His acquisitions included pictures, and the various commodities which, for want of a distinctive name, auctioneers call "miscellaneous articles of vertu." He started on his accumulating career with some old family relics, and these, perhaps, gave the direction to his subsequent acquisitions, for they were all, like his books, brought together after some self-willed and peculiar law of association that pleased himself. A bad, even an inferior picture he would not have—for his taste was exquisite—unless, indeed, it had some strange history about it, adapting it to his wayward fancies, and then he would adopt the badness as a peculiar recommendation, and point it out with some pungent and appropriate remark to his friends. But though, with these peculiar exceptions, his works of art were faultless, no dealer could ever calculate on his buying a picture, however high a work of art or great a bargain. With his ever-accumulating collection, in which tiny sculpture and brilliant colour predominated, he kept a sort of fairy world around him. But each one of the mob of curious things he preserved had some story linking it with others, or with his peculiar fancies, and each one had its precise place in a sort of *epos*, as certainly as each of the persons in the confusion of a pantomime or a farce has his own position and functions.

After all, he was himself his own greatest curiosity. He had come to manhood just after the period of gold-laced waistcoats, small-clothes, and shoe-buckles, otherwise he would have been long a living memorial of these now antique habits. It happened to be his lot to preserve down to us the earliest phase of the pantaloon dynasty. So, while the rest of the world were booted or heavy shod, his silk-stockinged feet were thrust into pumps of early Oxford cut, and the predominant garment was the surtout, blue in colour, and of the original make before it came to be called a frock. Round his neck was wrapped an ante-Brummelite neckerchief (not a tie), which projected in many wreaths like a great poultice—and so he took his walks abroad, a figure which he could himself have turned into admirable ridicule.

One of the mysteries about him was, that his clothes, though unlike any other person's, were always old. This characteristic could not even be accounted for by the supposition that he had laid in a sixty years' stock in his youth, for they always appeared to have been a good deal worn. The very umbrella was in keeping—it was of green silk, an obsolete colour ten years ago—and the handle was of a peculiar crosier-like formation in cast-horn, obviously not obtainable in the market. His face was ruddy, but not with the ruddiness of youth; and, bearing on his head a Brutus wig of the light-brown hair which had long ago legitimately shaded his brow, when he stood still—except for his linen, which was snowy white—one might suppose that he had been shot and stuffed on his return home from college, and had been sprinkled with the frowzy mouldiness which time imparts to stuffed animals and other things, in which a semblance to the freshness of living nature is vainly attempted to be preserved. So if he were motionless; but let him speak, and the internal freshness was still there, an ever-blooming garden of intellectual flowers. His antiquated costume was no longer grotesque—it harmonized with an antiquated courtesy and high-bred gentleness of manner, which he had acquired from the best sources, since he had seen the first company in his day, whether for rank or genius. And conversation and manner were far from exhausting his resources. He had a wonderful pencil—it was potent for the beautiful, the terrible, and the ridiculous; but it took a wayward wilful course, like everything else about him. He had a brilliant pen, too, when he

chose to wield it; but the idea that he should exercise any of these his gifts in common display before the world, for any even of the higher motives that make people desire fame and praise, would have sickened him. His faculties were his own as much as his collection, and to be used according to his caprice and pleasure. So fluttered through existence one who, had it been his fate to have his own bread to make, might have been a great man. Alas for the end! Some curious annotations are all that remain of his literary powers—some drawings and etchings in private collections all of his artistic. His collection, with its long train of legends and associations, came to what he himself must have counted as dispersal. He left it to his housekeeper, who, like a wise woman, converted it into cash while its mysterious reputation was fresh. Huddled in a great auction-room, its several catalogued items lay in humiliating contrast with the decorous order in which they were wont to be arranged. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

The Book-Hunter.

THE RETURN.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

O joyful hour, when to our longing home
The long-expected wheels at length drew nigh!
When the first sound went forth, "They come! they come!"
And hope's impatience quickened every eye!
"Never had man, whom Heaven would heap with bliss,
More glad return, more happy hour than this."

Aloft on yonder bench, with arms dispread,
My boy stood shouting there his father's name,
Waving his hat around his happy head;
And there, a younger group, his sisters came;
Smiling they stood, with looks of pleased surprise,
While tears of joy were seen in elder eyes.

Soon each and all came crowding round to share
The cordial greeting, the beloved sight;
What welcomings of hand and lip were there!
And when those overflowings of delight
Subsided to a sense of quiet bliss,
Life hath no purer, deeper happiness.

Here silently between her parents stood
My dark-eyed Bertha, timid as a dove;
And gently oft from time to time she wooed
Pressure of hand, or word, or look of love,
With impulse shy of bashful tenderness,
Soliciting again the wished caress.

The younger twain, in wonder lost were they,
My gentle Kate, and my sweet Isabel:
Long of our promised coming, day by day
It had been their delight to hear and tell;
And now, when that long-promised hour was come,
Surprise and wakening memory held them dumb.

For in the infant mind, as in the old,
When to its second childhood life declines,
A dim and troubled power doth memory hold:
But soon the light of young remembrance shines
Renewed, and influences of dormant love
Wakened within, with quickening influence move.

O happy season theirs, when absence brings
Small feeling of privation, none of pain,
Yet at the present object love re-springs,
As night-closed flowers at morn expand again!
Nor deem our second infancy unbless'd,
When gradually composed we sink to rest.

Soon they grew blithe, as they were wont to be;
Her old endearments each began to seek:
And Isabel drew near to climb my knee,
And pat with fondling hand her father's cheek;
With voice, and touch, and look, reviving thus
The feelings which had slept in long disuse.

But there stood one whose heart could entertain
And comprehend the fulness of the joy;
The father, teacher, playmate, was again
Come to his only and his studious boy;
And he beheld again that mother's eye,
Which with such ceaseless care had watched his infancy.

It was a group which Richter, had he viewed,
Might have deemed worthy of his perfect skill;
The keen impatience of the younger brood,
Their eager eyes and fingers never still;
The hope, the wonder, and the restless joy
Of those glad girls, and that vociferous boy!

The aged friend serene with quiet smile,
Who in their pleasure finds her own delight;
The mother's heartfelt happiness the while;
The aunts, rejoicing in the joyful sight;
And he who, in his gaiety of heart,
With glib and noisy tongue performed the showman's part.

Scoff ye who will! but let me, gracious Heaven,
Preserve this boyish heart till life's last day!
For so that inward light by nature given
Shall still direct and cheer me on my way;
And brightening as the shades of age descend,
Shine forth with heavenly radiance at the end.

The Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo.

THE MAN WHO STOLE A MEETING-HOUSE.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.[1]

On a recent journey to the Pennsylvania oil regions, I stopped one evening with a fellow-traveller at a village which had just been thrown into a turmoil of excitement by the exploits of a horse-thief As we sat around the tavern hearth, after supper, we heard the particulars of the rogue's capture and escape fully discussed; then followed many another tale of theft and robbery, told amid curling puffs of tobacco-smoke; until, at the close of an exciting story, one of the natives turned to my travelling acquaintance, and, with a broad laugh, said, "Kin you beat that, stranger?"

"Well, I don't know,—maybe I could if I should try. I never happened to fall in with any such tall horse-stealing as you tell of, but I knew a man who stole a meeting-house once."

"Stole a meetin'-house! That goes a little beyant anything yit," remarked another of the honest villagers. "Ye don't mean he stole it and carried it away?"

"Stole it and carried it away," repeated my travelling companion, seriously, crossing his legs, and resting his arm on the back of his chair. "And, more than all that, I helped him."

"How happened that?—for you don't look much like a thief yourself."

All eyes were now turned upon my friend, a plain New England farmer, whose honest homespun appearance and candid speech commanded respect.

"I was his hired man, and I acted under orders. His name was Jedwort—Old Jedwort the boys called him, although he wasn't above fifty when the crooked little circumstance happened, which I'll make as straight a story of as I can, if the company would like to hear it."

"Sartin, stranger! sartin! about stealin' the meetin'-house," chimed in two or three voices.

My friend cleared his throat, put his hair behind his ears, and with a grave, smooth face, but with a merry twinkle in his shrewd gray eye, began as follows:—

"Jedwort, I said his name was; and I shall never forget how he looked one particular morning. He stood leaning on the front gate —or rather on the post, for the gate itself was such a shackling concern a child couldn't have leaned on't without breaking it down. And Jedwort was no child. Think of a stoutish, stooping, duck-legged man, with a mountainous back, strongly suggestive of a bag of grist under his shirt,—and you have him. That imaginary grist had been growing heavier and heavier, and he more and more bent under it, for the last fifteen years and more, until his head and neck just came forward out from between his shoulders like a turtle's from its shell. His arms hung, as he walked, almost to the ground. Being curved with the elbows outward, he looked for all the world, in a front view, like a waddling interrogation-point enclosed in a parenthesis. If man was ever a quadruped, as I've heard some folks tell, and rose gradually from four legs to two, there must have been a time, very early in his history, when he went about like Old Jedwort.

"The gate had been a very good gate in its day. It had even been a genteel gate when Jedwort came into possession of the place by marrying his wife, who inherited it from her uncle. That was some twenty years before, and everything had been going to rack and ruin ever since.

"Jedwort himself had been going to rack and ruin, morally speaking. He was a middling decent sort of man when I first knew him; and I judge there must have been something about him more than common, or he never could have got such a wife. But then women do marry sometimes unaccountably.

"I speak with feeling on this subject, for I had an opportunity of seeing what Mrs. Jedwort had to put up with from a man no woman of her stamp could do anything but detest. She was the patientest creature you ever saw. She was even too patient. If I had been tied to such a cub, I think I should have cultivated the beautiful and benignant qualities of a wild cat; there would have been one good fight, and one of us would have been living, and the other would have been dead, and that would have been the end of it. But Mrs. Jedwort bore and bore untold miseries, and a large number of children. She had had nine of these, and three were under the sod and six above it when Jedwort ran off with the meeting-house in the way I am going on to tell you. There was Maria, the oldest girl, a perfect picture of what her mother had been at nineteen. Then there were the two boys, Dave and Dan, fine young fellows, spite of their father. Then came Lottie and Susie, and then Willie, a little four-year-old.

[1] From *Coupon Bonds, and other Stories*. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. London: Trübner.—See *Library*, p. 377, vol. ii.

"It was amazing to see what the mother would do to keep her family looking decent with the little means she had. For Jedwort was the tightest screw ever you saw. It was avarice that had spoiled him, and came so near turning him into a beast. The boys used to say he grew so bent looking in the dirt for pennies. That was true of his mind, if not of his body. He was a poor man, and a pretty respectable man, when he married his wife; but he had no sooner come into possession of a little property than he grew crazy for more. There are a good many men in the world, that nobody looks upon as monomaniacs, who are crazy in just that sort of way. They are all for laying up money, depriving themselves of comforts, and their families of the advantages of society and education, just to add a few dollars to their hoard every year; and so they keep on till they die and leave it to their children, who would be much better off if a little more had been invested in the cultivation of their minds and manners, and less in stocks and bonds.

"Jedwort was just one of that class of men, although perhaps he carried the fault I speak of a little to excess. A dollar looked so big to him, and he held it so close, that at last he couldn't see much of anything else. By degrees he lost all regard for decency and his neighbours' opinions. His children went barefoot, even after they got to be great boys and girls, because he was too mean to buy them shoes. It was pitiful to see a nice, interesting girl like Maria, go about looking as she did, while her father was piling his money into the bank. She wanted to go to school and learn music, and be somebody; but he wouldn't keep a hired girl, and so she was obliged to stay at home and do housework; and she could no more have got a dollar out of him to pay for clothes and tuition, than you could squeeze sap out of a hoe-handle.

"The only way his wife could ever get anything new for the family was by stealing butter from her own dairy, and selling it behind his back. 'You needn't say anything to Mr. Jedwort about this batch of butter,' she would hint to the storekeeper; 'but you may hand the money to me, or I will take my pay in goods.' In this way a new gown, or a piece of cloth for the boys' coats, or something else the family needed, would be smuggled into the house, with fear and trembling lest old Jedwort should make a row and find where the money came from.

"The house inside was kept neat as a pin; but everything around it looked terribly shiftless. It was built originally in an ambitious style, and painted white. It had four tall front pillars, supporting the portion of the roof that came over the porch,—lifting up the eyebrows of the house, if I may so express myself, and making it look as if it was going to sneeze. Half the blinds were off their hinges, and the rest flapped in the wind. The front-door step had rotted away. The porch had once a good floor, but for years Jedwort had been in the habit of going to it whenever he wanted a board for the pig-pen, until not a bit of floor was left.

"But I began to tell about Jedwort leaning on the gate that morning. We had all noticed him; and as Dave and I brought in the milk, his mother asked, 'What is your father planning now? Half the time he stands there, looking up the road; or else he's walking up that way in a brown study.'

"'He's got his eye on the old meeting-house,' says Dave, setting down his pail. 'He has been watching it and walking round it, off and on, for a week.'

"That was the first intimation I had of what the old fellow was up to. But after breakfast he followed me out of the house, as if he had something on his mind to say to me.

"'Stark,' says he at last, 'you've always insisted on't that I wasn't an enterprisin' man.'

"'I insist on't still,' says I; for I was in the habit of talking mighty plain to him, and joking him pretty hard sometimes. 'If I had this farm, I'd show you enterprise. You wouldn't see the hogs in the garden half the time, just for want of a good fence to keep 'em out. You wouldn't see the very best strip of land lying waste, just for want of a ditch. You wouldn't see that stone wall by the road tumbling down year after year, till by-and-by you won't be able to see it for the weeds and thistles.'

"'Yes,' says he, sarcastically, 'ye'd lay out ten times as much money on the place as ye'd ever git back agin, I've no doubt. But I believe in economy.'

"That provoked me a little, and I said, 'Economy! you're one of the kind of men that'll skin a flint for sixpence and spoil a jack-knife worth a shilling. You waste fodder and grain enough every three years to pay for a bigger barn—to say nothing of the inconvenience.'

"'Wal, Stark,' says he, grinning and scratching his head, 'I've made up my mind to have a bigger barn, if I have to steal one.'

"'That won't be the first thing you've stole neither,' says I.

"He flared up at that. 'Stole?' says he. 'What did I ever steal?'

"'Well, for one thing, the rails the freshet last spring drifted off from Talcott's land onto yours, and you grabbed: what was that but stealing?'

"'That was luck. He couldn't swear to his rails. By the way, they'll jest come in play now.'

"'They've come in play already,' says I. 'They've gone on to the old fences all over the farm, and I could use a thousand more without making much show.'

"'That's 'cause you're so dumbed extravagant with rails, as you are with everything else. A few loads can be spared from the fences here and there, as well as not. Harness up the team, boys, and git together enough to make about ten rods o' zigzag, two rails high.'

"'Two rails?' says Dave, who had a healthy contempt for the old man's narrow, contracted way of doing things. 'What's the good of such a fence as that?'

"'It'll be,' says I, 'like the single bar in music. When our old singing-master asked his class once what a single bar was, Bill Wilkins spoke up and said, 'It's a bar that horses and cattle jump over, and pigs and sheep run under.' What do you expect to keep out with two rails?'

"'The *law*, boys, the *law*,' says Jedwort. 'I know what I'm about. I'll make a fence the *law* can't run under nor jump over; and I don't care a cuss for the cattle and pigs. You git the rails, and I'll rip some boards off 'm the pig-pen to make stakes.'

"'Boards a'n't good for nothin' for stakes,' says Dave. 'Besides, none can't be spared from the pig-pen.'

"'I'll have boards enough in a day or two for forty pig-pens,' says Jedwort. 'Bring along the rails, and dump 'em out in the road for the present, and say nothin' to nobody.'

"We got the rails, and he made his stakes; and right away after dinner he called us out. 'Come, boys,' says he, 'now we'll astonish the natives.'

"The waggon stood in the road, with the last jag of rails still on it. Jedwort piled on his stakes, and threw on the crowbar and axe, while we were hitching up the team.

"'Now, drive on, Stark,' says he.

"'Yes; but where shall I drive to?'

"'To the old meetin'-house,' says Jedwort, trudging on ahead.

"The old meeting-house stood on an open common, at the north-east corner of his farm. A couple of cross-roads bounded it on two sides; and it was bounded on the other two by Jedwort's overgrown stone wall. It was a square, old-fashioned building, with a low steeple, that had a belfry, but no bell in it, and with a high square pulpit and high straight-backed pews inside. It was now some time since meetings had been held there; the old society that used to meet there having separated, one division of it building a fashionable chapel in the North Village, and the other a fine new church at the Centre.

"Now, the peculiarity about the old church property was, that nobody had any legal title to it. A log meeting-house had been built there when the country was first settled and land was of no account. In the course of time that was torn down, and a good framed house put up in its place. As it belonged to the whole community, no title, either to the house or land, was ever recorded; and it wasn't until after the society dissolved that the question came up as to how the property was to be disposed of. While the old deacons were carefully thinking it over, Jedwort was on hand to settle it by putting in his claim.

"'Now, boys,' says he, 'ye see what I'm up to.'

"'Yes,' says I, provoked as I could be at the mean trick, 'and I knew it was some such mischief all along. You never show any enterprise, as you call it, unless it is to get the start of a neighbour.'

"'But what *are* you up to, pa?' says Dan, who didn't see the trick yet.

"The old man says, 'I'm goin' to fence in the rest part of my farm.'

"'What rest part?'

"'This part that never was fenced; the old meetin'-house common.'

"'But, pa,' says Dave, disgusted as I was, 'you've no claim on that.'

"'Wal, if I ha'n't, I'll make a claim. Give me the crowbar. Now, here's the corner, nigh as I can squint;' and he stuck the bar into the ground. 'Make a fence to here from the wall, both sides. Now work spry, for there comes Deacon Talcott.'

"'Wal, wal!' says the Deacon, coming up, puffing with excitement; 'what ye doin' to the old meetin'-house?'

"'Wal,' says Jedwort, driving away at his stakes, and never looking up, 'I've been considerin' some time what I should do with 't, and I've concluded to make a barn on 't.'

"'Make a barn! make a barn!' cries the Deacon. 'Who give ye liberty to make a barn of the house of God?'

"'Nobody; I take the liberty. Why shouldn't I do what I please with my own prop'ty?'

"'Your own property—what do ye mean? 'T a'n't your meetin'-house.'

"'Whose is't, if 't a'n't mine?' says Jedwort, lifting his turtle's head from between his horizontal shoulders, and grinning in the Deacon's face.

"'It belongs to the society,' says the Deacon.

"'But the s'ciety's pulled up stakes and gone off.'

"'It belongs to individooals of the society—to individooals.'

"'Wal, I'm an individooal,' says Jedwort.

"'You! you never went to meetin' here a dozen times in your life!'

"'I never did have my share of the old meetin'-house, that's a fact,' says Jedwort; 'but I'll make it up now.'

"'But what are ye fencin' up the common for?' says the Deacon.

"'It'll make a good calf-pastur'. I've never had my share o' the vally o' that either. I've let my neighbours' pigs and critters run on't long enough; and now I'm jest goin' to take possession o' my own.'

"'Your own!' says the Deacon, in perfect consternation. 'You've no deed on't.'

"'Wal, have you?'

"'No—but—the society—'

"'The s'ciety, I tell ye,' says Jedwort, holding his head up longer than I ever knew him to hold it up at a time, and grinning all the while in Talcott's face—'the s'ciety is split to pieces. There a'n't no s'ciety now, any more 'n a pig's a pig arter you've butchered and e't it. You've e't the pig amongst ye, and left me the pen. The s'ciety never had a deed o' this 'ere prop'ty, and no man never had a deed o' this 'ere prop'ty. My wife's gran'daddy, when he took up the land here, was a good-natered sort of man, and he allowed a corner on't for his neighbours to put up a temp'rary meetin'-house. That was finally used up—the kind o' preachin' they had them days was enough to use up in a little time any house that wa'n't fire-proof; and when that was preached to pieces they put up another shelter in its place. This is it. And now't the land a'n't used no more for the puppose 'twas lent for, it goes back nat'rally to the estate 'twas took from, and the buildin's along with it.'

"'That's all a sheer fabrication,' says the Deacon. 'This land was never a part of what's now your farm, any more than it was a part of mine.'

"'Wal,' says Jedwort, 'I look at it in my way, and you've a perfect right to look at it in your way. But I'm goin' to make sure o' my way, by puttin' a fence round the hull concern.'

"'And you're usin' some of my rails for to do it with!' says the Deacon.

"'Can you swear 't they're your rails?'

"'Yes, I can; they're rails the freshet carried off from my farm last spring, and landed onto yourn.'

"'So I've heard ye say. But can you swear to the partic'lar rails? Can you swear, for instance, 't this 'ere is your rail? or this 'ere one?'

"'No; I can't swear to precisely them two—but—'

"'Can you swear to these two? or to any one or two?' says Jedwort. 'No, ye can't. Ye can swear to the lot in general, but you can't swear to any partic'lar rail, and that kind o' swearin' won't stand law, Deacon Talcott. I don't boast of bein' an edicated man, but I know suthin' o' what law is, and when I know it, I dror a line there, and I toe that line, and I make my neighbours toe that line, Deacon Talcott. Nine p'ints of the law is possession, and I'll have possession o' this 'ere house and land by fencin' on't in; and though every man 't comes along should say these 'ere rails belong to them, I'll fence it in with these 'ere very rails.'

"Jedwort said this, wagging his obstinate old head, and grinning with his face turned up pugnaciously at the Deacon; then went to work again as if he had settled the question, and didn't wish to discuss it any further.

"As for Talcott, he was too full of wrath and boiling indignation to answer such a speech. He knew that Jedwort had managed to get the start of him with regard to the rails, by mixing a few of his own with those he had stolen, so that nobody could tell 'em apart; and he saw at once that the meeting-house was in danger of going the same way, just for want of an owner to swear out a clear title to the property. He did just the wisest thing when he swallowed his vexation, and hurried off to alarm the leading men of the two societies, and to consult a lawyer. . . . The common was fenced in by sundown; and the next day Jedwort had over a house-mover from the North Village to look and see what could be done with the building. 'Can ye snake it over, and drop it back of my house?' says he.

"'It'll be a hard job,' says old Bob, 'without you tear down the steeple fust.'

"But Jedwort said, 'What's a meetin'-house 'thout a steeple? I've got my heart kind o' set on that steeple, and I'm bound to go the

hull hog on this 'ere concern, now I've began.'

"'I vow,' says Bob, examining the timbers, 'I won't warrant but what the old thing'll all tumble down.'

"'I'll resk it.'

"'Yes; but who'll resk the lives of me and my men?'

"'O, you'll see if it's re'ly goin' to tumble, and look out. I'll engage 't me and my boys 'll do the most dangerous part of the work. Dumbed if I wouldn't agree to ride in the steeple and ring the bell, if there was one.'

"It wasn't many days before Bob came over again, bringing with him this time his screws and ropes and rollers, his men and timbers, horse and capstan; and at last the old house might have been seen on its travels.

"It was an exciting time all around. The societies found that Jedwort's fence gave him the first claim to house and land, unless a regular siege of the law was gone through to beat him off—and then it might turn out that he would beat them. Some said fight him; some said let him be—the thing a'n't worth going to law for; and so, as the leading men couldn't agree as to what should be done, nothing was done. That was just what Jedwort had expected, and he laughed in his sleeve while Bob and his boys screwed up the old meeting-house, and got their beams under it, and set it on rollers, and slued it around, and slid it on the timbers laid for it across into Jedwort's field, steeple foremost, like a locomotive on a track.

"It was a trying time for the women-folks at home. Maria had declared that if her father did persist in stealing the meeting-house, she would not stay a single day after it, but would follow Dave, who had already gone away.

"That touched me pretty close, for, to tell the truth, it was rather more Maria than her mother that kept me at work for the old man. 'If you go,' says I, 'then there is no object for me to stay; I shall go too.'

"'That's what I supposed,' says she; 'for there's no reason in the world why you should stay. But then Dan will go; and who'll be left to take sides with mother? That's what troubles me. O, if she could only go too! But she won't, and she couldn't if she would, with the other children depending on her. Dear, dear! what shall we do?'

"The poor girl put her head on my shoulder, and cried; and if I should own up to the truth, I suppose I cried a little too. For where's the man that can hold a sweet woman's head on his shoulder, while she sobs out her trouble, and he hasn't any power to help her—who, I say, can do any less, under such circumstances, than drop a tear or two for company?

"'Never mind; don't hurry,' says Mrs. Jedwort. 'Be patient, and wait awhile, and it'll all turn out right, I'm sure.'

"'Yes, you always say, "Be patient, and wait!"' says Maria, brushing back her hair. 'But, for my part, I'm tired of waiting, and my patience has given out long ago. We can't always live in this way, and we may as well make a change now as ever. But I can't bear the thought of going and leaving you.'

"Here the two younger girls came in, and seeing that crying was the order of the day, they began to cry; and when they heard Maria talk of going, they declared they would go; and even little Willie, the four-year-old, began to howl.

"'There, there! Maria! Lottie! Susie!' said Mrs. Jedwort, in her calm way; 'Willie, hush up! I don't know what we are to do; but I feel that something is going to happen that will show us the right way, and we are to wait. Now go and wash the dishes, and set the cheese.'

"That was just after breakfast, the second day of the moving; and sure enough, something like what she prophesied did happen before another sun.

"The old frame held together pretty well till along toward night, when the steeple showed signs of seceding. 'There she goes! She's falling now!' sung out the boys, who had been hanging around all day in hopes of seeing the thing tumble.

"The house was then within a few rods of where Jedwort wanted it; but Bob stopped right there, and said it wasn't safe to haul it another inch. 'That steeple's bound to come down, if we do,' says he.

"'Not by a dumbed sight, it a'n't,' says Jedwort. 'Them cracks a'n't nothin'; the j'ints is all firm yit.' He wanted Bob to go up and examine; but Bob shook his head—the concern looked too shaky. Then he told me to go up, but I said I hadn't lived quite long enough, and had a little rather be smoking my pipe on *terra firma*. Then the boys began to hoot. 'Dumbed if ye a'n't all a set of cowards,' says he. 'I'll go up myself.'

"We waited outside while he climbed up inside. The boys jumped on the ground to jar the steeple, and make it fall. One of them blew a horn—as he said, to bring down the old Jericho—and another thought he'd help things along by starting up the horse, and giving the building a little wrench. But Bob put a stop

to that; and finally out came a head from the belfry window. It was Jedwort, who shouted down to us: 'There a'n't a j'int or brace gin out. Start the hoss, and I'll ride. *Pass me up that 'ere horn, and*—'

"Just then there came a cracking and loosening of timbers, and we that stood nearest had only time to jump out of the way, when down came the steeple crashing to the ground, with Jedwort in it."

"I hope it killed the cuss," said one of the village story-tellers.

"Worse than that," replied my friend; "it just cracked his skull—not enough to put an end to his miserable life, but only to take away what little sense he had. We got the doctors to him, and they patched up his broken head; and by George it made me mad to see the fuss the women-folks made over him. It would have been my way to let him die; but they were as anxious and attentive to him as if he had been the kindest husband and most indulgent father that ever lived; for that's women's style: they're unreasoning creatures.

"Along towards morning we persuaded Mrs. Jedwort, who had been up all night, to lie down a spell and catch a little rest, while Maria and I sat up and watched with the old man. All was still except our whispers and his heavy breathing; there was a lamp burning in the next room; when all of a sudden a light shone into the windows, and about the same time we heard a roaring and crackling sound. We looked out, and saw the night all lighted up as if by some great fire. As it appeared to be on the other side of the house, we ran to the door, and there what did we see but the old meeting-house all in flames. Some fellows had set fire to it to spite Jedwort. It must have been burning some time inside; for when we looked out the flames had burst through the roof.

"As the night was perfectly still, except a light wind blowing away from the other buildings on the place, we raised no alarm, but just stood in the door and saw it burn. And a glad sight it was to us, you may be sure. I just held Maria close to my side, and told her that all was well—it was the best thing that could happen. 'O yes,' says she, 'it seems to me as though a kind Providence was burning up his sin and shame out of our sight.'

"I had never yet said anything to her about marriage—for the time to come at that had never seemed to arrive; but there's nothing like a little excitement to bring things to a focus. You've seen water in a tumbler just at the freezing-point, but not exactly able to make up its mind to freeze, when a little jar will set the crystals forming, and in a minute what was liquid is ice. It was the shock of events that night that touched my life into crystals—not of ice, gentlemen, by any manner of means.

"After the fire had got along so far that the meeting-house was a gone case, an alarm was given, probably by the very fellows that set it, and a hundred people were on the spot before the thing had done burning.

"Of course these circumstances put an end to the breaking up of the family. Dave was sent for, and came home. Then, as soon as we saw that the old man's brain was injured so that he wasn't likely to recover his mind, the boys and I went to work and put that farm through a course of improvement it would have done your eyes good to see. The children were sent to school, and Mrs. Jedwort had all the money she wanted now to clothe them, and to provide the house with comforts, without stealing her own butter. Jedwort was a burden; but, in spite of him, that was just about the happiest family, for the next four years, that ever lived on this planet.

"Jedwort soon got his bodily health, but I don't think he knew one of us again after his hurt. As near as I could get at his state of mind, he thought he had been changed into some sort of animal. He seemed inclined to take me for a master, and for four years he followed me around like a dog. During that time he never spoke, but only whined and growled. When I said, 'Lie down,' he'd lie down; and when I whistled he'd come.

"I used sometimes to make him work; and certain simple things he would do very well as long as I was by. One day I had a jag of hay to get in; and, as the boys were away, I thought I'd have him load it. I pitched it on to the waggon about where it ought to lie, and looked to him only to pack it down. There turned out to be a bigger load than I had expected, and the higher it got the worse the shape of it, till finally, as I was starting it towards the barn, off it rolled, and the old man with it, head foremost.

"He struck a stone heap, and for a moment I thought he was killed. But he jumped up and spoke for the first time. '*I'll blow it,*' says he, finishing the sentence he had begun four years before, when he called for the horn to be passed up to him.

"I couldn't have been much more astonished if one of the horses had spoken. But I saw at once that there was an expression in Jedwort's face that hadn't been there since his tumble

in the belfry; and I knew that, as his wits had been knocked out of him by one blow on the head, so another blow had knocked 'em in again.

"'Where's Bob?' says he, looking all around.

"'Bob?' says I, not thinking at first who he meant. 'Oh, Bob is dead—he has been dead these three years.'

"Without noticing my reply, he exclaimed, 'Where did all that hay come from? Where's the old meetin'-house?'

"'Don't you know?' says I. 'Some rogues set fire to it the night after you got hurt, and burned it up.'

"He seemed then just beginning to realize that something extraordinary had happened.

"'Stark,' says he, 'what's the matter with ye? You're changed.'

"'Yes,' says I, 'I wear my beard now, and I've grown older!'

"'Dumbed if 't a'n't odd!' says he. 'Stark, what in thunder's the matter with *me?*'

"'You've had meeting-house on the brain for the past four years,' says I; 'that's what's the matter.'

"It was some time before I could make him understand that he had been out of his head, and that so long a time had been a blank to him.

"Then he said, 'Is this my farm?'

"'Don't you know it?' says I.

"'It looks more slicked up than ever it used to,' says he.

"'Yes,' says I; 'and you'll find everything else on the place slicked up in about the same way.'

"'Where's Dave?' says he.

"'Dave has gone to town to see about selling the wool.'

"'Where's Dan?'

"'Dan's in college. He takes a great notion to medicine, and we're going to make a doctor of him.'

"'Whose house is that?' says he, as I was taking him home.

"'No wonder you don't know it,' says I. 'It has been painted, and shingled, and had new blinds put on; the gates and fences are all in prime condition; and that's a new barn we put up a couple of years ago.'

"'Where does the money come from to make all these improvements?'

"'It comes off the place,' says I. 'We haven't run in debt the first cent for anything, but we've made the farm more profitable than it ever was before.'

"'That *my* house?' he repeated wonderingly as we approached it. 'What sound is that?'

"'That's Lottie practising her lesson on the piano.'

"'A pianer in my house?' he muttered. 'I can't stand that!' He listened. 'It sounds pooty though!'

"'Yes, it does sound pretty, and I guess you'll like it. How does the place suit you?'

"'It *looks* pooty.' He started. 'What young lady is that?'

"It was Lottie, who had left her music and stood by the window.

"'My dahter! ye don't say! Dumbed if she a'n't a mighty nice gal.'

"'Yes,' says I; 'she takes after her mother.'

"'Just then Susie, who heard talking, ran to the door.

"'Who's that agin?' says Jedwort.

"I told him.

"'Wal, *she's* a mighty nice-lookin' gal!'

"'Yes,' says I; '*she* takes after her mother.'

"Little Willie, now eight years old, came out of the wood-shed with a bow and arrow in his hand, and stared like an owl, hearing his father talk.

"'What boy is that?' says Jedwort. And when I told him, he muttered, 'He's an ugly-looking brat!'

"'He's more like his father,' says I.

"The truth is, Willie was such a fine boy the old man was afraid to praise him, for fear I'd say of him, as I'd said of the girls, that he favoured his mother.

"Susie ran back and gave the alarm, and then out came mother, and Maria with her baby in her arms—for I forgot to tell you that we had been married now nigh on to two years.

"Well, the women-folks were as much astonished as I had been when Jedwort first spoke, and a good deal more delighted. They drew him into the house, and I am bound to say he behaved remarkably well. He kept looking at his wife, and his children, and his grandchild, and the new paper on the walls, and the new furniture, and now and then asking a question or making a remark.

"'It all comes back to me now,' says he at last. 'I thought I was living in the moon, with a superior race of human bein's, and this is the place and you are the people.'

"It wasn't more than a couple of days before he began to pry around, and find fault, and grumble at the expense; and I saw there was danger of things relapsing into something like their former condition. So I took him one side, and talked to him.

"'Jedwort,' says I, 'you're like a man raised from the grave. You was the same as buried to your neighbours, and now they come and

look at you as they would at a dead man come to life. To you, it's like coming into a new world; and I'll leave it to you now if you don't rather like the change from the old state of things to what you see around you to-day. You've seen how the family affairs go on—how pleasant everything is, and how we all enjoy ourselves. You hear the piano, and like it; you see your children sought after and respected—your wife in finer health and spirits than you've ever known her since the day she was married; you see industry and neatness everywhere on the premises; and you're a beast if you don't like all that. In short, you see that our management is a great deal better than yours; and that we beat you even in the matter of economy. Now, what I want to know is this: whether you think you'd like to fall into our way of living, or return like a hog to your wallow?'

"'I don't say but what I like your way of livin' very well,' he grumbled.

"'Then,' says I, 'you must just let us go ahead as we have been going ahead. Now's the time for you to turn about and be a respectable man, like your neighbours. Just own up, and say you've not only been out of your head the past four years, but that you've been more or less out of your head the last four-and-twenty years. But say you're in your right mind now, and prove it by acting like a man in his right mind. Do that, and I'm with you—we're all with you. But go back to your old dirty ways, and you go alone. Now I sha'n't let you off till you tell me what you mean to do.'

"He hesitated some time, then said, 'Maybe you're about right, Stark; you and Dave and the old woman seem to be doin' pooty well, and I guess I'll let you go on.'"

Here my friend paused, as if his story was done; when one of the villagers asked, "About the land where the old meetin'-house stood—what ever was done with that?"

"That was appropriated for a new schoolhouse, and there my little shavers go to school."

"And old Jedwort, is he alive yet?"

"Both Jedwort and his wife have gone to that country where meanness and dishonesty have a mighty poor chance—where the only investments worth much are those recorded in the Book of Life. Mrs. Jedwort was rich in that kind of stock; and Jedwort's account, I guess, will compare favourably with that of some respectable people, such as we all know. I tell ye, my friends," continued my fellow-traveller, "there's many a man, both in the higher and lower ranks of life, that 'twould do a deal of good, say nothing of the mercy 'twould be to their families, just to knock 'em on the head, and make Nebuchadnezzars of 'em—then, after they'd been turned out to grass a few years, let 'em come back again, and see how happy folks have been, and how well they have got along without 'em.

"I carry on the old place now," he added. "The younger girls are married off; Dan's a doctor in the North Village; and as for Dave, he and I have struck ile. I'm going out to look at our property now."

THE CANARY IN HIS CAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."[1]

Sing away, ay, sing away,
  Merry little bird,
Always gayest of the gay,
Though a woodland roundelay
  You ne'er sung nor heard;
Though your life from youth to age
Passes in a narrow cage.

Near the window wild birds fly,
  Trees are waving round:
Fair things everywhere you spy
Through the glass pane's mystery,
  Your small life's small bound:
Nothing hinders your desire
But a little gilded wire.

Like a human soul you seem
  Shut in golden bars:
Placed amidst earth's sunshine-stream,
Singing to the morning beam,
  Dreaming 'neath the stars;
Seeing all life's pleasures clear,—
But they never can come near.

Never! Sing, bird-poet mine,
  As most poets do;—
Guessing by an instinct fine
At some happiness divine
  Which they never knew.
Lonely in a prison bright
Hymning for the world's delight.

Yet, my birdie, you're content
  In your tiny cage:
Not a carol thence is sent
But for happiness is meant—
  Wisdom pure as sage:
Teaching, the true poet's part
Is to sing with merry heart.

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[1] *Poems.* London: Sampson, Low, Marston, & Co. 1872.

So, lie down thou peevish pen,
Eyes, shake off all tears;
And my wee bird, sing again:
I'll translate your song to men
In these future years.
"Howsoe'er thy lot's assigned,
Meet it with a cheerful mind."

RESTRAINT.

As the plough is the typical instrument of industry, so the fetter is the typical instrument of the restraint or subjection necessary in a nation—either literally, for its evil-doers, or figuratively, in accepted laws, for its wise and good men. You have to choose between this figurative and literal use; for depend upon it, the more laws you accept, the fewer penalties you will have to endure, and the fewer punishments to enforce. For wise laws and just restraints are to a noble nation not chains, but chain-mail—strength and defence, though something also of an incumbrance. And this necessity of restraint, remember, is just as honourable to man as the necessity of labour. You hear every day greater numbers of foolish people speaking about liberty, as if it were such an honourable thing: so far from being that, it is, on the whole, and in the broadest sense, dishonourable, and an attribute of the lower creatures. No human being, however great or powerful, was ever so free as a fish. There is always something that he must, or must not do; while the fish may do whatever he likes. All the kingdoms of the world put together are not half so large as the sea, and all the railroads and wheels that ever were, or will be invented, are not so easy as fins. You will find, on fairly thinking of it, that it is his Restraint which is honourable to man, not his Liberty; and, what is more, it is restraint which is honourable even in the lower animals. A butterfly is much more free than a bee; but you honour the bee more, just because it is subject to certain laws which fit it for orderly function in bee society. And throughout the world, of the two abstract things, liberty and restraint, restraint is always the more honourable. It is true, indeed, that in these and all other matters you never can reason finally from the abstraction, for both liberty and restraint are good when they are nobly chosen, and both are bad when they are basely chosen; but of the two, I repeat, it is restraint which characterizes the higher creature and betters the lower creature: and, from the ministering of the archangel to the labour of the insect—from the poising of the planets to the gravitation of a grain of dust—the power and glory of all creatures, and all matter, consist in their obedience, not in their freedom. The sun has no liberty—a dead leaf has much. The dust of which you are formed has no liberty. Its liberty will come—with its corruption.—And, therefore, I say boldly, though it seems a strange thing to say in England, that as the first power of a nation consists in knowing how to guide the Plough, its second power consists in knowing how to wear the Fetter.

JOHN RUSKIN.

A LAND SHIPWRECK.

In the height of their carousing, all their brains
Warm'd with the heat of wine, discourse was offered
Of ships, and storms at sea; when suddenly,
Out of his wild giddiness, one conceives
The room wherein they quaff'd to be a pinnace,
Moving and floating; and the confused noise
To be the murmuring winds, gusts, mariners;
That their unsteadfast footing did proceed
From rocking of the vessel; this conceived,
Each one begins to apprehend the danger,
And to look out for safety. Fly, saith one,
Up to the main-top, and discover: he
Climbs by the bedpost to the tester, there
Reports a turbulent sea and tempest towards;
And wills them, if they'll save their ship and lives,
To cast their lading overboard. At this
All fall to work, and hoist into the street,
As to the sea, what next come to their hand—
Stools, tables, tressels, trenchers, bedsteads, cups,
Pots, plates, and glasses: here a fellow whistles;
They take him for the boatswain; one lies struggling
Upon the floor, as if he swam for life:
A third takes the bass-viol for the cock-boat,
Sits in the belly on't, labours and rows;
His oar, the stick with which the fiddler play'd:
A fourth bestrides his fellows, thinking to 'scape,
As did Arion, on the dolphin's back,
Still fumbling on a gittern.
The rude multitude
Watching without, and gaping for the spoil
Cast from the windows, went by th' ears about it;
The constable is called to atone the broil,
Which done, and hearing such a noise within,
Of imminent shipwreck, enters the house, and finds them
In this confusion: they adore his staff,
And think it Neptune's trident; and that he
Came with his Tritons (so they call'd his watch)
To calm the tempest and appease the waves:
And at this point we left them.

JOHN HEYWOOD (1565).

VAGABOND JACK.

BY HENRY DE LA MADELÈNE.

I.

Vagabond Jack was certainly worthy of his nickname, for ever since he had arrived at years of discretion he was not known to have any home or any fixed abode. Always wandering over the mountain he slept anywhere, careless though his bed were the bare ground. All the caves, grottoes, caverns, and crevasses of Mount Ventoux belonged to him of natural right, and his sovereignty extended if need were over forty leagues as the crow flies, from the Barron to the borders of Savoy.

His real name was John Gravier; but where will there be found a peasant in this part of the country who is known under the name he has derived from his forefathers? Except the curé and the notary perhaps nobody in the village knew who John Gravier was; but as for Jack the Vagabond—why, the very youngest children knew this name, and he himself would have scarcely answered to any other.

Being left an orphan while quite young, Jack was a child of nature in the fullest sense of the term. Very jealous of his liberty and even somewhat wild, he could not long remain in service in the house of a stranger, and soon broke loose from all guardianship. Active as a monkey, almost proof against fatigue, patient, and temperate, he rapidly became an excellent poacher, and able to give odds to the most expert trappers. As a matter of course he soon had a crow to pluck with the gendarmes, whose duty it was to keep order in the country; and such fame did he gain in the battles that were every now and again taking place that it was always to him the hardest blows were attributed. Matters were at this stage, and as yet he had not brought himself under the notice of the law farther than having information lodged against him for breaches of the game-laws, tavern quarrels, and such like, when a decisive event took place that placed him in open rebellion against the whole social order of his country.

On the day of the conscription Jack did not appear to draw his lot along with his comrades. The maire drew for him, and drew one of the most unlucky numbers. So here was Jack a soldier for seven years, at the beck and call of his officers. He a soldier! He to be forced to dwell in towns, to wear a uniform, to obey without a word, to submit to discipline, to sleep in quarters, and to begin anew every day for seven years the same dreary and monotonous task! Poor Jack, was this possible! It would have been something if there had been a chance of fighting, as not long before; but to rust slowly in a royal barrack, and to be only a show soldier—the very thought of it was enough to turn his stomach.

He received a notice to join one morning and paid no attention to it. The maire, who was an excellent man and very fond of him, took him aside one Sunday after mass and said to him, "Take care, Jack; you are getting yourself into trouble; there is still time, and if you will join I shall justify your delay by a good certificate. I can do nothing more, my poor fellow—the law is the law."

"Many thanks for your good-will towards me, sir; but I cannot do it. If I had the misfortune to go I should desert in less than a month, I feel that. I prefer to remain here a refractory but not a deserter."

"But, my poor fellow, you will be hunted like a hare; and you cannot hope to keep out of the reach of the *blues* long."

"That remains to be seen. I'm not afraid of that, sir."

"How will you manage it?"

Jack with a smile showed the soles of his shoes, which were studded with formidable nails.

"These have always served me as my sporting license, and I'll wager they will give me the route too."

"Very well," said the maire, "I have warned you, and if you let yourself be taken now, I wash my hands of you."

Jack acted as he had said, and for about five years he with marvellous success foiled every attempt to catch him, and disconcerted all his enemies' plans with unfailing good fortune. It must be recollected that Mount Ventoux seems expressly made to be the scene of a life such as this. Let the reader picture to himself an immense truncated cone, an outlier of the main chain of the Alps, rising gradually to the height of about 6500 feet above the level of the sea. Everywhere, from base to summit, over perhaps 100,000 acres, nothing but bare rock, barrenness and desolation. Large ravines of profound depth intersect the giant flanks of the mountain, and form as they run down to the plain narrow but fertile *combes*, where the flocks find at all times a short sweet herbage. Not a dwelling, not a cabin, only here and there some rude hovels of dry stones erected as places of shelter by the shepherds.

Who could believe—and yet it is a fact—that rather less than a century ago this solitude was covered with magnificent trees, pines, larches, beeches, and oaks? Large game then

abounded in these inaccessible forests, the former beauty of which is yet attested by some scanty remains; but the wild goat, the stag, and the wild boar have long since fled before the blind devastation which seemed everywhere fated to attend the French Revolution, and only the wolf, the fox, and the marten have remained faithful to the mountain. The small game, almost annihilated in the low grounds, find a last refuge on Mount Ventoux; coveys of red partridges and flocks of plovers are met with, and the quail regularly halts here in its migrations. A small, squat, dumpy variety of rabbit, which lives exclusively on wild thyme, is abundant. As for the hares of Mount Ventoux they are simply unequalled, and fully justify the preference accorded to them by *gourmets* of the first rank.

Poacher, refractory, condemned to be ceaselessly on the alert, his eye and his ear ever ready, Jack could not have desired a more favourable theatre for his exploits. Beloved by the people of thirty villages round, and esteemed for his honesty, Jack could always find some one kind enough to sell his game for him in town on the market-day. If the three-cornered hat of a gendarme happened to show itself unexpectedly in a village or in the neighbourhood of a farm, a peculiar cry was instantly heard, which being forthwith taken up and repeated from farm to farm, gradually gave Jack notice of the enemy's presence. He had certain peculiar ways of knocking at doors in the night, so that they would be opened to him at any hour; and at many farms he knew where the key was laid, and could let himself in as if he had been at home. On Sundays he generally attended high mass in the village; and children, posted as scouts at all the crossways, enabled honest Jack to perform his devotions in safety. When it was impossible, or he thought it imprudent, to attend, he remained on the mountain, where he might have been seen kneeling down at the sound of the bells of his parish, and joining in intention the faithful assembled in the church. This kind of mass he called *hill-top mass.*

At first he was so hotly pursued that he had been twice driven into Maurienne; and it was there he had learned how to make gunpowder, and had first thought of turning smuggler. Afterwards, when it came to be almost tacitly admitted that Jack could only be taken by chance, he used to return there at fixed periods thrice a year, and supplied almost single-handed the demand for contraband goods over forty square leagues of country.

After the revolution of July a general amnesty was proclaimed, and Jack accordingly was at perfect liberty to return to the village and resume his civic rights. He did nothing of the kind, however, but remained on the mountain as before. This life of privation, fatigue, strife, and hazard had become a second nature to him, and henceforth he could enjoy no other. He was left alone to live as he pleased.

He was then from three-and-thirty to five-and-thirty years of age, and, without any exaggeration, the best-looking fellow in the country, in spite of his sunburned face. More than one girl looked kindly on him at mass on Sunday, and said to herself, "What a pity that such a handsome fellow should be a vagabond!" Jack was by no means vain, but what man is mistaken on this subject? Jack could not help feeling secretly flattered by the attention he excited among the women.

At this time there lived at a neighbouring farm a handsome slip of a girl, who turned all the heads of the young men, and was the object of many longings. Félise, pretty Félise, was looked upon as an heiress, though her father, Martin (Martinet or Tinet), lived in the most sordid and miserly manner. Her mother was dead, and through her she had inherited some acres of meadow-land over at Saintes-Marguerites. She was tall, well-made, saucy, with a pair of eyes fit to ruin her soul, and a perfect darling of a foot. She knew that she was a good match, wore ribbons in her caps, and was quite ready to flirt with the handsome fellows who used to pay court to her.

Jack had known her from the time she was a child, and had dandled her on his knees many a time when she was a mere infant, but he had never paid any particular attention to her since she was grown up and old enough to marry. He used frequently to come to her father's farm, where, as it was situated well up the mountain and about an hour's walk from the village, he was not likely to be surprised, and he had often found food and shelter there. The first time that it came into his head that Félise was pretty, poor Jack was greatly troubled. It was on a Sunday, the first of May, after vespers. He was crossing, without thought of evil, the little square where the plane-trees of the parsonage give so cool a shade, when he was all at once surrounded by a troop of laughing girls begging for the May Queen.

"Give us something, Jack!"

"Jack, it will bring you luck!"

"The Holy Virgin will repay you a hundred-fold!"

"Look, Jack, if our queen is not worth it!"

Jack looked and was lost.

Seated on a raised platform, under an arch of verdure and roses, clothed in white, crowned with white flowers and with white flowers in her hand, the May Queen sat enthroned like a real queen, provoking by her sweetest smiles the generosity of the passers-by. Jack, dazzled with admiration and surprise, stopped short. "Félise!" he murmured in a voice altered by emotion. Félise indeed it was; as, being the prettiest, she had been chosen this year by her companions to represent and impersonate the spring.

The origin of this custom is lost in the mists of antiquity; but it is more than probable that it is a remnant of the worship of Cybele, still holding its ground after almost twenty centuries of Christianity. Formerly the festival was celebrated on the 1st of May throughout all the county of Venasque, both in towns and villages, and I have a perfect recollection of the pretty bakeress who was the last queen at Carpentras, now nearly forty years ago. Nowadays this custom is losing ground everywhere, and one requires to go far up the mountain in order to find it in its primitive simplicity.

Jack emptied his pockets to the last copper into the wooden bowls that circled gaily round him, and with his brain quite confused went and stood leaning at the other end of the square beside the fountain. His fascinated eyes saw nothing but the vision in white; the throng of laughing girls passed and repassed before him without exciting his attention in the least; he felt his breast heaving with the pulsations of his heart, and a strange heat pervaded his whole frame. "Félise!" he repeated without even noticing that he pronounced the sweet name aloud; Félise!"—Poor Jack was over head and ears in love.

The fair Félise on her part returned home in a very dreamy mood. She too had not been able to see without emotion this bold fellow regard her so obstinately with his large eyes that sparkled like burning coals. Involuntarily she compared Jack to the other young men who paid court to her little fortune, and the comparison was hardly to their advantage. They seemed clownish and awkward, without grace or elegance, even on feast-days and in their best clothes. Only see them beside Jack! With what an air he entered the church, his jacket negligently thrown over his left shoulder; and how straight he stood during the service. Jack had never bent his back to the hard labours of the fields, and it was wonderful how well he had preserved his youthful appearance, suppleness, and activity. In place of the horny paw covered with knobs of those accustomed to pulling madder, Jack had the fine and sinewy hand of the hunter, and it was a pleasure to feel his delicate fingers clasping ones waist. But could an honest girl dream of Jack with honour and propriety? What would be thought of Félise if her secret preference were discovered? Jack the Vagabond, without a penny to bless himself with, without hearth or home, game for the gendarmes, and nothing but a cave for his abode—that truly was a lover to be preferred to all others by the fair Félise! How the gossips would laugh at it when they met to work together in the evenings; and the wedding-party would be almost mobbed! And suppose they did jeer and whisper maliciously—what then? Was Jack not worth bearing this for? He was poor, no doubt; but who was his equal for honesty and integrity? He was esteemed by all the country round; and the village folks that held their heads highest shook hands with him cordially. Besides, who could affirm that he was incapable of settling down to a regular course of life! Does not a man who is in love do everything to please his sweetheart; and would Jack be the first on whom love had worked a complete change!

But, indeed, what was she thinking of? Was it not the feverish excitement caused by want of sleep that was putting such ideas into her head? Jack in love!—what reason had she for thinking that? He had looked at her, to be sure in a manner as to the nature of which women are rarely deceived; but was this enough to build so many fine suppositions and hopes upon?

Poor Félise was racked and tormented by her thoughts, and somewhat ashamed of herself into the bargain. Before long all her gaiety disappeared, her cheeks grew pale and thin, making her eyes—in which burned a sombre fire—seem larger than ordinary, and she suffered from languor and lassitude that had no apparent cause.

Jack made no sign; but all the world could see that he was strangely preoccupied, and that a great struggle was going on in his breast. He scarcely ever left the neighbourhood now, and his visits to Tinet's became exceedingly frequent. Old Martin was somewhat annoyed by him indeed.

"What's your errand this time?" he said to him one day, looking him straight in the face. "I mean no offence, but this is the third time you have been here this week."

Jack taken thus unexpectedly, made up his mind at once.

"This is what brings me," he said boldly. "I have come to *talk* with Félise, if she has no objections."

"Félise may please herself," said old Martin, without appearing to be much surprised at the request; "but I believe your time will be wasted, my lad."

"That's my affair," said Jack. "Tell Félise that I shall be back this evening."

Over all the mountain and far into the plain, this is the way in which gallants in quest of a wife introduce themselves to the families. The young people *talk* together for a longer or shorter period before carrying matters farther; sometimes they *talk* for years without anything coming of it; or the *talking* may be formally broken off without damaging the reputation of the girl in the least. Everything goes on openly in the simplest manner possible: the lover comes after supper and passes the evening, the girl makes room for him at her side, and continues her spinning or knitting as if nothing were in the wind at all. Now and again they exchange a word or two in a low tone; generally they remain silent, mutually observing each other, watching for any little occasion when the real disposition will betray itself, wholly engaged in trying to become perfectly acquainted with each other, and both carefully keeping their weaknesses as much as possible out of sight. When it is time to retire the lover bids the company good-night, and goes home, singing by the way some ditty expressive of the joy he feels; and so on for night after night till he makes up his mind to take the decisive step. It is clear that nothing could be simpler than these courtships.

Jack's entry in the character of a lover authorized to *talk* was made quietly and without fuss. He proceeded to seat himself by the side of Félise on her mute invitation, and maintained a shy silence all the evening, hardly uttering a word, but very happy nevertheless, as any one may suppose. Félise sat and span, twirling her spindle with astonishing rapidity. Old Martin seemed asleep, but kept a corner of one eye open for the slightest movement of the young people. Everything went on according to ancient use and wont, and as custom would have it.

The last days of July were at hand, and in spite of the burning heat of a torrid sun, the cattle were kept treading out the grain on the thrashing-floors from dawn to nightfall. Jack, full of praiseworthy zeal, would take part in these labours and show his skill: and he astonished everybody by his steadiness and his cleverness in managing the mules. Félise blushed with pleasure and said to herself, "He'll make an excellent husband, I am sure, whatever they may say of him."

Old Martin did not take quite the same view of things as his daughter did. "This busy fit of his is all very fine, no doubt," said he, "but what makes a better blaze than straw? Wait till the poaching season comes on and we'll see if the old man is really dead. I won't believe it till I see Jack following the plough instead of catching hares."

Martin's doubts were not altogether unjustifiable. At the first call-notes of the new coveys of red partridge, at the first marks of the nocturnal excursions of the hares, Jack felt himself seized by a violent desire to regain the mountain and renew his past exploits. He struggled long against the temptation and wrestled with himself, but in the clear moonlight, after a day of harassing toil, how was it possible to hear unmoved the sound of the poacher's guns? At the cry of a passing flock of quails he would feel a terrible itching in his limbs; and it was sometimes as much as he could do to stick to his plough and not leave the furrow half made.

What had a still greater effect on him, and inspired him even with a kind of remorse, was the mute protestation of Maripan, his old companion in adventure, who, as if he had been the renegade sportsman's conscience in bodily form, made him almost blush for his steadiness as he ceaselessly followed him with his eyes—now beseeching, now indignant.

Maripan was a large lean dog of the lurcher breed, bold, hardy, and almost wild, with the feet dry and nervous, the breast full and strong, the belly hollow, the loins vigorous and supple, the tail straight, the ears mobile, the eye inquisitive and restless, and sparkling under a pent-house of dense grayish hairs, fangs pointed, projecting, and of dazzling whiteness, and the nose moist, shining like a mulberry, and as black as a roasted chestnut. As well known as his master, the villagers vied with each other in pampering him, and he had always plenty of delicate morsels ever since it was noticed that on returning even from the longest run he would rather stretch himself out and go to sleep than touch any vulgar mess in which the bread was not irreproachable. The princely air of disdain with which this vagabond would then turn up his nose at the pittance offered him had gained him the name of *Mar'pan* (bad bread), under which he shared the celebrity of Jack, and with him formed the subject of many a fireside story.

No longer finding an outlet for his feverish

activity, Maripan could not resign himself to this sluggish life. At the least whiff of scent which met his nose, the least rustle in the bushes, he was off like lightning, jumping, barking, and joyfully wagging his tail, but in vain. His appeals met with no response, and he had always to return disappointed and discouraged to take his place at his master's heels, whom he would piteously follow, with his tail between his legs and his ears hanging. Sometimes, however, he revolted altogether. On such occasions he would pass the plough with a vigorous bound, plant himself beyond it with his two fore-legs firmly supporting him, in the energetic attitude of one who demands an explanation, and then gravely sitting like a judge, with his neck proudly raised, his head inclined as if he waited for an answer, his eyes wide open, and his ears erect, he would gaze reproachfully on his master, as much as to say,

"Oh, you are laughing at me, are you? But if you are pleased to give up our fine wandering life, do you think that I was made to turn the spit and serve as a plaything for the village brats?"

There was that in the gaze of Maripan which, along with other things, swept away the last vestiges of poor Jack's resolutions, and overpowered the last faint efforts of his vacillating will. Add to this the stories of exploits performed by others, the disgust at seeing the noble sport spoiled by burglars, the absorbing and irresistible passion that only a hunter can comprehend, and it is easy to understand how Jack could hold out no longer.

It was a great grief to Félise. To tell the truth, she did not love Jack a bit the less, and her heart was entirely his, but she instinctively perceived that this return to his unsettled life would compromise the whole edifice of her happiness, already fragile enough. She felt perfectly that it would be impossible to get her father to accept such a son-in-law; and if before marriage, and in the first transports of love, she had only obtained a temporary victory, surely there was room for misgivings as to the future, when assured possession would have dulled the edge of passion.

On the other hand, old Martin, who had not been too highly flattered by Jack's preference, was enchanted at the pretext the latter had so conveniently furnished against himself, and only waited for a good opportunity to dismiss him.

"I have not crossed you in your inclinations," he said to his daughter, "and if Jack had really become an altered man, I should certainly not have refused my consent; but I leave you to judge for yourself where he would lead you by the road he is taking. Leave him to his sport, and forget him. A good-looking girl like you, and one that has something of her own, runs no risk of not finding lovers."

Félise felt the full force of this reasoning, and could make no reply. She passed part of every night in weeping, praying, and calling on all the saints of her acquaintance to take her out of her troubles; but she could not make up her mind to renounce all hope by breaking entirely with Jack."

"Well, well," said Father Martin one evening, "since Lise is so long in deciding, I must interfere myself; this affair has gone on too long already."

II.

The next time that Jack went to Tinet's farm he did not find Félise sitting as usual in the chimney-corner: old Martin was attending to the boiling of the pig's-pot by himself.

"Where is Lise?" asked Jack, not without a vague presentiment of evil, and with a slight quaver in his voice.

"She is not very well," replied her father; "but though she had been quite well it would have been all the same—she would not be here."

"What do you mean?"

"That Lise does not wish to talk with you, and that you are wasting your time in coming here."

At these cruel words, uttered in the most indifferent tone, Jack's heart was torn with such bitter grief that he could hardly keep from crying out. He restrained himself, however, and, biting his lip till the blood came, replied, "And did Lise give you this message for me?"

"Alas! yes, my boy; only a short time ago, on this very spot, she said to me, 'If Jack comes, tell him to go away again—I do not wish him to speak to me any more.' By my share of paradise, these are the very words she said."

"Well," said Jack, whose eyes were blazing, "tell her that he is going away again. And you suppose that that is enough to settle the whole affair?"

"Oh, it's hard, it is hard; I admit that; but Lise is perfectly free—you are aware of that. Will you take a glass to cheer you up?"

"No, thank you; I shall soon be all right without anything. I am going away, but I shall not bid you good-bye, Father Martin; and I think you will likely hear from me before long."

He left the room with a threatening air, very pale and trembling with anger; but the change

in his voice and appearance did not appear to trouble the old farmer in the slightest.

"There's a piece of business well over," muttered the old man, rubbing his hands, "and not one of the easiest either. The rascal will not give in yet, I am afraid. It's so far good that he should give up coming here; but I must have the country rid of him altogether. Let me think over the matter."

Martin's thoughts were not long in translating themselves into actions. Pretending that he wanted to sell an old she-goat, he set out next morning for Mormoiron, accompanied by his shepherd lad, a boy of fourteen or fifteen, who had come from the workhouse of Carpentras, and had been brought up by his late wife and made to work about the farm "for his bread." The boy's name was Simon; but he had been so long thin and sickly that he had been nicknamed "Fifteen Ounces," and the name had stuck to him, though he had become strong and healthy at last. Fifteen Ounces was no great scholar, but he was already a good shepherd. His knowledge of the mountain was wonderful, and he always drove his sheep to the best places. The poor child had never been farther than the village, and the idea of going to Mormoiron with his master filled him at once with joy and anxiety. "If we get a good price for the goat, there will be something handsome for you," Father Martin had said; and Fifteen Ounces, who had never in his life had a penny he could call his own, could think of nothing but this present all the way, and indulged in the wildest flights of imagination.

The goat was sold; Father Martin entered into a conspiracy with the corporal of the gendarmes for the capture of Jack; and poor Fifteen Ounces, cunningly tempted by his master with the gift of a fine horn-handled knife, agreed to play the traitor.

Chance arranged matters as well even as Martin could have wished. Jack, who had not been at the farm for some time, came to throw himself, as the saying is, into the wolf's mouth of his own accord. Old Martin received him as usual, and did not appear to retain the least ill-feeling towards him on account of his violence at their last meeting.

"How is Lise?" said Jack, seating himself in his accustomed place.

"Lise is very well; thank you, Jack."

"May I talk with her to-day?"

"Certainly, if she is here, and is agreeable, but I don't know whether she is in the house or not, for I have just come in, and have not seen anybody yet.

"Don't trouble yourself; I shall see if she is in myself." Jack rose, and opening the door at the foot of the stair leading to the first story cried in a loud and mildly imperious tone, "Lise, I am here! Come down and let us have a little talk together."

This appeal and the well known tones of the voice so dear to her put all Félise's fine resolutions to flight, as if by enchantment. She ran down-stairs like a lark to a mirror, drawn by an irresistible attraction, and made her appearance instantly. "What do you want with me, Jack?" she asked blushing and delighted.

"This is what I have got to say to you, Lise. We have talked together for a long time, and I am now certain that I have a love for you that nothing can overcome or weaken; will you be my wife, and will you allow me to ask you in marriage?"

Félise became as pale as death, and remained speechless for a moment, looking now at her father now at her lover, troubled to the depths of her soul, and not knowing what to say. Old Martin, without seeming the least surprised at the unexpected boldness of the request, tranquilly filled himself a glass of wine, and drank it off.

"There is my hand, Jack," said Félise at last, in a scarcely audible tone of voice; "do as you please."

Jack took the little hand, which trembled excessively in his, pressed it gently and gravely twice or thrice, and standing before the old man, who had never lost a bite while this scene was going on, said, "Sir, I ask Lise from you in marriage, and I promise to be a good and faithful husband to her."

"Lise is free," replied the old man, "and I do not doubt that you will make her a faithful husband; but do you really think of taking her to the mountain with you to live in a cave?"

"Certainly not," replied Jack; "it has become quite clear to me that I must either give up Lise or the life I have hitherto led; but no sacrifice will be too much for me. I am ready for any trial, for I know also that my word is not sufficient, and that I must give proofs. Listen then to what I propose. If I remain for a year steadily working on the farm without firing a gun once—even on a Sunday—will you believe that I am a husband worthy of her?"

"I shall; I ask nothing more; and Heaven strengthen you in your good resolution."

Jack took the old man's hand and clasped it cordially; Félise, radiant with happiness, handed them a glass of wine; and all three drank to the happy issue of the betrothal.

"Well," said old Martin, as he put down his

empty glass, what is said is said, but you are giving up an excellent chance for a shot, my poor Jack."

"How is that?"

"It seems that a magnificent covey of partridges are lying on the Lauzière, and eating Jean de Christol's buckwheat. Fifteen Ounces has flushed them every day for several days, and has counted as many as fourteen of them."

"Indeed?"

"So he says, and it is likely enough to be true. The young ones are so large, he says too, that he could not tell them from the old ones. That will be a fine chance for Dominique, since you have renounced the devil."

"Minique will take that shot when I can say mass; you will only have bungled work with him, you may be sure of that."

"Oh, yes, I know he is not good for much, my boy; Minique will kill two or three of them and wound as many, and the wounded ones will flutter away and die, without profit to anybody. He has only an old flint-lock gun and no dog at all—very different from you!"

"I don't mean to brag," said Jack; "but it would not be the first covey that I have bagged with two shots—Bah, don't let us think any more about it; word given, word kept."

"That is speaking like a man, Jack, and I see that, of course; but what if you were allowed to take back your word just for once? At the last market in town partridges were at a ransom; and I think it a great pity to lose a good louis d'or when one has only to bend down and pick it up."

"Well, so it is," said Jack, who in the depth of his soul was only too much of this opinion; "but why tempt me? Are you trying me? or are you only joking?"

"On my soul, I speak exactly as I think. I sha'n't care a bit, now, although your conversion dates from to-morrow, for instance."

"And you, Lise?" said Jack, who still hesitated.

"Me!" said Lise, "I wish what you wish, you know that very well, Jack. And since my father has nothing to say against it—"

"Very well; that's settled. I'll go and fire this last shot; and Heaven grant that none of us may have cause to regret it!"

"Amen!" said Father Martin, by way of finish to the matters. "And now take off a good stiff glass and away with you."

Jack set off—a vague feeling of uneasiness weighing on his heart. He went on this last expedition without relish, without ardour, with something like regret. As he marched silently on a presentiment that would not be shaken off seemed to pull him back. When passing Christol's farmhouse, he stopped and shut up Maripan, who would only be a hindrance to him in the *espero*. As if the brave animal had scented the danger of his master, Jack had all the difficulty in the world in getting him to obey, and it is certain that Maripan had never before shown such anxiety to be allowed to remain by his master's side. Jack, full of his own thoughts, did not understand the significant growls, the mournful and melancholy howls, of his dog; he paid no attention to his looks so full of meaning, but strode on his way to the Lauzière.

The solitude of the large plateau was complete. As far as the eye could reach no human being was visible; only the sheep of Fifteen Ounces grazing at the foot of the Black Rocks disturbed the silence with the sharp tinkle of their bells. Satisfied with this preliminary inspection, Jack approached a large cairn situated at a kind of ill-marked crossing where several scarcely distinguishable paths met; and raising a large stone, carefully noted the position of three small pebbles evidently arranged in a manner agreed upon. "All right, I see," said he, replacing the stone; "Fifteen Ounces is a good boy, and I must give him something nice next St. Anthony's day." Perfectly reassured with regard to the *blues* by what he had seen, Jack walked rapidly to the field of buckwheat and began to examine the soil with the greatest care. "Now," said he, "let me try and make my last shot a brilliant one." He plucked up several handfuls of buckwheat and arranged the stalks in a line just outside the field. If the partridges came down from the high grounds, as they no doubt would, they would fall in with these bundles first and would be almost sure to halt, so that nearly all of them would be within gunshot.

Having made these arrangements and thrown a last rapid glance round about him, Jack loaded his gun and entered the *espero*. The *espero* was an erection of the utmost simplicity, formed of large stones arranged in a circle, just large enough to shelter one person, and having a kind of rude carefully disguised loophole opening to the field. At first sight it was difficult to distinguish Jack's *espero* from the other heaps of stones scattered over the Lauzière. The sun was gradually sinking; the propitious moment was drawing near; nothing was heard in the distance but Fifteen Ounces singing an old carol of the country, at the top of his voice.

Jack had waited for about an hour, with the characteristic patience of a sportsman, at his post, silent and motionless, scarcely venturing

to breathe, his eye perpetually on the watch, and nothing indicated as yet that his waiting for this day was not to be in vain. It takes so little indeed to drive away these wary birds, whose life is passed in continual watchfulness. The yelp of a fox, a prowling dog, a shepherd practising the sling—any one of these is often enough to cause the startled covey to immediately abandon its haunts for a certain time.

The sun was setting in fiery purple, and the shades were already beginning to fall. Jack still waited, but with less and less hope every moment; when all at once the loud whirr of wings was heard behind him coming from the higher grounds, and immediately the male and female, perching on rocks elevated above the rest, began to call the covey together. Cot, cot, cot!—cot, cot!—cot, cot, cot!—cot, cot! In the twinkling of an eye the scattered covey had all met together again, and ran swiftly to the feeding ground. As Jack had thought, the stalks lying on the ground were at once greedily attacked, and the unfortunate birds were soon in an excellent position for the sportsman. The shot was fired; ten victims strewed the ground; not more than three or four escaped the disaster, and flew off as fast as their wings could carry them. Jack fired his second barrel at a wounded bird that appeared likely to get off, and rose with the intention of running to pick up the game, when a cry of rage escaped his lips, and consternation nailed him to his place: the corporal from Mormoiron and his men surrounded the espero and cut off all escape. Jack was caught in his own trap.

"Give yourself up, Jack," said the corporal, "and don't make matters worse for you by useless resistance. I told you, you know, that I should steal a march upon you at last. Come, down with your arms and no more about it."

But Jack was almost mad; fury, shame, and helplessness made his poor brain boil. He taken! he disarmed! he treated as a conscript! Was it possible? Could any one believe it?

"Out of the way," he cried, with a voice of thunder, whirling his gun round his head, "or it will be the worse for the first man that lays a finger on me!"

"Stand your ground," cried the corporal, boldly darting forward. "Stand your ground, men. In the name of the law—!" The sentence was never finished, for the butt end of Jack's gun met his head, and he fell half stunned.

"Come on, you blackguards!" shouted Jack, whirling his terrible gun like a club.

The gendarmes, though somewhat disheartened by the fall of their chief, returned to the charge with that blind sentiment of duty which has so much influence on brave men, and the desperate struggle went on, though the issue could not long remain doubtful. If Jack had been at liberty and in the open fields, he would certainly have got off scotfree—notwithstanding the odds—though it had only been by speed of foot; but there, tracked like a wolf to his lair, what could he do? Nothing but give death or accept it. It was all over with him this time, and he fought on in desperation. A fierce blow aimed at one of the men was deftly parried, the stock of Jack's gun snapped in two, and he was left weaponless. Maddened with rage he sprang upon his adversary like a tiger, seized him by the throat, and rolled with him on the ground. That was the end of it, and five minutes after, Jack, tightly bound, lay foaming by the side of the brave corporal, who was beginning to collect his scattered senses. "Upon my word," said he, as he wiped his swollen forehead, "that was a rough knock any way, and I owe our Lady of Health a good big taper. But let us take the road, my lads, and not lose our time here in whining and lamenting like so many women."

He rose with some difficulty, adjusted his belt, took a sip of brandy, and in a firm voice gave the word of command, "Quick march!"

At this order the little company began to move; and Jack, with his hands tied behind his back, sturdy arms supporting him on the right and left, was obliged to yield to force. He strode along in silence. He was quite cooled down now, comprehending at last that he had nothing to expect from violence, and that his only hope was henceforth in artifice. When they arrived at the cross-roads they were met by Fifteen Ounces, who was returning with his sheep. At the sight of the little shepherd Jack felt his heart swell with anger, and his eyes flashed fire on the traitor. The latter appeared much affected at seeing poor Jack in such a plight, and did not venture to raise his eyes.

"Confound it!" said the corporal all at once, as he struck his forehead. "We have left the birds lying on the ground. Run to the buckwheat field as fast as you can, my little fellow; pick up the partridges, and present them from me to Father Martin."

The latter words opened Jack's eyes at once; everything that he had been puzzling himself to make out was now quite clear. Fifteen Ounces, Father Martin, and the corporal were accomplices, and each had played his part in the conspiracy against him. "Very good," he murmured between his clenched teeth,

"I'll be even with you yet, my friends," and as if his newly-acquired certainty on this point had lifted a great weight from his breast, he started forward with a firm step, to the great relief of his attendants.

It was late in the evening when they arrived at Mormoiron; and both the corporal and his men being fatigued, it was agreed that the prisoner should not be transferred to the public prison till next morning. Jack was locked up in a room of the town-hall, and the gendarmes went off to get some supper and to take a little rest after such a rough journey.

The honest corporal was not at all a bad fellow. His forehead was exceedingly painful; but after he had had a good supper he began to think of Jack without any ill feeling. "The poor fellow must be famishing, I am sure," said he; "bring him a good plateful of soup and a glassful of wine, wife. Deuce take it! duty must not stand in the way of humanity."

He lighted a lantern and went out, followed by his wife, who, it must be said, carried the prisoner's soup with the greatest readiness. Jack was sleeping soundly, stretched at all his length on the floor; the smell of the soup woke him up almost as soon as the light of the lantern. He made an instinctive movement, but his pinioned arms at once recalled him to the sad reality.

"I know that you are a man of honour, Jack," said the corporal, "give me your word that you will not attempt to escape, and I shall untie your hands immediately."

"I can't give you my word for that," said Jack; "but untie my arms so that I may take the soup, and after that you can bind me as tightly as you please."

"Very well," said the corporal.

Jack ate and drank with an excellent appetite, and having finished his supper, honourably held out his hands to be pinioned again.

"I would gladly spare you that, my poor fellow, but you know I am responsible for your safe-keeping."

"Do your duty, corporal; however, I should be glad if you would not tie my hands behind, as it quite prevents me from sleeping on my back."

The corporal was about to refuse this favour when his eye met a beseeching look from his wife. Jack, the rascal, had always the women on his side, and his luck did not desert him this time either.

"No doubt," said the corporal sententiously, "that must be a great hindrance to sleeping. I consent; but for greater security Bérard will pass the night here. Go and bring Bérard, wife."

Honest Bérard would have preferred, as may be supposed, to sleep in his own good gendarme's bed; but duty before all! He seated himself without a murmur on a chair beside the prisoner, and the corporal, turning the key upon the pair of them, retired with his mind at ease.

Two full hours passed without the gloomy silence of the night being broken by any sound. Jack had again fallen into a sound sleep, and honest Bérard was struggling as well as he could against the harassing fatigues of the day and his gradually increasing inclination to drowsiness. The smoky lamp now shed only a reddish light, and his blinking eyes ceased from time to time to perceive objects distinctly. Twice or thrice he had caught himself going off in a doze, and he was positive that he had awoke with a start several times. On a sudden, and just as he was dreaming that the corporal had come to relieve him of his charge, poor Bérard felt himself seized, thrown on his back, gagged, and pinioned, in less time than it takes to write it. His assailant was Jack, who had slowly gnawed through his fastenings with his sharp teeth, and had used the pieces against his attendant. Once master of his movements, Jack ran to the door with the light, and dashing all his weight against it made it spring from its hinges like Samson with the gates of Gaza. He then opened the first window he came to, leaped lightly into the street, then with his hand raised, his lip trembling with a proud smile, he snapped his fingers at the Blues, and disappeared immediately in the darkness.

III.

The reader may imagine the effect produced by Fifteen Ounces when he returned to Tinet's with the game, and described the terrible battle he had witnessed. In spite of his habits of dissimulation, and his self-command, Father Martin found it very difficult to conceal his internal satisfaction, and drank off two or three bumpers in succession, to enable him to keep his countenance.

"Unlucky Jack," said he at last; "you say that he knocked down two of them! It's a frightful business then, and the least that he runs the risk of is the galleys!"

At these words Félise burst into sobs and wrung her hands in despair. Jack a prisoner! Jack condemned! Jack in the galleys at Toulon coupled to a robber!—was it possible? Could it be believed? To think that he was there not an hour ago, sitting on that chair, radiant with happiness, whispering sweet words to her, speaking of the future, of love, of an early

marriage, and to think that he would have been there still but for that cursed covey of partridges, and that it was herself who had urged him with a smile to go and fire a last shot! Oh misery! Oh tortures! Would her poor eyes ever have tears enough for such grief as hers!

Father Martin did nothing to console her, preferring, as he said, to "let the water run." When he thought she was somewhat calmer, however, he set himself to reason with her after his fashion.

"You cannot do better than have a good cry, my poor girl; crying relieves the feelings; but what can one do against fate? Sooner or later Jack was bound to come to a bad end, living as he lived; better sooner than later, let me tell you; and you ought to thank your patron saint for having drawn you away from the wasp's nest in time. What would become of you at this time if by bad luck you were the wife of this unfortunate fellow? And though I said the galleys, who knows? It is perhaps the scaffold that awaits him!"

"Ah!" said Félise with an outburst, "it is useless for you to speak; you will not make me deny my poor Jack. He was going to make me his wife, and I shall remain his whatever happen!"

"Oh yes, of course. And he is an honest fellow; who says anything to the contrary? After all, we do not know anything about the affair, except what Fifteen Ounces tells us, and perhaps it is not so bad as he says. Tell us a little of your story again, boy,—did Jack really kill two gendarmes.

In spite of the influence that the old man had over him, Fifteen Ounces recoiled with repugnance from the falsehood that he was urged to tell, and went over his story again, recounting the facts without too much exaggeration.

"What was it, now, that I said a little ago? You see very well, daughter, that people are always in too great a hurry to weep. If Jack has not killed anybody there is no fear of his coming to the scaffold. Dry your tears. I know very well that he must go to the galleys, but we are not so far as that yet. It will be time enough to make ourselves miserable after the assizes. Don't you think so, Lisette?"

Old Martin had a way of consoling people, than which nothing could be better calculated for making their sorrow more bitter, their grief more poignant. Without appearing to intend it, he excelled in turning the knife in the wound, and would dwell with atrocious complacency on every fact that could irritate and envenom it. Félise was almost driven wild by his remarks; and unable to endure them any longer, took refuge in her chamber, where she could weep at her ease and without constraint.

What a night that was! She had thrown herself on the bed with all her clothes on, and her tears fell silently on the pillow. She thought of her youth, now worthless; of this great love, which she had never before felt in all its fulness; of all her projects for the future, so fondly cherished, but now crushed for ever. And Jack! was he not more unfortunate a hundred times than herself? How could he ever, with his indomitable nature, support this life of shame, of toil, of discipline, and of privation. He would succumb to it, that was certain; but if Jack were dead, then was not the world empty for Félise? Her father was welcome to say to her, "Dry your tears; no use being in a hurry to make one's self miserable." "Heaven," she prayed, sobbing, "grant that I may die; take me, take me away, or send me back him I love so well."

Oh, wonderful! whence comes that sound? Can she believe her ears? Is she not the sport of hallucination? No, no; it is certainly he this time—it is indeed his whistle—it is his signal—it is Jack! Jack, who has returned, Jack who is calling her!

Félise, bewildered, runs to the window and throws it wide open. Jack is there indeed, alone, at liberty, his arms held out towards her, more handsome and proud-looking than ever.

"Oh Jack," said Félise in a tone of ineffable tenderness, "I was weeping for you as if you were dead—oh my dear Jack!"

"Félise," said Jack in a grave voice, "do you continue to think me, as formerly, a man upright and sincere!"

"Yes!"

"And are you still willing to be my wife?"

"Oh yes; more than ever, Jack!"

"I am going to leave the country for a long time perhaps, Lise; the wife follows her husband, will you follow me?"

"I am yours, Jack; do with me what you will."

"Very well, then; make up your bundle quickly and come down; we have no time to lose."

Félise without hesitation opened her trunk, took out some linen, a dress, and some spare stockings, and boldly descended by the ladder which Jack had just placed against her window. Day was now breaking, the two lovers gained the mountain at a rapid pace, and disappeared

in the direction of Les Grégories. As they reached the first houses of the hamlet they met Jean Cendrous going to yoke his oxen for the last labour of the season. "Hullo," said he merrily, "I thought I was the first up in all the combe, but it seems you are still earlier than I am, my friend."

"Jean Cendrous," said Félise resolutely, advancing towards the farmer, "I take you to witness that I am carrying off Jack here, and I beg you will proclaim it to my father this very day."

"Certainly, my pretty girl; it will put me about, to be sure, but one cannot refuse to proclaim a *robbage*. Heaven guide you, my children!"

The *robbage* is an old custom of the country which has survived the invasion of French manners. It is the girl that carries off (*robbe*) her lover, and thus by her declaration frees him from all pursuit. The *robbage* is the last resource of lovers whose patience is utterly worn out. When consent to the marriage is obstinately refused, the parties run away in this fashion and the matter is ended. Marriage is not long in following, and the paternal authority receives from it perhaps less offence than from the "respectful summons"[1] invented by the legislator of the civil code.

Father Martin heard the proclamation carried by Jean Cendrous without moving a muscle. "Very good," said he; "the man who has a daughter may expect anything; but I am afraid a good deal of water will pass under the bridge before we go to the wedding."

Jack and Félise passed the day in the cave of Maraval, ever on the outlook, as may readily be supposed. After nightfall they came down to the village, and arm in arm went and knocked at the parsonage door.

"What brings you here, you unlucky mortal?" said the curé. "Don't you know that all the gendarmes of the department are after you, and that they are determined to make short work of you? Save yourself as quick as you can; and Heaven grant that there is yet time!"

"Bah! don't trouble yourself about that, sir; I have quite other cares in my head at present, and shall turn my attention to the *blues* by-and-by. Let us take what is most important first, if you please."

"And what can there be more important for you than to escape?"

"You see Félise here," replied Jack, gravely; "well, we have eloped this morning, and I do not wish to take her to the mountain with me without making her my lawful wife. Say our marriage mass for us as soon as midnight sounds, and pray to the good God for the poor bride and bridegroom."

In the simplicity of his soul Jack thought this proposal the most natural in the world; and the worthy curé was really sorry to have to inform him that both the civil and canon law forbade unions of this sort, and that he would render himself liable to punishment were he to grant his wish.

"What is to be done then, sir?" said Jack, with a look of discouragement at Félise, "what is to be done?"

"Jack," said the priest, moved by the mute eloquence of this glance, "I have known you for a long time, and I know you to be a man of honour and one who fears God. Now, here are Félise and you all but man and wife, without having received the sacrament, and Félise's good name must be restored by every means. You are young and will not fear a little fatigue, so you must be off to Savoy by the shortest road. Over there the priests marry people without the civil powers having anything to do with the matter. On your knees, my children, and receive my blessing on your journey!"

Jack and Félise knelt down and prayed for a moment under the outstretched hand of the pastor.

"Jack," added the curé, as he made them rise, "I confide Félise to you and place her under your charge; you will treat her as your own sister by day and night till you come to the end of your journey—you promise?"

"Before Heaven I will!"

"I take your word; adieu, my children!"

As Jack was crossing the threshold the curé drew him back a little and said to him in a low tone, "There are two louis-d'or, spend them carefully, and if you should happen to find any Spanish tobacco over there keep me in mind."

While Jack and Félise were trudging along to obtain the nuptial benediction, choosing paths steep and rugged enough to frighten a goat, the corporal of Mormoiron, eager to avenge his failure, was exploring Mount Ventoux in all directions, and wearing out his men in a vain pursuit. Everywhere, it is true, he found traces of Jack: here a sleeping-place, there an outlook station, farther on some large slabs of stone still black with pounded charcoal, but of Jack himself nothing was seen. This

[1] Formal documents addressed to their parents or guardians by a young man and woman in order that they may contract a legal marriage, when their parents or guardians have refused their consent.

fiend incarnate knew how to keep out of reach as well as out of sight. One evening as the corporal was returning down the mountain by Combe-Obscure, after having pushed as far as possible into the Black Cave, and to as little purpose as before, he stopped for a moment at Christol's farm to take a little refreshment. Jack's dog had remained there since the evening of the great battle, and waited philosophically till his master should come to take possession of him again. At sight of the corporal, perhaps also at the characteristic odour of the gendarmes, the bold animal darted forward, barking furiously, and made at them as if he would bite.

"What dog's this you have got, Christol?" said the corporal, standing on his guard; "he's a very awkward customer."

"Oh, it's Maripan, Jack's dog; he's not very fond of the three-cornered hats, I must admit. Here, Maripan, here; won't you hold your tongue and be hanged to you?" and the farmer aimed a tremendous kick at the dog and sent him rolling under the table. Poor Maripan had no doubt been long used to this kind of argument, for in spite of the pain and disgrace he took the matter as settled and remained quiet in his corner, his eyes sparkling with anger and glaring menacingly.

"Oh, it's Jack's dog," said the corporal, "I have a good mind to make him a prisoner of war; what do you think, Bérard?"

"What would you do with a nasty brute like that, corporal?" replied the gendarme, who was somewhat chary about pushing matters to an extremity with a dog whose eyes sparkled like live coals. "He can only give us trouble."

"I have an idea of my own," said the corporal, majestically raising his finger to his forehead; "let us take possession of him instantly."

This, however, was not so easy; Maripan defended himself a long time before giving in; but at last, thanks to Bérard's adroitness and notwithstanding some abrasions, the law prevailed, and the vanquished enemy, duly muzzled, followed the conquerors with his ears hanging and his tail between his legs.

The corporal's idea was not a bad one. By means of Maripan's exquisite sense of smell it would perhaps be possible to track his master and come upon him unawares. For this purpose it was necessary to conquer the inveterate dislike of the animal and modify his temper by good treatment. Maripan was accordingly recommended to the particular care of the corporal's wife, and soon experienced the seductive influence of savoury messes. It is sad to relate, but why should we conceal it? after this treatment had lasted some time Maripan was scarcely recognizable. His horror of the French gendarmes had so diminished that he found no difficulty in allowing Bérard to pat him on the back. He was a dog lost to a life of freedom, and the chain which kept him from leaving the courtyard of the barracks was quite unnecessary.

On his return from Savoy Jack was very soon informed by his friends of the unwearied search after him which had been made, but he appeared to give himself no further trouble about it. He had installed Félise in a vast grotto, almost inaccessible, and known only to a few hunters, and had recommenced his old life of poaching and smuggling. His habits seemed to be in no ways changed, except that he did not as formerly sleep here and there at random, and had become infinitely less confident and much more suspicious. He felt the loss of his dog very much, and had had an open quarrel with Christol for being careless, if not indeed faithless to his trust. He seldom came down to the village, and heard *hill-top mass* in preference to any other.

The corporal on his part seemed to have accepted his defeat, and to have given up all idea of revenge. The first snows had just fallen, and Mount Ventoux was white to far below the beech woods. Jack came down to Maraval, fearing lest Félise, who was now enceinte, would not be able to bear the rigour of the cold and the violence of the winds. Maraval was well sheltered, and only a little more watchfulness would be necessary there.

Christmas eve arrived without anything noteworthy having happened. Jack and Félise had remained sitting by the side of their primitive fireplace, waiting till the signal should be given by the village bells in order to join in intention the faithful, and celebrate as well as they could the birth of the Saviour. Meantime they talked of various things.

"I can scarcely believe that Fifteen Ounces was a traitor," said Félise; "for why should he betray you? What could he get by that?"

"I don't know," replied Jack; "but I shall find out some time or other, and he won't have lost anything by waiting. Ah, the little beggar! But for him you would be walking to church on my arm at this moment, with your head as high as any of them, and would be getting ready for having your baby respectably in your father's house."

"That is true," said Félise sadly. "My poor father! I wonder how he is getting on alone down there without me!"

"Oh, he is wonderfully well; the curé, whom I saw this very evening, met him returning from town, and he was quite in his usual health and spirits. He is another whose conduct I shall bring to light some fine day if it please Heaven!"

"You see traitors everywhere, Jack."

"That is because there are traitors everywhere, Lise. Christol, too, what right had he to tell the gendarmes that Maripan was mine? I call that treason, I do."

"Poor Maripan!" said Lise; "he was a good dog, and I am sorry about him."

"Oh, yes, he was a good dog; it would not have been easy to find his equal. I cannot believe that he is altogether lost, and I am always expecting to see him running in here with a piece of his chain at his neck. What can the cursed corporal have done to him!"

And involuntarily, so to speak, by the pure force of habit, Jack uttered the shrill whistle which used to recall Maripan even from his farthest wanderings. In the calm silence of the serene night the distant barking of a dog arose from the plain in answer to the whistle, as if it had only been waiting for this signal—

Jack trembled from head to foot and rose upright on his feet, almost breathless.

"Did you hear it, Lise?" said he.

"Yes, but there are plenty of dogs in the plain, my poor Jack; especially to-night when everybody is awake."

"It is he, I tell you; I knew his bark. Besides, listen again."

He went to the mouth of the cave, and in the deep silence of the night whistled loudly three times at equal intervals. In a few seconds a dog was heard to reply in the distance with three distinct barks. There was no doubt this time—it was Maripan coming back.

"Ah, good dog; better than men! What a feast there will be for you when you return! He will not be long, I warrant; he is running straight forward, without troubling himself about roads or foot-paths. Ah, I couldn't have wished for a better Christmas than this!"

Jack whistled again and again, but to his great astonishment the barking still continued far off, and the tone became more and more plaintive.

"By thunder!" cried Jack, gloom coming over him all at once. "It is Maripan sure enough, but he is not at liberty."

"What do you mean, Jack?"

"I mean that he should have been here already. Yes, yes, it is he, he is running by the scent, but he is held in leash. . . . We must look out, Lise, it is us they are after, and Maripan too is a traitor!"

It was only too true; the dog was following on the track, and was acting as a guide to his master's enemies. There was no time to lose, they must take to flight at whatever cost. Félise quickly made up a bundle of her best clothes, and Jack, lifting an enormous stone, hid his implements for making gunpowder; then having put two loaves into his game-bag, and having looked to the priming of his gun, he took Félise by the hand and marched straight for the heights.

It was a keen frost, and the moon, now in her last quarter, glittered on the hardened snow. The barking of the dog reached them more and more distinctly the farther up the mountain he came, and by-and-by he uttered a series of barks so peculiar in tone that Jack stopped to listen. "They are at Maraval," he said, "and the dog is yelping as he finds the scent warm; however we have a good start, Lise, and unless the devil help them they won't overtake us."

Judging only from the voice of the dog, the pursuit never slackened, but continued with untiring perseverance. Jack and Félise were still marching along in silence long after daybreak, and fatigue began to gain visibly on the young creature. Several times already she had been obliged to stop and take breath; in spite of her courage the poor child felt that her strength was exhausted. She hung more and more heavily on Jack's arm, retarding his progress, and at last she stopped altogether. "Jack," she said, "I cannot go a step farther, leave me here and save yourself. They will not do me any harm, and you will easily find me again."

"What! abandon you? never, never. Let us see if you can't make one effort more, my girl."

"It's no use, Jack, I have already done more than I was able. Save yourself, save yourself, I conjure you."

"No, a thousand times no; we are hardly a hundred yards from the hut of the Holy Cross, come and rest yourself there, and never mind me."

Félise dragged herself painfully along to the hut—the entrance of which was half filled up with snow—and sank down, utterly worn out, on the soft bed of lavender and wild thyme which the shepherds always took care to have in this rude abode.

"Remain there and wait for me without impatience; with Heaven's help I shall not be away long."

Jack had just formed a great resolve. Turning on his steps he quickly re-descended the mountain in the direction of Maraval, and hastily posted himself behind a rock which

barred the narrow pathway and forced it to take a sharp turn. He had not long to wait. Maripan, held in by a gendarme, soon made his appearance, barking as he followed up the scent, his tongue hanging out as if in the dog-days; the corporal and his men came behind streaming with perspiration. Jack raised his gun and slowly took aim, and the poor brute fell, shot with a bullet right through the forehead.

"This way, boys," cried the corporal, darting forward, "after him, Bérard; after him, Bassy; look alive, my men!" But Jack, more active than a chamois, was already a long way off in the direction of Curnier, leaving the hut of the Holy Cross behind him intentionally; and the corporal, perceiving that the game was lost, gave his men the signal to retreat. The carcass of Maripan, already stiffened by the frost, was left alone, with its feet in the air, to serve as a feast for the first passing wolf.

IV.

Jack was not able to rejoin Félise at the hut until nightfall. He found her half-dead with cold and terror, shivering with fever, and repeating disconnected and meaningless words, such as people utter when in delirium. He quickly lighted a great fire, and briskly chafed the ice-cold limbs of his poor wife, calling her by the tenderest names, but Félise remained insensible; her eyes were fixed in a vacant stare, and she seemed only to answer the questions of invisible interlocutors. To crown Jack's misfortunes the wind had just risen, the wind of Mount Ventoux, an icy wind that ground the snow into powder, and blew it about in violent eddies. To think of descending the mountain again at such a time was impossible, and nothing remained but to stay there till morning.

Jack, with a heart full of anxiety and misery, arranged some armfuls of dry lavender in the most sheltered corner, and there laid poor Félise, covering her up with some of his own clothes and keeping a good fire burning all night at the entrance of the miserable hovel. Every moment the tempest shook the walls with redoubled fury and seemed to draw from them melancholy groans, while to these miseries was added the danger of suffocation, the smoke being driven violently back into the interior of the hut. Félise, who was tormented with a raging thirst, was asking for water every moment, and poor Jack had nothing to give her but lumps of frozen snow which he broke down small with his knife.

At last this dreadful night came to an end, and the unhappy man went outside for a moment to look about him a little. The wind had fallen as the sun rose, but his situation was no less terrible. There he was, alone, on the top of Mount Ventoux, his wife ill, delirious, unable to move, and he himself utterly worn out and exhausted with the fatigues of the preceding day and the anguish of such a night, and no one to look to for assistance, no one to save him but himself. For the first time in his life Jack felt his heart fail, and large tears trickled down his hollow cheeks. He raised his eyes to heaven with a despairing glance, and entering the hut again sat down in utter misery beside Félise, who for the hundredth time called for water.

This excessive prostration lasted but a short time; Jack was soon himself again, and looking his cruel position in the face. Before all, it was necessary to leave the hut at any cost, and to do this he must recover sufficient strength. Having eaten half a loaf and drunk two or three mouthfuls of melted snow, he uttered a short prayer, and lifting Félise in his arms placed her on his shoulders, then, using his gun by way of staff, he slowly descended the steep slope.

Strong and sure-footed as he was Jack was obliged to stop from time to time to recover breath. He then deposited his precious burden on some adjacent rock and manfully resumed it after a short rest. In this way he reached the cave of Maraval, after a harassing march of five mortal hours, and was glad to find that the enemy in their passing visit had not greatly disturbed his favourite abode. It was time; Jack's strength was literally exhausted. Having recovered a little from his first fatigue he turned his attention exclusively to Félise, whose state inspired him with increasing anxiety. A profound torpor had followed the violent fever and delirium. Félise seemed overpowered with a lethargic drowsiness, and she lay without sense or motion. Jack did all he possibly could to reanimate his poor wife and exhausted all the resources of a heart rendered ingenious by necessity. But all in vain; and his despair soon equalled his fear. Day was declining; was he then to pass a second night of anguish and terror alone, abandoned by all, unable to afford the dear sufferer any relief, a helpless witness of all her pain. Jack rushed from the cave and scanned with eager eye the whole surrounding scene; but, alas! not a soul, not a shepherd, not a flock, not a dog was to be seen, nothing but silence and solitude!

Down below in the valley the evening angelus was slowly tolled on the bell of the village church, and for the first time in his life Jack

felt a bitter smile rise to his lips at the sacred appeal. In his storm-tossed soul the evening bells seemed a gratuitous irony, the tranquil mockery of peaceful life, the inflexible protest of established order triumphing in its selfish regularity.

"Away, vagabond!" said the little bell distinctly; "die like a dog on your mountain! Our cares, our services, our assistance, our doctors, our priests, are not for you! We owe no help except to those who live our life, share our duties, bend under the game-burdens as we, and do not claim, like you, the right of living as they please, free from all laws and all duties!"

As Jack was about to re-enter in despair, two shots were fired near by, and an unfortunate hare, mortally wounded, ran forward and fell dead at the distance of two or three hundred paces from the cave. Jack ran to pick it up, and met the sportsman, who had just left his post. Imagine his joy when he found that it was Siffrein, a comrade, a brother poacher, a friend! In a few words Siffrein was informed of the state of affairs, and at once promised his assistance; and it was arranged that he should see the doctor and the curé, and tell them in what state he had left Félise. Comforted by the certainty of soon obtaining help, Jack re-entered the cave, and, worn out by fatigue and emotion, soon fell into a deep slumber by the corner of the fire.

He was awakened by heart-rending cries. Félise was writhing on her miserable bed; the delirium had left her, but with the return of reason terror had entered her soul. "I am going to die," she cried; "Jack, do not leave me to die! Jack, I am afraid. Jack, I am dying! Help me, help me! Do not let me die, Jack, I conjure you!"

"Félise, Félise!" replied Jack in destraction; "calm yourself; I am here, I shall not leave you! what is there to frighten you?—I am here—Oh, you are suffering cruel pain, my poor Lise!"

She clung to him with extraordinary force, clasping him spasmodically in her arms so as almost to choke him. A convulsive sob arose from the depths of her chest, and issued from between her closed teeth in violent gasps, with a rattling sound, while a white froth moistened the corners of her mouth.

"Ah, Jack!" cried Félise with an accent of despair, "adieu, Jack, adieu! It is all over!" Her arms all at once relaxed their hold, and she sank back lifeless on her couch.

When the curé and the doctor at length arrived—about midnight—they were too late to render any assistance to poor Félise. Jack's agony was great, but very quiet; and it was a long time before he could be roused to speak of the necessary preparations for the funeral. Then, with pitiful earnestness he begged the curé, if it could be done, to consecrate a little bit of ground beneath a tall juniper which grew near the cave, so that Félise might be buried there, and he might be always near her as he had promised to be on the day of their betrothal.

The curé consented; and Jack himself dug the grave, resolutely refusing all assistance in that melancholy task.

All the people of the village, and many from the neighbouring hamlets, marched up to the cave of Maraval to attend the funeral. Old Martin was there too, and at the grave he flung himself into Jack's arms, manifesting extreme grief, which was no doubt rendered more poignant by remorse. Simon Fifteen Ounces flung into the open grave the knife which had tempted him to become a traitor, and in the name of Félise implored Jack to forgive him.

"You have done us much harm, Simon," said Jack, sadly; "but it shall not be in vain that you invoke the name of Félise. I pardon you from the bottom of my heart."

V.

Félise's death finally determined the course of Jack's life. But for that event the refractory conscript, the despiser of social trammels—circumstances aiding—might have become like other men and entered on a settled life. Married, and the father of a family, Jack would have been the first to recognize the necessity of reconciling himself with society, and would certainly have taken advantage of the general amnesty that followed the revolution of 1830. But wifeless, alone, and no longer having any reason for struggling against his natural bent, Jack was bound to return to the life of vagabondage which had for him become a second nature. If he lived a life of hardship on his inaccessible mountain, where the *blues* had ended by leaving him quite unmolested, yet he was dependent on no one—he was truly his own master in the full sense of the word.

By building some pieces of dry stone-wall to keep out the wind, he had made of the cave of Maraval an abode that a human being could almost live in. He had his head-quarters there, his provision store, and his workshop; he came there every evening to sleep, often from a long distance, and in all sorts of weather. In the morning, before starting on his excursions, he knelt beside the tomb of Félise, said his prayers devoutly, then piously threw a stone on the shapeless heap, which being augmented

by a stone from every passer-by, was soon, and is still called *The Dead Woman's Cairn.*

Thus he lived for many a long year in this wild solitude, alone with the remembrance of her whom he had lost, seldom descending to the village except on Sundays and holidays for the purpose of hearing mass. He spoke little, and avoided society as much as he could; but by a sort of tacit agreement he seemed to be constituted the natural guardian of all the old customs of the country—on Easter even, for example, he was always sure to be found posted at the corner of the square with his finger on the trigger of his gun, waiting till the bells should ring *the return from Rome,* in order to shoot Lent—Lent being represented by egg-shells, fish-bones, and dried vegetables suspended to the hoop of a barrel at the height of the roofs. It was he who gave the morning serenade of the brothers of St. Mark, and he had not his equal at beating a roll on the big drum of the brotherhood. When St. John's day came, it was he again who lighted the first bonfire on the mountain in honour of his patron saint. He was also a bombardier, and on St. Antonine's day, the patron of the village, or on that of St. Barbe, the patroness of artillerymen, it was Jack who discharged the mortars of the commune, into which it is thought he put but little government powder. He knew the rhyme for making swarms of bees come back, and the prayer by which objects that have been lost are found. He was also something of a bone-setter, had a secret way of dressing wounds, discovered springs with the divining-rod, and had a drug that was a sovereign cure for the bite of a mad dog.

Every one loved him for ten leagues round, and he was often consulted in difficult circumstances, for he was known to be as prudent as he was clear-headed. The young men were unanimous in proclaiming the superiority of Jack's powder to that of the government; and the girls gave him always the preference if the proclamation of a *robbage* had to be made. So when harvest was over, and Jack went about from farm to farm, sack on back like a mendicant hermit, he was sure to receive his peck of grain, his handful of olives, or his bottle of new wine. When a pig was killed, Jack got always a good piece for a fricassee, and there was hardly a marriage or christening party of any consequence to which he was not invited as if of full right. So that this man who possessed nothing under the sun, neither lands nor houses; who, like the ancient philosopher, carried about with him all that he had, this vagabond beyond the pale of society, half smuggler, half poacher, without recognized trade or avowed employment—this man lived in comparative abundance, and undoubtedly enjoyed the cordial esteem of his neighbours.—*From the Revue des Deux Mondes.*

OLD TIMES.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

Old times! old times! the gay old times—
When I was young and free,
And heard the merry Easter chimes
Under the sally-tree.
My Sunday palm beside me placed—
My cross upon my hand—
A heart at rest within my breast,
And sunshine on the land!
Old times! Old times!

It is not that my fortunes flee,
Nor that my cheek is pale—
I mourn whene'er I think of thee,
My darling native vale!—
A wiser head I have, I know,
Than when I loitered there;—
But in my wisdom there is woe,
And in my knowledge, care.
Old times! Old times!

I've lived to know my share of joy,
To feel my share of pain—
To learn that friendship's self can cloy,
To love, and love in vain—
To feel a pang and wear a smile,
To tire of other climes—
To like my own unhappy isle,
And sing the gay old times!
Old times! Old times!

And sure the land is nothing changed,
The birds are singing still:
The flowers are springing where we ranged,
There's sunshine on the hill!
The sally, waving o'er my head,
Still sweetly shades my frame—
But ah, those happy days are fled,
And I am not the same!
Old times! Old times!

Oh, come again, ye merry times!
Sweet, sunny, fresh, and calm—
And let me hear those Easter chimes,
And wear my Sunday palm.
If I could cry away mine eyes
My tears would flow in vain—
If I could waste my heart in sighs,
They'll never come again.
Old times! Old times!

THE PAGE.

BY WILLIAM SAWYER.

Like a missal all ablaze
With the gold and colours blended,
Shine the bright chivalric days
In their hazy distance splendid.

Knights in long processions go,
Tossing plumes and armour flashing,
Pennons interblending glow,
Glaives are shining, falchions clashing.

Maidens lone in 'leagured towns
Dreaming over minstrel praises,—
Yard-long hair and silken gowns
(Sunny meadows prankt with daisies).

Lips that meeting lips bespeak,
Sidelong glances, smiles ecstatic;
Flowers freshening in the cheek,
Sighs distinctly aromatic.

Nobly born as passing fair,
For though sweet are thicket roses,
Perfect blooms of the parterre,
Only the parterre discloses.

Then at every maiden's side,
Sworn companion of her leisure,
Moves Sir Page—my lady's pride,
Pleasing torment, tiresome pleasure.

Clad in suit of iris hues,
Hawk on wrist, with bells and jesses,
Eyes of liquid browns or blues,
Maiden cheeks and maiden tresses.

Fond of joust and fond of brawl—
Dagger out ere word is spoken—
Life of bower, and life of hall—
Youth's free spirit all unbroken.

Critic of the limner's art,
Of the poet judge austerest—
Cupid in the censor's part,
Piping sentences severest.

Singing to the twangling lute
Minstrel ballad last in fashion,
Till the lips that should be mute
Learn the parrot-lisp of passion.

Underneath the pleasaunce walls,
(Ripe with nectarines and peaches),
Glad my Lady's damozels
List the lesson that he teaches.

Eyes upon a blushing face—
Curls against a milky shoulder—
Arm about a resting place
Might dismay a lover bolder.

Of his heart and its despair,
Vowing oft and oft protesting,
Till so much of love is there,
Only half of it is jesting.

Happy Page, who thus can move
In a round of bright enjoyment—
Happy to whom song and love
Represent life's sole employment!

THE FAITHFUL PAGE.

Lewis, Duke of Liegnitz, was in his youth fond of travel; and his desire being earnest to visit strange countries and become acquainted with foreign nations, no sooner was he his own master, than he hastened to set forth. In the progress of his journeys, he touched at every part of Europe, and even went so far as the torrid Asia. This young nobleman was attacked—whether through fatigue, heat, or contagion—by a violent illness, which seized him at the tomb of Mahomet—that being a curiosity he had long coveted to see. During the violence of his malady, he was faithfully and affectionately attended by Charles of Chila, his chamberlain; who, though an aged man, never failed, either in the night watch, or the day's duty. He was ever by his master's bedside, and soon had the happiness to see him recover from the effects of the struggle between death and life. But the true-hearted servant drew his own death from his lord's safety: he was smitten with the same disease, and received from the Duke attentions almost as assiduous and anxious as those he had bestowed: but they had not the same fortunate result. The chamberlain died; but, before the breath left his body, he commended earnestly to his master's protection, his grandson, a tender boy, then far distant at school, whose father fell at the blockade of Cottbus, by the side of the Duke of Sagen, and whose mother did not survive her husband more than half a year. The Duke bound himself to the dying man, by a solemn oath, to provide for the now destitute child—exclaiming, "So may my last hour be as serene as thine!"

"He is the last branch of our race," uttered the chamberlain feebly, his voice being almost extinguished by death: "receive him from me as a solemn legacy: he is virtuous and affec-

tionate, and will exercise towards you and your family the fidelity that has ever distinguished his ancestors." A few moments afterwards the Duke had to weep the loss of his most zealous friend and devoted follower.

Duke Lewis, being smitten with melancholy, hastened back to Europe. He made his entry on his domains amidst the rejoicings of his vassals: and if the pride of rank and power swelled in his breast as he heard their shouts and saw their manifestations of delight, he felt the warmth of kindness towards these, his dependents, accompanying the swelling of his spirit; for sojourning amongst strangers, and encountering hazards, had humanized his disposition, and long absence had hindered him from waxing, by usage, callous to the wretchedness and wrongs of his inferiors, as the best natures at that time too commonly were.

Nor did he forget his promise to the dying chamberlain: one of his courtiers was soon despatched to fetch to his palace the young Chila, whom he appointed to be one of his pages. Henry, the grandson of Charles of Chila, was now seventeen; his shape tall and slender; his face fine and manly; his mind richly accomplished; and his manners trained to elegance by the graceful exercises of chivalry. He played on the lute, and accompanied its soft tones with a melodious voice. He became his master's favourite; the ornament of the ducal court; the most gallant of the princely retinue, when his lord pursued the wolf or the bear, or gave tournaments at which the knights might distinguish themselves amongst their companions, and touch the hearts of their mistresses by gratifying their female pride.

It was about the Easter of the year 1412, that a messenger presented himself from the Emperor Sigismund, inviting Duke Lewis to repair to the imperial court; the sovereign having in view to bestow a signal mark of his favour on the Prince, his vassal. And precious, indeed, was the boon!—no less than the hand of the Emperor's niece, the Princess Etha of Hungary, a beauty then shining in all the splendour of youthful charms.

Brilliant were the festivities at the marriage: but Henry, the Duke's page, was more stricken by the charms of his new mistress, than by the grandeur of the imperial court. The lady soon behaved towards the graceful youth with that affectionate familiarity of which her lord set her the example; and in so doing she gave a proof of the goodness of her disposition, and of her devotion to her husband: but was it not the page's misfortune to be so distinguished? Too surely it was; for there grew up in his heart a violent passion, which he bitterly wept over in secret, and blushed for in public, dreading its discovery as the signal of his ignominy and utter ruin.

Yet, in the midst of this agony of remorse, the hopelessness of his love was a torture felt by him above all the rest; and this he owned to himself and deplored, for thus he knew that the crime would be more tolerable to him if it were not bootless—a knowledge that made him accuse himself of ingratitude and treachery toward his excellent master. And thus torn and worked upon in spirit, the consternation of the poor youth showed itself visibly in his altered appearance, so that none could fail to perceive how heavy a load of secret grief was borne by this once gay and happy, now most miserable, page.

The Duke and the Duchess were both incessant in their importunities to be told the cause of their favourite's melancholy. "Dost thou covet the well-trained falcon, which thou knowest so well to fly? Is it the swift charger, that bore thee so gallantly in the last tournament, that thou wouldst be master of?" To these kind inquiries, prompted by anxious affection, Henry gave no answer, but he seemed confounded, and held his peace.

"Have I lost thy confidence then?" said the duke: "what hast thou to complain of in my friendship for thee? Have I not always shown myself thy friend, rather than thy lord?"

"Ah, my dear, my gracious master," then exclaimed Henry—for he could hold no longer —"take my life—I have lived too long—but never while I live can I forget what I owe to your grace: I am grateful, indeed I am—but miserable, very miserable. Oh my lord, do not press me for the cause of my grief, but rather drive me from your presence; recall your favours, yet leave me your compassion; I have much need of it."

The Duke was astonished at this, which he thought little short of frenzy: and, consulting with his Duchess, they agreed to watch the young man narrowly, lest mischief might come of his strange infatuation.

One fine evening of the spring, the page went out on the rampart of the castle, and, believing himself to be unobserved, he sat down beneath a lofty pine, while to his lute he sung the following stanzas:—

SONG.

Ye pines that wave on high,
While echo wakes alone!
To your deep shade I fly,
To loose my bosom's groan.

'Tis love consumes my peace;
Yet though it tears this breast,
I would not it should cease,
Nor would I it were bless'd.
Ah no! ah no! ah no!
(*Echo*)—Ah no!

A sigh, a tear deny,
Should I my passion speak;
But when I silent die,
Let gentle sorrow break
From forth thy lips so pure,
Dear mistress of my soul—
For love will not endure
That duty should control.
Ah no! ah no! ah no!
(*Echo*)—Ah no!

So sung the page, accompanying the words very mournfully with his lute. Just as he had finished, and while he yet listened to the echo of that sad syllable which was a negative to all his happiness, he thought he heard light footsteps approaching; and, turning round tremblingly, to his great surprise and alarm, he perceived the Duke and the Duchess standing close by him. Attracted by the mournful air, the princely couple had soon discovered who the musician was, and were pleased to think that their servant should continue to have pleasure in one at least of his former accomplishments—the practice of all the others having been laid aside by him since his unhappy alteration. Marking the words of the song, however, the Duke mused over them; yet forbore to question his page on the subject, recollecting how much disturbance had before been caused in his mind by inquiries of this nature. The noble lady uttered some gentle words to Henry, commending his voice, yet chiding his turn for solitude, and complaining that he should thus fly from friends, to whose pleasures he might administer while he gratified their kindness by his presence.

"Are you, then, too proud to accept our praises?" said she, with one of her sweetest smiles, that no mortal could regard without feeling his heart stirred within him—so exquisitely was goodness of soul there mingled with a free gaiety, the consciousness and pride of beauty, and a deep, native, passionate tenderness. Hers was a smile in which all that is rich in woman's nature was concentrated; and it burst forth, like a sudden ray of sunshine, to kindle up ecstacy, and smite high and low with admiration. And it was thus she now smiled upon the page,—only the common fascination of her expression was heightened by a touch of sorrowful sympathy, which hung floatingly in her eyes;—to Henry's conception, it was as if the regard of divinity made itself visible in the brightness of the sky, giving a meaning of beneficence to its sparkling beauty. He could not bear the effect of this look: it shook him to the very depths of his nature: it brought the music he had just been playing, the song he had just been singing, back upon him, like an overpowering wave, dashing his energies to the earth. He hastily muttered some words of thanks, which ran together into one choking sob, and rushed from the presence of his noble protectors to lock himself into his little chamber in the turret, where, during the whole night, he gave passionate utterance to his intolerable affliction.

No sooner were the Duke and the Duchess left alone together, than the former said,—"The cause of this youth's melancholy, I think I have at last divined. He loves your cousin Agnes, who accompanied you here from the court of Sigismund: her rank makes him deem his passion hopeless, and hence his sorrow."

"Agnes would not be severe to him, I dare say," replied the Duchess. "If it be love that is the cause of your page's melancholy, then must we compliment his modesty at the expense of his penetration; for he knows not the extent of his own power of pleasing, and the general regard in which he is held, if he allow himself to doubt of a favourable return to his passion on the part of any lady of our court, who can in honour receive and reward his affection."

"Do you, then, sound your cousin on this matter," rejoined the Duke; "for my conjecture is right, as time will doubtless show."

The fair Agnes owned to her friend and mistress, what she had before confessed to her own heart, that the beautiful youth was not to her an indifferent object; and she added, that, for some time past, she had suspected it was even as the Duchess surmised. It appeared to her, that she was regarded with affection by the duke's page—though as yet he had not said a syllable of his passion—for she had observed that his eyes were ever directed to the balcony, where she usually sat with the duchess, —and once he had been seen to press eagerly to his lips a handkerchief which she had just dropped from her hand, after taking it from the neck of her royal relation.

With this news delighted, and eager to declare them, the Duchess hastened to her husband: who forthwith ordered that his court should take a journey of pleasure to the baths of Warmbrunn, that were even then much celebrated; contriving, at the same time, that the two lovers (as they were esteemed) should be left behind—thus giving them good opportu-

nity of coming to an explanation. The Duchess, as she went to her palfrey, conducted by the ever assiduous Henry, whispered in his ear: "Be of good heart, wait with patience till we return, and then you shall be happy."

The page was thunderstruck: her words thrilled through him: he could scarcely stand; and the gracious lady, seeing his extreme agitation, turned towards him her eyes, that beamed with infinite kindness, and reached him her hand to kiss. He fell on his knees, as he received the unlooked-for boon; and when he returned to his chamber, after the Duchess' departure, he was almost convulsed by the force and variety of his feelings. Did he understand her aright? His duty to his lord—could he forget it! Gratitude! Honour! Love! all these considerations worked in his mind with the fury of a volcano.

A message from his master and mistress gave him soon occasion to join them at the baths. "Well, you have now recovered your gaiety, my distrustful page," exclaimed the Duke, with an arch smile as he approached. The youth looked with consternation at the speaker. "The gentle Agnes was not obdurate, I dare say—approach, then, and thank your fair advocate here—the Duchess I mean: she it was who did a good office for you with her lovely cousin!"

Henry felt despair circling his heart, and freezing it, with each word of this address. His resolution was instantly taken, and this enabled him to preserve his calmness. His cheek was pale, but it changed not: his eye remained steady, as he made a common-place reply, and the Duke and the Duchess congratulated themselves on the restoration of the page's tranquillity.

The 18th of May was the birth-day of the Duchess: on that morning the rich cavalcade set out for the Castle of Kynast, meaning to celebrate the joyful festival by chivalrous sports. Henry rode by his mistress' carriage, on a beautiful horse which she had given to him that day twelvemonth. Every one remarked the paleness of his countenance; but an unusual fire sparkled in his eyes, and altogether he seemed to exult, rather than, as of late, to mourn. There was general satisfaction expressed at the happy change. The page's steed seemed determined that day to show his master to the greatest possible advantage. He went snorting with courage; sometimes playing disdainfully with the earth, which he struck with short bounds; then rearing as if in fury; then springing forward as if maddened by restraint, yet all the while proud of his rider's sway, and never for one instant escaping, or seeking to escape, from the secret invisible power of his flexible practised hand. All eyes were fixed on the gallant youth, and above all those of the Duchess—who that day seemed to herself to feel an interest in him of a more remarkable nature than what she had ever before experienced—and which created something like an agitation in her heart for which she could not account. His pale face, his beaming eyes, rivetted her attention. She could not take her looks from them; and once or twice she uttered a short hasty cry of alarm, as the spirited charger appeared to expose his rider to peril. The page on these occasions bowed gracefully but seriously towards his mistress; and altogether he seemed like one who had suddenly acquired new and high privileges, which he was incapable to abuse, but proud of possessing.

A sumptuous banquet was given to the knights and retainers on the great lawn before the Castle; and, after this, Etha took her seat beneath a splendid canopy to witness the games. They were many and various, of an athletic kind, and in these the page distinguished himself, as he was wont—few could compete with him, either in agility or courage. The last trial of both now only remained: it had been ordered by the masters of the festival, that, to conclude the day's exercises, a prize of a golden chain should be awarded to him who should dare to climb the warder's lofty tower —overlooking the precipice on the brink of which the Castle stood—by the projecting stones of the external wall—a difficult and perilous task, which it was thought few would attempt, and perhaps none perform. The conditions were, that the successful person (if any succeeded) when standing on the extreme parapet, should receive a goblet, filled with wine, from the warder's hand: that, thus elevated in the eyes of all, he should pronounce the name of his mistress, drink her health in the contents of the cup, and then, descending, receive the chain he had won from the hands of the Duchess herself.

Many young cavaliers made the attempt, but soon relinquished it. The danger and fatigue was too great. At last the trumpets announced that Henry of Chila was about to essay the enterprise. He was observed to look earnestly at the Duchess as he advanced to the foot of the rock. He was soon seen ascending; and, while the crowd held their breaths, under the influence of admiration and horror mingled, the adventurous youth gained the summit, and stood erect and firm on the fearful height. The warder held out to him the bowl filled

with wine; a shout from below greeted his triumph; the utmost silence then prevailed, for all burned with curiosity to hear pronounced the name of her who had gained the heart of Henry of Chila.

"He is about to utter the name of Agnes," said the Duchess to one of her ladies—and as she said this she sighed. "He has done a dangerous feat for her," she added.

Henry raised the cup in his right hand: the sun was setting,—its rays flashed upon him horizontally, kindling the fair locks that streamed about his face, disordered by the exertion of climbing. He stood like a divine messenger, about to communicate the will of Heaven to mortals. The silence grew more fixed and deep. Not a breath was suffered to escape.

"I drink," exclaimed he, with a loud voice, "to my mistress—to her whom I love—to Etha, Duchess of Liegnitz—wife of my most honoured and esteemed master the Duke—whom I have ever served with fidelity, and to whom in the moment of death I declare my gratitude."

A piercing shriek was uttered by the Duchess, as she turned away her head; for too well she foresaw what was about to happen. The Duke sprung forward, exclaiming, "In the name of God! hold!" A loud cry of *Jesu Maria!* was the next instant set up by the whole multitude, and the body of the unfortunate page lay mangled and lifeless on the stones beneath the Castle wall!

Deep sobs and stifled screams were heard to come from under the canopy; and a sad agitation and hurried moments prevailed there amongst the attendants. The Abbot of Lambus advanced towards the corpse, crossing his hands over his breast, and exclaiming in a trembling voice, "To his poor soul may God have mercy!" —"To his poor soul may God have mercy," was solemnly ejaculated by the crowd, as with one voice; and the echoes in the mountains around were thrice heard to repeat the word "*mercy.*" The Duke ordered the remains of his page to be collected for burial in the ducal vault at Liegnitz; and masses were celebrated at Warmbrunn for the soul of the departed.

London Mag.

MODESTY.

Not to unveil before the gaze
Of an imperfect sympathy
In aught we are, is the sweet praise
And the main sum of modesty.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

MY COTTAGE.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

"One small spot
Where my tired mind may rest and call it *home.*
There is a magic in that little word;
It is a mystic circle that surrounds
Comforts and virtues never known beyond
The hallowed limit."

SOUTHEY'S *Hymn to the Penates.*

Here have I found at last a home of peace
To hide me from the world; far from its noise,
To feed that spirit, which, though sprung from earth,
And linked to human beings by the bond
Of earthly love, hath yet a loftier aim
Than perishable joy, and through the calm
That sleeps amid the mountain-solitude,
Can hear the billows of eternity,
And hear delighted.

Many a mystic gleam,
Lovely though faint, of imaged happiness
Fell on my youthful heart, as oft her light
Smiles on a wandering cloud, ere the fair moon
Hath risen in the sky. And oh! ye dreams
That to such spiritual happiness could shape
The lonely reveries of my boyish days,
Are ye at last fulfilled? Ye fairy scenes,
That to the doubting gaze of prophecy
Rose lovely, with your fields of sunny green,
Your sparkling rivulets and hanging groves
Of more than rainbow lustre, where the swing
Of woods primeval darkened the still depth
Of lakes bold-sweeping round their guardian hills
Even like the arms of Ocean, where the roar
Sullen and far from mountain cataract
Was heard amid the silence, like a thought
Of solemn mood that tames the dancing soul
When swarming with delights;—ye fairy scenes!
Fancied no more, but bursting on my heart
In living beauty, with adoring song
I bid you hail! and with as holy love
As ever beautified the eye of saint
Hymning his midnight orisons, to you
I consecrate my life,—till the dim stain
Left by those worldly and unhallowed thoughts
That taint the purest soul, by bliss destroyed,
My spirit travel like a summer sun,
Itself all glory, and its path all joy.

Nor will the musing penance of the soul,
Performed by moonlight, or the setting sun,
To hymn of swinging oak, or the wild flow
Of mountain-torrent, ever lead her on
To virtue, but through peace. For Nature speaks
A parent's language, and, in tones as mild
As e'er hushed infant on its mother's breast,
Wins us to learn her lore. Yea! even to guilt,
Though in her image something terrible

Weigh down his being with a load of awe,
Love mingled with her wrath, like tender light
Streamed o'er a dying storm. And thus where'er
Man feels as man, the earth is beautiful.
His blessings sanctify even senseless things,
And the wide world in cheerful loveliness
Returns to him its joy. The summer air,
Whose glittering stillness sleeps within his soul,
Stirs with its own delight: the verdant earth,
Like beauty waking from a happy dream,
Lies smiling: each fair cloud to him appears
A pilgrim travelling to the shrine of peace;
And the wild wave, that wantons on the sea,
A gay though homeless stranger. Ever blest
The man who thus beholds the golden chain
Linking his soul to outward Nature fair,
Full of the living God!

And where, ye haunts
Of grandeur and of beauty! shall the heart,
That yearns for high communion with its God,
Abide, if e'er its dreams have been of you?
The loveliest sounds, forms, hues, of all the earth
Linger delighted here: here guilt might come,
With sullen soul abhorring Nature's joy,
And in a moment be restored to Heaven.
Here sorrow, with a dimness o'er his face,
Might be beguiled to smiles—almost forget
His sufferings, and, in Nature's living book,
Read characters so lovely, that his heart
Would, as it blessed them, feel a rising swell
Almost like joy!—O earthly paradise!
Of many a secret anguish hast thou healed
Him, who now greets thee with a joyful strain.

And oh! if in those elevated hopes
That lean on virtue,—in those high resolves
That bring the future close upon the soul,
And nobly dare its dangers;—if in joy
Whose vital spring is more than innocence,
Yea! faith and adoration!—if the soul
Of man may trust to these—and they are strong,
Strong as the prayer of dying penitent—
My being shall be bliss. For witness, Thou!
Oh mighty One! whose saving love has stolen
On the deep peace of moonbeams to my heart—
Thou! who with looks of mercy oft has cheered
The starry silence, when, at noon of night,
On some wild mountain thou hast not declined
The homage of thy lonely worshipper—
Bear witness, Thou! that, both in joy and grief,
The love of nature long hath been with me
The love of virtue:—that the solitude
Of the remotest hills to me hath been
Thy temple:—that the fountain's happy voice
Hath sung thy goodness, and thy power has stunned
My spirit in the roaring cataract!

Such solitude to me! Yet are there hearts—
Worthy of good men's love, nor unadorned
With sense of moral beauty—to the joy
That dwells within the Almighty's outward shrine,
Senseless and cold. Ay, there are men who see
The broad sun sinking in a blaze of light,
Nor feel their disembodied spirits hail
With adoration the departing God;
Who on the night-sky, when a cloudless moon
Glides in still beauty through unnumbered stars,
Can turn the eye unmoved, as if a wall
Of darkness screened the glory from their souls.
With humble pride I bless the Holy One
For sights to these denied. And oh! how oft
In seasons of depression—when the lamp
Of life burned dim, and all unpleasant thoughts
Subdued the proud aspirings of the soul—
When doubts and fears withheld the timid eye
From scanning scenes to come, and a deep sense
Of human frailty turned the past to pain,
How oft have I remembered that a world
Of glory lay around me, that a source
Of lofty solace lay in every star,
And that no being need behold the sun,
And grieve, that knew Who hung him in the sky.
Thus unperceived I woke from heavy grief
To airy joy: and seeing that the mind
Of man, though still the image of his God,
Leaned by his will on various happiness,
I felt that all was good; that faculties,
Though low, might constitute, if rightly used,
True wisdom; and when man hath here attained
The purpose of his being, he will sit
Near mercy's throne, whether his course hath been
Prone on the earth's dim sphere, or, as with wing
Of viewless eagle, round the central blaze.

Then ever shall the day that led me here
Be held in blest remembrance. I shall see,
Even at my dying hour, the glorious sun
That made Winander one wide wave of gold,
When first in transport from the mountain-top
I hailed the heavenly vision! Not a cloud,
Whose wreaths lay smiling in the lap of light,
Not one of all those sister-isles that sleep
Together, like a happy family
Of beauty and of love, but will arise
To cheer my parting spirit, and to tell
That Nature gently leads unto the grave
All who have read her heart, and kept their own
In kindred holiness.

But ere that hour
Of awful triumph, I do hope that years
Await me, when the unconscious power of joy
Creating wisdom, the bright dreams of soul
Will humanize the heart, and I shall be
More worthy to be loved by those whose love
Is highest praise:—that by the living light
That burns for ever in affection's breast,
I shall behold how fair and beautiful
A human form may be.—Oh, there are thoughts
That slumber in the soul, like sweetest sounds
Amid the harp's loose strings, till airs from Heaven

On earth, at dewy nightfall, visitant,
Awake the sleeping melody! Such thoughts,
My gentle Mary, I have owed to thee.
And if thy voice e'er melt into my soul
With a dear home-toned whisper,—if thy face
E'er brighten in the unsteady gleams of light
From our own cottage hearth;—O Mary! then
My overpowered spirit will recline
Upon thy inmost heart, till it become,
O sinless seraph! almost worthy thee.

Then will the earth—that oftimes to the eye
Of solitary lover seems o'erhung
With too severe a shade, and faintly smiles
With ineffectual beauty on his heart—
Be clothed with everlasting joy; like land
Of blooming faëry, or of boyhood's dreams
Ere life's first flush is o'er. Oft shall I turn
My vision from the glories of the scene
To read them in thine eyes; and hidden grace,
That slumbers in the crimson clouds of even,
Will reach my spirit through their varying light,
Though viewless in the sky. Wandering with thee,
A thousand beauties never seen before
Will glide with sweet surprise into my soul,
Even in those fields where each particular tree
Was looked on as a friend—where I had been
Frequent, for years, among the lonely glens.

Nor, 'mid the quiet of reflecting bliss,
Will the faint image of the distant world
Ne'er float before us:—Cities will arise
Among the clouds that circle round the sun,
Gorgeous with tower and temple. The night-voice
Of flood and mountain to our ear will seem
Like life's loud stir:—And, as the dream dissolves,
With burning spirit we will smile to see
Only the moon rejoicing in the sky,
And the still grandeur of the eternal hills.

Yet, though the fulness of domestic joy
Bless our united beings, and the home
Be ever happy where thy smiles are seen,
Though human voice might never touch our ear
From lip of friend or brother;—yet, oh! think
What pure benevolence will warm our hearts,
When with the undelaying steps of love
Through yon o'ershadowing wood we dimly see
A coming friend, far distant then believed,
And all unlooked for. When the short distrust
Of unexpected joy no more constrains,
And the eye's welcome brings him to our arms,
With gladdened spirit he will quickly own
That true love ne'er was selfish, and that man
Ne'er knew the whole affection of his heart
Till resting on another's. If from scenes
Of noisy life he come, and in his soul
The love of Nature, like a long-past dream,
If e'er it stir, yield but a dim delight,
Oh! we shall lead him where the genial power
Of beauty, working by the wavy green
Of hill-ascending wood, the misty gleam
Of lakes reposing in their peaceful vales,
And, lovelier than the loveliness below,
The moonlight Heaven, shall to his blood restore
An undisturbed flow, such as he felt
Pervade his being, morning, noon, and night.
When youth's bright years passed happily away.
Among his native hills, and all he knew
Of crowded cities was from passing tale
Of traveller, half-believed, and soon forgotten.

And fear not, Mary! that, when winter comes,
These solitary mountains will resign
The beauty that pervades their mighty frames,
Even like a living soul. The gleams of light
Hurrying in joyful tumult o'er the cliffs,
And giving to our musings many a burst
Of sudden grandeur, even as if the eye
Of God were wandering o'er the lovely wild,
Pleased with his own creation;—the still joy
Of cloudless skies; and the delighted voice
Of hymning fountains—these will leave awhile
The altered earth:—But other attributes
Of nature's heart will rule, and in the storm
We shall behold the same prevailing Power
That slumbers in the calm, and sanctify,
With adoration, the delight of love.
. . . . . .
I lift my eyes upon the radiant moon,
That long unnoticed o'er my head has held
Her solitary walk, and as her light
Recalls my wandering soul, I start to feel
That all has been a dream. Alone I stand
Amid the silence. Onward rolls the stream
Of time, while to my ear its waters sound
With a strange rushing music. O my soul!
Whate'er betide, for aye remember thou
These mystic warnings, for they are of Heaven.

LACON.

BY REV. C. C. COLTON.

The great examples of Bacon, of Milton, of Newton, of Locke, and of others, happen to be directly against the popular inference, that a certain wildness of eccentricity and thoughtlessness of conduct, are the necessary accompaniments of talent, and the sure indications of genius. Because some have united these extravagances with great demonstrations of talent, as a Rousseau, a Chatterton, a Savage, a Burns, or a Byron, others, finding it less difficult to be eccentric than to be brilliant, have therefore adopted the one, in the hope that the world would give them credit for the other. But the greatest genius is never so great as when it is chastised and subdued by the highest reason; it is from such a combina-

tion, like that of Bucephalus, reined in by Alexander, that the most powerful efforts have been produced. And be it remembered, that minds of the very highest order, who have given an unrestrained course to their caprice or to their passions, would have been so much higher by subduing them; and that so far from presuming that the world would give them credit for talent, on the score of their aberrations and their extravagances, all that they dared hope or expect has been, that the world would pardon and overlook those extravagances, on account of the various and manifold proofs they were constantly exhibiting of superior acquirement and inspiration. We might also add, that the good effects of talent are universal, the evil of its blemishes confined. The light and heat of the sun benefit all, and are by all enjoyed; the spots on his surface are discoverable only to the *few*. But the lower order of aspirers to fame and talent have pursued a very different course; instead of exhibiting talent in the hope that the world would forgive their eccentricities, they have exhibited only their eccentricities in the hope that the world would give them credit for talent.

Avarice begets more vices than Priam did children, and, like Priam, *survives* them all. It starves its keeper to surfeit those who wish him dead; and makes him submit to more mortifications to lose heaven, than the martyr undergoes to gain it. Avarice is a passion full of paradox, a madness full of method; for although the miser is the most mercenary of all beings, yet he serves the worst master more faithfully than some Christians do the best, and will take nothing for it. He falls down and worships the god of this world, but will have neither its pomps, its vanities, nor its pleasures for his trouble. He begins to accumulate treasure as a *mean* to happiness, and by a common but morbid association, he continues to accumulate it as an *end*. He lives poor to die rich, and is the mere jailer of his house and the turnkey of his wealth. Impoverished by his gold, he slaves harder to imprison it in his chest than his brother slave to liberate it from the mine. The avarice of the miser may be termed the grand sepulchre of all his other passions, as they successively decay. But, unlike other tombs, it is enlarged by *repletion* and strengthened by *age*. This latter paradox, so peculiar to this passion, must be ascribed to that love of power so inseparable from the human mind. There are three kinds of power—wealth, strength, and talent; but as old age always weakens, often destroys the two latter, the aged are induced to cling with the greater avidity to the former. And the attachment of the aged to wealth *must* be a growing and a progressive attachment, since such are not slow in discovering that those same ruthless years which detract so sensibly from the strength of their bodies, and of their minds, serve only to augment and to consolidate the strength of their purse.

We should justly ridicule a general who, just before an action, should suddenly disarm his men, and putting into the hands of all of them a Bible, should order them, thus equipped, to march against the enemy. Here we plainly see the folly of calling in the Bible to support the sword; but is it not as great a folly to call in the sword to support the Bible? Our Saviour divided force from reason, and let no man presume to join what God hath put asunder. When we combat error with any other weapon than argument, we err more than those whom we attack.

None are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets money, for the purpose of circulation.

There are minds so habituated to intrigue and mystery in themselves, and so prone to expect it from others, that they will never accept of a plain reason for a plain fact, if it be possible to devise causes for it that are obscure, far-fetched, and usually *not worth the carriage*. Like the miser of Berkshire, who would ruin a good horse to escape a turnpike, so these gentlemen ride their high-bred *theories* to death, in order to come at truth through by-paths, lanes, and alleys, while she herself is jogging quietly along upon the high and beaten road of common sense. The consequence is, that they who take this mode of arriving at truth are sometimes *before* her and sometimes *behind* her, but very seldom *with* her. Thus the great statesman who relates the conspiracy against Doria, pauses to deliberate upon, and minutely to scrutinize into divers and sundry errors committed, and opportunities neglected, whereby he would wish to account for the total failure of that spirited enterprise. But the plain fact was, that the scheme had been so well planned and digested, that it was victorious in every point of its operation, both on the sea and on the shore, in the harbour of Genoa no less than in the city, until that most unlucky accident befel the Count de Fiesque, who was the very life and soul of the conspiracy. In stepping from one galley to another, the plank on which he stood upset, and he fell into the sea. His armour happened to be very *heavy*—the night to be

very *dark*—the water to be very *deep*—and the bottom to be very *muddy*. And it is another *plain fact*, that water, in all such cases, happens to make no distinction whatever between a *conqueror and a cat*.

Fortune has been considered the guardian divinity of fools; and, on this score, she has been accused of blindness; but it should rather be adduced as a proof of her sagacity, when she helps those who certainly cannot help themselves.

In the obscurity of retirement, amid the squalid poverty and revolting privations of a cottage, it has often been my lot to witness scenes of magnanimity and self-denial as much beyond the belief as the practice of the great —a heroism borrowing no support either from the gaze of the many or the admiration of the few, yet flourishing amidst ruins and on the confines of the grave; a spectacle as stupendous in the moral world as the falls of the Missouri in the natural; and, like that mighty cataract, doomed to display its grandeur only where there are no eyes to appreciate its magnificence.

There is this difference between those two temporal blessings, health and money: money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed, but the least envied; and this superiority of the latter is still more obvious when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with all their money for health.

To know a man, observe how he *wins* his object, rather than how he loses it; for when we fail our pride supports us, when we succeed it betrays us.

After hypocrites, the greatest dupes the devil has are those who exhaust an anxious existence in the disappointments and vexations of business, and live miserably and meanly, only to die magnificently and rich. For, like the hypocrites, the only *disinterested* action these men can accuse themselves of is, that of serving the devil, without receiving his wages; for the assumed formality of the one is not a more effectual bar to enjoyment than the real avarice of the other. He that stands every day of his life behind a counter, until he drops from it into the grave, may negotiate many very profitable bargains; but he has made a single bad one, so bad indeed that it counterbalances all the rest; for the empty foolery of dying rich, he has paid down his health, his happiness, and his integrity; since a very old author observes, that "*as mortar sticketh between the stones, so sticketh fraud between buying and selling.*" Such a worldling may be compared to a merchant who should put a rich cargo into a vessel, embark with it himself, and encounter all the perils and privations of the sea, although he was thoroughly convinced beforehand that he was only providing for a shipwreck at the end of a troublesome and tedious voyage.

Two things, well considered, would prevent many quarrels; first, to have it well ascertained whether we are not disputing about terms rather than things; and, secondly, to examine whether that on which we differ is worth contending about.

It is an unfortunate thing for fools, that their pretensions should rise in an inverse ratio with their abilities, and their presumption with their weakness; and for the wise, that diffidence should be the companion of talent, and doubt the fruit of investigation.

Were a plain unlettered man, but endowed with common sense and a certain *quantum* of observation and of reflection, to read over attentively the four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles, without any *note or comment*, I hugely doubt whether it would enter into his ears to hear, his eyes to see, or his heart to conceive the purport of many ideas signified by many words ending in *ism*, which nevertheless have cost Christendom rivers of ink and oceans of blood.

Should the world applaud, we must thankfully receive it as a boon; for, if the most deserving of us appear to expect it as a debt, it will never be paid. The world, it has been said, does as much justice to our merits as to our defects, and I believe it; but, after all, none of us are so much praised or censured as we think; and most men would be thoroughly cured of their self-importance, if they would only *rehearse their own funeral*, and walk abroad *incognito* the very day after that on which they were *supposed* to have been buried.

Anguish of mind has driven thousands to suicide; anguish of body, none. This proves that the health of the mind is of far more consequence to our happiness than the health of the body, although both are deserving of much more attention than either of them receive.

We are not more ingenious in searching out bad motives for good actions, when performed by others, than good motives for bad actions, when performed by ourselves.

As no roads are so rough as those that have just been mended, so no sinners are so intolerant as those that have just turned saints.

Few things are more destructive of the best interests of society than the prevalent but

mistaken notion that it requires a vast deal of talent to be a successful knave. For this position, while it diminishes that odium which ought to attach to fraud in the part of those who suffer by it, increases also the temptation to commit it on the part of those who profit by it; since there are so many who would rather be written down knaves than fools. But the plain fact is, that to be honest *with* success requires far more talent than to be a rogue, and to be honest *without* success requires far more magnanimity; for trick is not dexterity, cunning is not skill, and mystery is not profoundness. The honest man proposes to arrive at a certain point, by one straight and narrow road, that is beset on all sides with obstacles and with impediments. He would rather stand still, than proceed by trespassing on the property of his neighbour, and would rather overcome a difficulty than avoid it by breaking down a fence. The knave, it is true, proposes to himself the same object, but arrives at it by a very different route. Provided only that he gets on, he is not particular whether he effects it where there is a road, or where there is none; he trespasses without scruple, either on the forbidden ground of private property, or on those by-paths where there is no legal thoroughfare; what he cannot reach over he will overreach, and those obstacles they cannot surmount by climbing, he will undermine by creeping, quite regardless of the *filth* that may stick to him in the scramble. The consequence is that he frequently overtakes the honest man, and passes by him with a sneer. What then shall we say? that the rogue has *more* talent than the upright? let us rather say that he has less. For wisdom is nothing more than judgment exercised on the true value of things that are desirable; but of things in themselves desirable, those are the most so that remain the longest. Let us therefore mark the end of these things, and we shall come to one conclusion, the fiat of the tribunal both of God and of man;—That *honesty is not only the deepest policy, but the highest wisdom;* since however difficult it may be for integrity to get on, it is a thousand times *more* difficult for knavery to *get off;* and no error is more fatal than that of those who think that virtue has no *other* reward, because they have heard that she is her own.

Pride differs in many things from vanity, and by gradations that never blend, although they may be somewhat indistinguishable. Pride may perhaps be termed a too high opinion of ourselves, founded on the *overrating* of certain qualities that *we do actually possess;* whereas vanity is more easily satisfied, and can extract a feeling of self-complacency from qualifications that are *imaginary.* Vanity can also feed upon externals, but pride must have more or less of that which is intrinsic; the proud therefore do not set so high a value upon wealth as the vain, neither are they so much depressed by poverty. Vanity looks to the many and to the moment, pride to the future and the few; hence pride has more difficulties, and vanity more disappointments; neither does she bear them so well, for she at times distrusts herself, whereas pride despises others. For the vain man cannot always be certain of the validity of his pretensions, because they are often as empty as that very vanity that has created them; therefore it is necessary for his happiness, that they should be confirmed by the opinion of his neighbours, and his own vote in favour of himself he thinks of little weight, until it be backed by the suffrages of others. The vain man idolizes his own person, and here he is wrong; but he cannot bear his own company, and here he is right. But the proud man wants no such confirmations; his pretensions may be small, but they are something, and his error lies in overrating them. If others appreciate his merits less highly, he attributes it either to their envy, or to their ignorance, and enjoys in prospect that period when time shall have removed the film from their eyes. Therefore the proud man can afford to wait, because he has no doubt of the strength of his capital, and can also live, by anticipation, on that fame which he has persuaded himself that he deserves. He often draws indeed too largely upon posterity, but even here he is safe; for should the bills be dishonoured, this cannot happen until *that debt* which cancels all others shall have been paid.

If you cannot inspire a woman with love of you, fill her above the brim with love of herself;—all that runs over will be yours.

When we feel a strong desire to thrust our advice upon others, it is usually because we suspect their weakness; but we ought rather to suspect our own.

Many schemes ridiculed as utopian, decried as visionary, and declaimed against as impracticable, will be realized the moment the march of sound knowledge has effected this for our species: that of making men wise enough to see their true interests, and disinterested enough to pursue them.

There is this of good in real evils, they deliver us while they last from the petty despotism of all that were imaginary.—*Lacon: or Many Things in Few Words.*

LOVE'S PERVERSITY.

[Coventry Kearsey Dighton Patmore, born at Woodford, Essex, 2d July, 1823. He was some time assistant-librarian in the British Museum. His works are: *Tamerton Church Tower, and other Poems; The Angel in the House*, a domestic poem in four parts: *The Betrothal; The Espousal; Faithful for Ever;* and *The Victories of Love.* Mr. Ruskin says this poem "is a most finished piece of writing, and the sweetest analysis we possess of quiet, modern, domestic feeling." Mr. Patmore also edited *A Garland of Poems for Children*, and contributed to the *Edinburgh* and *North British Reviews.* A complete edition of his poems has been issued by Macmillan.]

How strange a thing a lover seems
To animals that do not love!
Lo, where he walks and talks in dreams,
And flouts us with his Lady's glove;
How foreign is the garb he wears;
And how his great devotion mocks
Our poor propriety, and scares
The undevout with paradox!
His soul, through scorn of worldly care,
And great extremes of sweet and gall,
And musing much on all that's fair,
Grows witty and fantastical;
He sobs his joy and sings his grief,
And evermore finds such delight
In simply picturing his relief,
That 'plaining seems to cure his plight;
He makes his sorrow when there's none;
His fancy blows both cold and hot;
Next to the wish that she'll be won,
His first hope is that she may not;
He sues, yet deprecates consent;
Would she be captured she must fly;
She looks too happy and content,
For whose least pleasure he would die;
Oh, cruelty, she cannot care
For one to whom she's always kind!
He says he's nought, but, oh, despair,
If he's not Jove to her fond mind!
He's jealous if she pets a dove,
She must be his with all her soul;
Yet 'tis a postulate in love
That part is greater than the whole,
And all his apprehension's stress,
When he's with her, regards her hair,
Her hand, a ribbon of her dress,
As if his life were only there;
Because she's constant, he will change,
And kindest glances coldly meet,
And, all the time he seems so strange,
His soul is fawning at her feet;
Of smiles and simple heaven grown tired,
He wickedly provokes her tears,
And when she weeps, as he desired,
Falls slain with ecstasies of fears;
He blames her, though she has no fault,
Except the folly to be his;
He worships her, the more to exalt
The profanation of a kiss;
Health's his disease; he's never well
But when his paleness shames her rose;
His faith's a rock-built citadel,
Its sign a flag that each way blows;
His o'erfed fancy frets and fumes;
And Love, in him, is fierce like Hate,
And ruffles his ambrosial plumes
Against the bars of time and fate.

The Angel in the House.

THE AUTHORESS.

BY AMELIA OPIE.

A young lady, who valued herself on her benevolence and good breeding, and had as much respect for truth as those who live in the world usually have, was invited by an authoress, whose favour she coveted, and by whose attention she was flattered, to come and hear her read a manuscript tragi-comedy. The other auditor was an old lady, who, to considerable personal ugliness, united strange grimaces and convulsive twitchings of the face, chiefly the result of physical causes.

The authoress read in so affected and dramatic a manner, that the young lady's boasted benevolence had no power to curb her propensity to laughter; which being perceived by the reader, she stopped in angry consternation, and desired to know whether she laughed at her or her composition. At first she was too much fluttered to make any reply; but as she dared not own the truth, and had no scruple against being guilty of deception, she cleverly resolved to excuse herself by a practical lie. She therefore trod on her friend's foot, elbowed her, and, by winks and signs, tried to make her believe that it was the grimaces of her opposite neighbour, who was quietly knitting and twitching as usual, which had had such an effect on her risible faculties; and the deceived authoress, smiling herself when her young guest directed her eye to her unconscious *vis à vis*, resumed her reading with a lightened brow and increased energy.

This added to the young lady's amusement; as she could now indulge her risibility occasionally at the authoress's expense, without exciting her suspicions; especially as the manuscript was sometimes intended to excite smiles, if not laughter; and the self-love of the writer led her to suppose that her hearer's mirth was

the result of her comic powers. But the treacherous gratification of the auditor was soon at an end. The manuscript was meant to move tears as well as smiles; but as the matter became more pathetic, the manner became more ludicrous; and the youthful hearer could no more force a tear than she could restrain a laugh; till the mortified authoress, irritated into forgetfulness of all feeling and propriety, exclaimed, "Indeed, Mrs. ——, I must desire you to move your seat and sit where Miss —— does not see you; for you make such queer grimaces that you draw her attention and cause her to laugh when she should be listening to me." The erring but humane girl was overwhelmed with dismay at the unexpected exposure; and when the poor infirm old lady replied, in a faltering tone, "Is she indeed laughing at me?" she could scarcely refrain from telling the truth, and assuring her that she was incapable of such cruelty. "Yes," rejoined the authoress, in a paroxysm of wounded self-love; "she owned to me, soon after she began, that you occasioned her ill-timed mirth; and when I looked at you, I could hardly help smiling myself; but I am sure you could help making such faces if you would." "Child!" cried the old lady, while tears of wounded sensibility trickled down her pale cheeks, "and you, my unjust friend, I hope and trust that I forgive you both; but, if ever you should be paralytic yourselves, may you remember this evening, and learn to repent of having been provoked to laugh at the physical weakness of a palsied old woman!" The indignant authoress was now penitent, subdued, and ashamed, and earnestly asked pardon for her unkindness; but the young offender, whose acted lie had exposed her to seem guilty of a fault which she had not committed, was in an agony to which expression was inadequate! But to exculpate herself was impossible: and she could only give her wounded victim tear for tear.

To attend to a farther perusal of the manuscript was impossible. The old lady desired that her carriage should come round directly; the authoress locked up the composition that had been so ill received; and the young lady, who had been proud of the acquaintance of each, became an object of suspicion and dislike both to the one and the other; since the former considered her to be of a cruel and unfeeling nature, and the latter could not conceal from herself the mortifying truth, that she must have felt her play to be wholly devoid of interest, as it had utterly failed either to rivet or to attract her young auditor's attention.

But, though this girl lost two valued acquaintances by acting a lie—a harmless white lie, as it is called—I fear she was not taught or amended by the circumstance; but deplored her want of luck, rather than her want of integrity; and, had her deception met with the success which she expected, she would probably have boasted of her ingenious artifice to her acquaintance; nor can I help believing that she goes on in the same way whenever she is tempted to do so, and values herself on the lies of SELFISH FEAR, which she dignifies by the name of LIES OF BENEVOLENCE.

It is curious to observe that the kindness which prompts to really erroneous conduct cannot continue to bear even a remote connection with real benevolence. The mistaken girl, in the anecdote related above, begins with what she calls a virtuous deception. She could not wound the feelings of the authoress by owning that she laughed at her mode of reading: she therefore accused herself of a much worse fault; that of laughing at the personal infirmities of a fellow-creature; and then, finding that her artifice enabled her to indulge her sense of the ridiculous with impunity, she at length laughs treacherously and systematically, because she dares do so, and not *involuntarily*, as she did at first, at her unsuspecting friend. Thus such hollow unprincipled benevolence as hers soon degenerated into absolute *malevolence*. But had this girl been a girl of principle and of *real benevolence*, she might have healed her friend's vanity at the same time that she wounded it, by saying, after she had owned that her mode of reading made her laugh, that she was now convinced of the truth of what she had often heard; namely, that authors rarely do justice to their own works when they read them aloud themselves, however well they may read the works of others; because they are naturally so nervous on the occasion, that they are laughably violent, because painfully agitated.

This reply could not have offended her friend greatly, if at all; and it might have led her to moderate her *outré* manner of reading. She would in consequence have appeared to more advantage; and the interests of real benevolence, namely, the doing good to a fellow-creature, would have been served, and she would not, by a vain attempt to save a friend's vanity from being hurt, have been the means of wounding the feelings of an afflicted *woman;* have incurred the charge of inhumanity, which she by no means deserved; and have vainly, as well as grossly, sacrificed the interests of truth. —*Illustrations of Lying in all its Branches.*

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

My mother's grave, my mother's grave!
Oh! dreamless is her slumber there,
And drowsily the banners wave
O'er her that was so chaste and fair;
Yea! love is dead, and memory faded!
But when the dew is on the brake,
And silence sleeps on earth and sea,
And mourners weep, and ghosts awake,
Oh! then she cometh back to me,
In her cold beauty darkly shaded!

I cannot guess her face or form;
But what to me is form or face?
I do not ask the weary worm
To give me back each buried grace
Of glistening eyes, or trailing tresses!
I only feel that she is here,
And that we meet, and that we part;
And that I drink within mine ear,
And that I clasp around my heart,
Her sweet still voice, and soft caresses!

Not in the waking thought by day,
Not in the sightless dream by night,
Do the mild tones and glances play
Of her who was my cradle's light!
But in some twilight of calm weather,
She glides, by fancy dimly wrought,
A glittering cloud, a darkling beam,
With all the quiet of a thought,
And all the passion of a dream,
Linked in a golden spell together!

W. M. Praed.

TEN YEARS AGO.

Ten years ago—ten years ago—
Life was to us a fairy scene;
And the keen blasts of worldly woe
Had seared not then its pathway green.
Youth and its thousand dreams were ours—
Feelings we ne'er can know again—
Unwithered hopes, unwasted powers,
And frames unworn by mortal pain.
Such was the bright and genial flow
Of life with us—ten years ago.

Time had not blanch'd a single hair
That clusters round thy forehead now;
Nor had the cankering touch of care
Left even one furrow on thy brow.
Thine eyes are blue as when we met,
In love's deep truth, in earlier years;
Thy cheek of rose is blooming yet,
Though sometimes stained by secret tears.
But where, O where's the spirit's glow,
That shone through all—ten years ago?

I too am changed—I scarce know why;
Can feel each flagging pulse decay,
And youth, and health, and visions high,
Melt like a wreath of snow away.
Time cannot, sure, have wrought the ill;
Though worn in this world's scheming strife
In soul and form—I linger still
In the first summer month of life;
Yet journey on my path below,—
O! how unlike ten years ago!

Alaric A. Watts.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

BY THEODORE HOOK.

It happened on the 31st of March, 1926, that the then Duke and Duchess of Bedford were sitting in their good but old house, No. 17 Liberality Place (the corner of Riego Street), near to where old Hammersmith stood before the great improvements, and, although it was past two o'clock, the breakfast equipage still remained upon the table.

It may be necessary to state that the illustrious family in question, having embraced the Roman Catholic faith (which at that period was the established religion of the country), had been allowed to retain their titles and honourable distinctions, although Woburn Abbey had been long before restored to the church, and was, at the time of which we treat, occupied by a worshipful community of holy friars. The Duke's family estates in Old London had been, of course, divided by the Equitable Convention amongst the numerous persons whose distressed situation gave them the strongest claims, and his grace and his family had been for a long time receiving the compensation annuity allotted to his ancestors.

"Where is Lady Elizabeth?" said his grace to the Duchess.

"She is making the beds, Duke," replied her grace.

"What, again to-day?" said his grace. "Where are Stubbs, Hogsflesh, and Figgins, the females whom, were it not contrary to law, I should call the housemaids?"

"They are gone," said her grace, "on a sketching tour with the manciple, Mr. Nicholson, and his nephew."

"Why are not these things removed?" said his grace, eyeing the breakfast-table, upon which (the piece of furniture being of oak without covering) stood a huge jar of honey, several saucers of beet-root, a large pot of half-cold decoction of sassafrage, and an urn full of bean-juice, the use of cotton, sugar, tea, and

coffee having been utterly abolished by law in the year 1888.

"I have rung several times," said the Duchess, "and sent Lady Maria upstairs into the assistants' drawing-room to get some of them to remove the things, but they have kept her, I believe, to sing to them; I know they are very fond of hearing her, and often do so."

His grace, whose appetite seemed renewed by the sight of the still lingering viands which graced the board, seemed determined to make the best of a bad bargain, and sat down to commence an attack upon some potted seal and pickled fish from Baffin's Bay and Behring's Straits, which some of their friends who had gone over there to pass the summer (as was the fashion of those times) in the East India steamships (which always touched there) had given them; and having consumed a pretty fair portion of the remnants, his favourite daughter, Lady Maria, made her appearance.

"Well, Maria," said his grace, "where have you been all this time?"

"Mr. Curry," said her ladyship, "the young person who is good enough to look after our horses, had a dispute with the lady who assists Mr. Biggs in dressing the dinner for us, whether it was necessary at chess to say check to the queen when the queen was in danger or not. I was unable to decide the question, and I assure you I got so terribly laughed at that I ran away as fast as I could."

"Was Duggins in the assistants' drawing-room, my love?" said the Duke.

"No," said Lady Maria.

"I wanted him to take a message for me," said his grace, in a sort of demi-soliloquy.

"I'm sure he cannot go, then," said Lady Maria, "because I know he has gone to the House of Parliament (there was but one at that time), for he told the other gentleman who cleans the plate, that he could not be back to attend at dinner, however consonant with his wishes, because he had promised to wait for the division."

"Ah," sighed the Duke, "this comes of his having been elected for Westminster."

At this moment Lord William Cobbett Russell made his appearance, extremely hot and evidently tired, having under his arm a largish parcel.

"What have you there, Willy?" said her grace.

"My new breeches," said his lordship;—"I have called upon the worthy citizen who made them, over and over again, and never could get them, for of course I could not expect him to send them, and he is always either at the academy or the gymnasium: however, to-day I caught him just as he was in a hot debate with a gentleman who was cleaning his windows, as to whether the solidity of a prism is equal to the product of its base by its altitude. I confess I was pleased to catch him at home; but unluckily the question was referred to me, and not comprehending it, I was deucedly glad to get off, which I did as fast as I could, both parties calling after me—'there is a lord for you—look at my lord!'—and hooting me in a manner which, however constitutional, I cannot help thinking deucedly disagreeable."

At this period, what in former times was called a footman, named Dowbiggin, made his appearance, who entered the room, as the Duke hoped, to remove the breakfast things; but it was, in fact, to ask Lady Maria to sketch in a tree in a landscape which he was in the course of painting.

"Dowbiggin," said his grace in despair, "I wish you would take away these breakfast things."

"Indeed!" said Dowbiggin, looking at the Duke with the most ineffable contempt—"you do—that's capital—what right have you to ask me to do any such thing?"

"Why, Mr. Dowbiggin," said the Duchess, who was a bit of a tartar in her way—"his grace pays you, and feeds you, and clothes you, to——"

"Well, Duchess," said Dowbiggin, "and what then? Let his grace show me his superiority. I am ready to do anything for him—but please to recollect I asked him yesterday, when I *did* remove the coffee, to tell me what the Altaic chain is called, when, after having united all the rivers which supply the Jenisei, it stretches as far as the Baikal lake—and what did he answer? he made a French pun, and said '*Je ne sais pas, Dobiggin*'—now, if it can be shown by any statute that I, who am perfectly competent to answer any question I propose, am first to be put off with a quibble by way of reply, and secondly, to be required to work for a man who does not know as much as I do myself, merely because he is a duke, why, I'll do it; but if not, I will resist in a constitutional manner such illiberal oppression, and such ridiculous control, even though I am transported to Scotland for it. Now, Lady Maria, go on with the tree."

"Willy," said the duke to his son, "when you have put away your small-clothes, go and ask Mr. Martingale if he will be kind enough to let the horses be put to our carriage, since the Duchess and I wish to go to mass."

"You need not send to Martingale," said Dowbiggin; "he is gone to the Society of Arts to hear a lecture on astronomy."

"Then, Willy, go and endeavour to harness the horses yourself," said the Duke to his son, who instantly obeyed.

"You had better mind about those horses, sir," said Dowbiggin, still watching the progress of his tree; "the two German philosophers and Father O'Flynn have been with them to-day, and there appears little doubt that the great system will spread, and that even these animals which we have been taught to despise, will express their sentiments before long."

"The sentiments of a coach-horse!" sighed the Duchess.

"Thanks, Lady Maria," said Dowbiggin; "now I'll go to work merrily; and, Duke, whenever you can fudge up an answer to my question about the Altaic chain, send one of the girls, and I'll take away the things."

Dowbiggin disappeared, and the Duke, who was anxious to get the parlour cleared (for the house, except two rooms, was all appropriated to the assistants), resolved to inquire of his priest, when he was out, what the proper answer would be to Dowbiggin's question, which he had tried to evade by the offensive quibble, when Lord William Cobbett Russell re-appeared, as white as a sheet.

"My dear father," cried his lordship, "it's all over now. The philosophers have carried the thing too far; the chestnut mare swears she'll be d—d if she goes out to-day."

"What," said the Duke, "has their liberality gone to this—do horses talk? My dear William, you and I know that asses have written before this; but for horses to speak!"

"Perhaps, Willy," said the Duchess, "it is merely yea and nay, or probably only the female horses who talk at all."

"Yes, mother, yes," said her son, "both of them spoke; and not only that, but Nap, the dog you were once so fond of, called after me to say, that we had no right to keep him tied up in that dismal yard, and that he would appeal to Parliament if we did not let him out."

"My dear Duchess," said the Duke, who was even more alarmed at the spread of intelligence than her grace, "there is but one thing for us to do—let us pack up all we can, and if we can get a few well-disposed post-horses, before they get too much enlightened, to take us towards the coast, let us be off."

What happened further, this historical fragment does not explain; but it is believed that the family escaped with their clothes and a few valuables, leaving their property in the possession of their assistants, who by extending, with a liberal anxiety (natural in men who have become learned and great by similar means themselves), the benefits of enlightenment, in turn gave way to the superior claims of inferior animals, and were themselves compelled eventually to relinquish happiness, power, and tranquillity in favour of monkeys, horses, jackasses, dogs, and all manner of beasts.

THE POSIE.

[**Robert Burns**, born on the banks of the Doon, near Ayr, 25th January, 1759; died in Dumfries, 21st July, 1796. Carlyle says: "The excellence of Burns is, indeed, among the rarest, whether in poetry or prose; but at the same time it is plain and easily recognized: his *sincerity*, his indisputable air of truth." "His songs are already part of the mother tongue, not of Scotland only but of Britain, and of the millions that in all ends of the earth speak a British language. In hut and hall, as the heart unfolds itself in many-coloured joy and woe of existence, the *name*, the *voice* of that joy and that woe is the name and voice which Burns has given them."[1]]

O luve will venture in,
Where it daurna weel be seen,
O luve will venture in,
Where wisdom ance has been;
But I will down yon river rove,
Amang the woods sae green,—
And a' to pu' a posie
To my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu',
The firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink,
The emblem o' my dear;
For she's the pink o' womankind,
And blooms without a peer;
And a' to be a posie
To my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose,
When Phœbus peeps in view,
For it's like a baumy kiss
O' her sweet bonnie mou';
The hyacinth 's for constancy,
Wi' its unchanging blue,—
And a' to be a posie
To my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure,
And the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom
I'll place the lily there;

[1] See Allan Cunningham's Essay, "Robert Burns and Lord Byron."—*Lib. Choice Lit.*, vol. vii., page 23.

The daisy 's for simplicity,
And unaffected air,—
And a' to be a posie
To my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu',
Wi' its locks o' siller gray,
Where, like an aged man,
It stands at break o' day.
But the songster's nest within the bush
I winna tak' away,—
And a' to be a posie
To my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu',
When the e'ening star is near,
And the diamond-draps o' dew
Shall be her een sae clear:
The violet 's for modesty,
Which weel she fa's to wear,—
And a' to be a posie
To my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round
Wi' the silken band o' luve,
And I'll place it in her breast,
And I'll swear by a' above,
That to my latest draught o' life
The band shall ne'er remuve,—
And this will be a posie
To my ain dear May.

HYMN OF THE HEBREW MAID.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.[1]

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonish'd lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimson'd sands
Return'd the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answer'd keen;
And Zion's daughters pour'd their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Our fathers would not know THY ways,
And THOU hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen!
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of THEE a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be THOU, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.
But THOU hast said, The blood of goat,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
A contrite heart, an humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice.

[1] Sung by Rebecca in *Ivanhoe*. Professor Wilson considered this hymn a perfect gem of its kind, in which dignity, pathos, and a religious spirit, at once pure and fervid, are admirably intermingled.

COUSIN TOMKINS, THE TAILOR.

BY W. H. HARRISON.[2]

Edward Stanley was a gentleman of good family and liberal education. He held an official situation of considerable trust, and proportionate emolument. Early in life he married a lady whose personal charms, rather than a regard to similarity of taste and congeniality of disposition, had captivated him. He devoted much of his time to the cultivation of belles-lettres, and delighted in the society of men of learning and genius, many of whom were frequent guests at his table. His lady was the daughter of humble people, who, by successful speculations, had risen rapidly to comparative wealth, by means of which they had given her an education at one of the fashionable finishing-schools, where, with tinsel accomplishments, she acquired notions much at variance with common sense and proper feeling, and quite unfitted for the society in which she had been accustomed to move. Being one of a large family, she brought her husband a very moderate fortune: but his income was ample, and she resolved to make it subservient to her taste for display, which Mr. Stanley, who loved her affectionately, was too weakly indulgent to oppose.

They had one daughter, their only child, of whom her father was both fond and proud. Her mother also loved her, but she loved pleasure more, and consequently resigned her offspring to the care of menials, and committed her education to a governess. The latter, however, was a young woman of piety and ability, whose endeavours were applied to regulate the

[2] Abridged from the Second Series of "Tales of a Physician."

heart, as well as to improve the understanding of her pupil. Mrs. Stanley was too much engaged in fashionable life to interfere with the system of instruction adopted by the governess, and the daughter was preserved from the taint of her mother's example by the latter's reluctance to "bring her out," because she feared a rival claimant for that admiration which she was still eager to attract.

Much as Mrs. Stanley was gratified by the distinction which her splendid parties procured for her, she was occasionally subjected to severe mortifications, and often painfully reminded of the humble sphere in which she and her parents had previously moved. Among her relations there was one who happened to be a tailor, and who, to her horror, had the honour of being her first cousin, and bearing the family name. Had he kept a chandler's shop he might have been designated a provision merchant; or if a cheesemonger, he might have been called a bacon factor; but a tailor is a tailor all the world over, and there is no synonyme in our vocabulary by which to dignify the calling.

Her dread of being associated in any way with this industrious member of a most useful trade was said to have exhibited itself in the most ridiculous manner. A vegetable, vulgarly supposed to be symbolical of the sartorial art, was never permitted to appear on her table, lest its presence should prove suggestive to her fashionable guests. Nay, it was even insinuated that no other reason could be assigned for the stopping up of a side window in the house than the fact of its commanding a view of a cutler's, who, by way of a sign, had placed a colossal pair of shears above his door.

But Cousin Tomkins, the tailor, was as little ambitious of contact with his fair and proud relative as she could be anxious to avoid him. He was a sturdy and independent spirited man, who had too much good sense to be ashamed of a calling by which he was not only gaining a livelihood, but accumulating wealth. He was, moreover, better informed than the generality of his class, for he had studied other pages than his pattern-book, and, above all, was well read in that volume, compared with which the wisdom of the most subtle philosophy is foolishness and vanity. Never, but on a single occasion, and that an urgent one, did Tomkins intrude himself on the presence of his fashionable cousin, whose contemptuous civility gave him little inducement to repeat the visit. Stung by a style of treatment from which common decency, if not his relationship, should have protected him, he was hurrying back through the lacquey-lined hall when his progress was arrested by a fair blue-eyed girl, of about six years old, who, looking up in his face with an innocent smile, accosted him by the appellation of cousin, and, thrusting a little bunch of violets into his hand, dismissed him at the door with a laughing "good-bye." It was little Clara Stanley, whom some of the servants, probably in sport, had informed of the visitor's relationship; and whose mother took occasion, on being told of the circumstance, severely to reprehend for the familiarity of which she had been guilty. Children, however, are sorry casuists, and Mrs. Stanley's eloquence utterly failed in convincing Clara that there was less impropriety in romping with her cousin the guardsman than in shaking hands with cousin Tomkins, the tailor. Tomkins was much affected by the child's behaviour, and on reaching home he placed the faded violets between the leaves of his Bible, that he might be daily reminded of the incident, and learn to forgive the unkindness of the parent for the sake of the innocence of the child.

But time passed on: the girl began to grow into the woman, and the work of education drew to a close. Her preceptress, in resigning her charge, had the consolation of feeling that, though the temptations to which her pupil was about to be exposed were many and strong, she was protected against their power by her humble dependence upon God. Her taste, moreover, had not been corrupted to relish the dissipations of fashionable life. An authority, to which her piety as well as filial affection taught her to yield obedience, forced her occasionally into the ball-room; but as love of display had no place in her bosom, the scene had little charms for her, and she had discrimination enough to perceive that it was not, even to those who most frequented and most lauded it, the Elysium which they would have it be accounted.

Having no taste for the gaieties of "society," her harp, her pencil, and her books were the sources on which she drew for recreation. Of books, whilst loving her Bible as the best, she was not one of those who cannot distinguish between a trashy novel and the pages illumined by the genius of Mackenzie, of Scott, and of Irving.

Gifted as she was, too, in personal attractions, enhanced by a grace of manner which Nature needs not the aid of the dancing-master to confer, it will not be matter of surprise that she had many admirers; the wiser portion of whom were as much enchanted by the accomplishments and virtues of her mind as by the beauty of her person. Among them was a gentleman who was a frequent guest at the

table of her father. The younger son of a respectable family, he had been educated for one of the learned professions, and by his amiable manners and brilliant talents had rendered himself a general favourite. Upon his enthusiastic and poetical temperament the beauty and virtues of Clara were calculated to make a powerful impression, which every hour passed in her company tended to deepen.

Ardent, however, as were his feelings, they were under the control of a well-regulated mind. He was awakened from the Elysian dream which Clara had inspired by the reflection that, situated as he was, straitened in circumstances, and dependent entirely on his success in his profession, the object of his passion could not honourably be pursued. With a self-denial rarely evinced upon similar occasions, he withdrew himself from the magic circle ere its enchantment became too strong for him, and suddenly, at the hazard of much misinterpretation, ceased to be a guest at Mr. Stanley's.

The subject of this sketch was not fitted for the heroine of a romance, and the early years of her life passed away unmarked by any occurrence worthy of note. At the age of eighteen, however, she was deprived of both her parents, who died within a few months of each other. Mr. Stanley had never been a provident man, and his affairs were found at his decease in such a state that it required the sacrifice of all he had left, even to the furniture of his house, to satisfy the demands of his creditors.

The morning appointed for the sale arrived, and Clara retired to an apartment remote from the bustle of preparation. Sorrow for the loss of an affectionate parent was weighing heavily upon her heart, nor was the reflection that she must, in a few hours, quit the home of her childhood, to wander forth she knew not whither, calculated to lighten her grief. Of the many who were wont, with smiling faces and flattering tongues, to flock to the splendid entertainments which her mother delighted to give, there was not one to offer a word of comfort. Her prospect was, indeed, a desolate one: there appeared not a blossom to gladden her path, nor a tree to shelter her from the coming storm. But her view was not confined to earth: she turned upwards, with the eye of faith, to that beneficent God whom she had served in her prosperity, and who she felt would not desert her in the day of her trouble.

In the meantime, the preliminary arrangements for the sale were in progress: the rooms were thronged with company, of which no inconsiderable portion consisted of the acquaintances—they were once deemed friends—of Mr. Stanley. Some were attracted by the amiable desire of witnessing the wreck of a prosperity they had envied; others by the hope of securing at a cheap rate some article of furniture, bijouterie, or art, which they had admired in the lifetime of its late proprietor.

A few of the relatives of Mr. Stanley were gathered in a circle in one of the rooms, who, after clubbing their pity for the forlorn and destitute situation of his daughter, proceeded to speculate upon the manner in which she could dispose of herself. One recommended that she should enter some family as governess; another suggested the more eligible situation of companion to an elderly lady; while a third, who had heard of Clara having been once detected in making up some article of her own dress, alluded to her qualifications as an attendant on some young ladies, in the enviable capacity of half milliner and half maid. During this discussion the attention of the group was attracted by the entrance of an elderly personage, in exceedingly plain but respectable attire. He contrived to insinuate himself into the midst of the conclave, and was an attentive listener to their conversation. Having heard the various propositions for the future provision of the orphan, he somewhat abruptly exclaimed, "But while the grass grows, the steed starves: surely there must be some of poor Mr. Stanley's friends who are both able and willing to afford his daughter the protection of their roof, until she can be in some measure provided for."

His remark was evidently not much to the taste of his auditors, who, however, expressed the great pleasure they would have had in offering her an asylum; but, unfortunately, not one of them was at that particular juncture in a position to do so: the residence of one was under repair; the spare bed-room of another was occupied by a friend from the country; while a third had the scarlet fever in the house, and would never forgive himself if the "dear girl" should catch the disease. A smile of peculiar significance played on the lip of the elderly stranger as he listened to their various evasions, and perceiving that they eyed him with a look of inquiry, he drew from his pocket a silver snuff-box of extraordinary dimensions, and tapping the side of it for some seconds before he opened it, afforded them an opportunity of observing the device upon the lid, representing a cabbage supported by a pair of extended shears.[1]

[1] This is no fiction; the author has frequently seen the snuff-box in the possession of its respectable proprietor.

The reader will have no difficulty in guessing that the stranger was our friend Tomkins, the tailor, who, among other peculiarities, had adopted this method of showing that he was not ashamed of his calling. Some years had passed over his head since the affair of the nosegay, and they had been marked by progressive prosperity, the reward of honest and unflagging industry. Mr. Tomkins, with an obsequious bow to the group, quitted the room; and having inquired of a servant if Miss Stanley was in the house, sent his respects, and requested permission to wait upon her. His request was granted, and he was at once introduced to the apartment to which Clara had retreated. She was habited in deep mourning; yet notwithstanding the lapse of time, and the change which sorrow produces upon the countenance, he recognized in the faint smile with which she requested him to be seated, the expression that had so won upon him on the only occasion on which he had seen her when a child.

Now Mr. Tomkins, although not a man of polished deportment, possessed delicacy of feeling, which is not the necessary concomitant of refinement of manners. He came to condole with the fair orphan on her bereavement, and to offer his assistance; but he was embarrassed in his endeavours to do so without wounding her feelings. He mentioned that he had heard the sale had been somewhat unnecessarily precipitated, and much he feared to her temporary inconvenience; that supposing, therefore, she might not yet have fixed upon a residence, he had taken the liberty of calling to say that he had rooms in his house which were entirely at her service, until she could provide herself with more suitable apartments. He concluded by saying that he trusted his gray hairs, his character, and, he might add, his relationship, were sufficient warrants for the propriety of his invitation.

With the warmth which belonged to her character, Clara expressed her gratitude for the generous offer, and the delicacy with which it was made; and, in frankly accepting it, she confessed that she did not know where else to find a shelter for the coming night.

While she was packing the few things which her father's creditors had permitted her to retain, Mr. Tomkins proceeded to procure a coach, to which, after he had whispered a few words in the ear of the auctioneer, he conducted Clara, and they drove off. Having probably anticipated that their journey would terminate in some obscure and gloomy part of the metropolis, she was agreeably surprised on alighting at being introduced to a spacious house in the Adelphi, to which Mr. Tomkins welcomed her with unaffected cordiality. She was shown to her chamber by an elderly female, who acted in the joint capacity of housekeeper and cook, and who, having intimated to her that she would find her breakfast prepared in the adjoining apartment on the following morning, withdrew, leaving Clara to reflect on the occurrences of the last few hours, and to return thanks to the Almighty Being who had thus unexpectedly raised her up a friend in her distress.

Next morning she rose early, as was her wont, and passed into the room which had been pointed out by her attendant. It was spacious, and commanded a view of the Thames. Conceive the measure of her surprise when, on looking around, she found that her own harp and bookcase, with its contents, had, through the generosity of her benefactor, been added to the furniture.

Clara had too much activity and independence of mind to sit calmly down and eat the bread of idleness. Her first object, therefore, was to turn her talents to account by obtaining some private pupils, whom she could attend at their own houses; and to this end she determined to apply to a gentleman who had been a frequent guest of her father, and whose acquaintance, from his connection with the public press, was extensive. He was a native of the Green Isle, and possessed talents of no common order united to a caustic humour that, sparing neither friend nor foe, detracted very much from the value of his society, which, when he could resist his propensity to satire, was amusing and instructive in the highest degree. Under much, however, that was rude and even stern in his manner, there were concealed a kindness and generosity which Clara had on more than one occasion discovered, and this emboldened her to solicit his aid.

In his reception of her the Irishman completely overcame the cynic. He informed her that he had called at her late father's residence on the preceding day, and was much disappointed on finding that she had quitted it a few hours before. He entered with such interest into her scheme, and followed it up by such strenuous exertions among his friends, that in a very few weeks Clara had no reason to complain of a dearth of pupils or occupation.

The interim of leisure she devoted to drawing, in which she excelled, and, when she had finished half-a-dozen subjects, she took them to the shop of a celebrated dealer in works of art, to offer them for sale. She requested an

interview with the principal, and was shown into a little room, apart from the shop, in which she found him seated. He was an elderly, tall, and somewhat hard-featured man, and received her with a coldness of manner which chilled her to the very heart.

With diffidence she produced her drawings, which Mr. —— examined, for some minutes, with great attention. When he had finished his scrutiny, he turned abruptly to the fair artist, and said,

"Well, miss, and what do you ask for these things?"

Clara, after expressing a reluctance to put a value upon her own productions, ventured to name a guinea.

"A guinea!" exclaimed the other in a tone of surprise, and, after a pause, added, "No young woman, I will not give you a guinea for them; but I tell you what I will do, I will give you two."[1]

He, accordingly, put the amount into her hands, and, on dismissing her, said that, when she had any more drawings to dispose of, he should be happy to see her again.

Three months passed away, at the end of which Clara, after deducting from the amount of her earnings a few shillings for pocket-money, presented the remainder to Mr. Tomkins, with the expression of her regret that it was not in her power to offer him a more adequate remuneration for the kindness and accommodation she was experiencing under his roof. Mr. Tomkins regarded her, for some moments, with an expression of peculiar benevolence, and, appreciating the noble independence which prompted the offer, took the money: for he knew that his refusal would not only cause her pain, but render her continuance under his roof irksome to her, and he had no wish to part with his lodger, as he jocularly termed her.

Tomkins, as I have already intimated, had been successful in trade, and now contented himself with the general superintendence of his establishment. Much of his leisure was occupied in those offices of benevolence which draw upon the time, as well as upon the pocket. His deportment towards Clara was a singular compound of kindness and respect: the former being exemplified by the great attention which he paid to her domestic comforts, and the deference which he exacted towards her from his servants; while the latter feeling exhibited itself in the scrupulosity with which he refrained from intruding on her society. He was, in fact, too generous to take advantage of the relation of benefactor, in which, he could not but feel, he stood towards her, to overstep the barrier which, he imagined, education and their respective habits had placed between them.

Clara, on her part, appreciated to the full the motives of delicacy by which he was governed, and neglected no occasion of proving to him that she was utterly free from that pride which renders little minds impatient of an obligation to one who has occupied an inferior situation to themselves. In one of her occasional interviews with him, she had heard him speak with admiration and regret of the scenery of his native place. It happened that she had once visited the spot, and had made some sketches of the surrounding country. These she took an opportunity of finishing, and, one day when he recurred to the subject, she presented him with the set.

Matters remained, for some months, upon this footing of almost parental kindness on the one part, and grateful attachment on the other; during which Clara pursued the plan of tuition she had adopted, with unremitting perseverance and the most unqualified success. In about a year, however, the health of Mr. Tomkins began to fail: he was no longer able to take his accustomed walks, and at length became a prisoner to his room. The nature of his complaint was not such as to confine him to his bed, and, consequently, afforded Clara an opportunity of paying him many of those attentions which, though trifling in themselves, are so efficacious in soothing the sufferings and raising the spirits of the drooping valetudinarian.

Relinquishing the amusements to which she had been accustomed to devote her leisure, she passed most of her evenings in Mr. Tomkins' apartment, and, by adroitly discovering, and sedulously humouring his tastes, she succeeded in imparting a cheerfulness to his hours of confinement. She read to him, played his favourite airs on her harp, and, with the anxious solicitude of an affectionate daughter, prepared the little delicacies to which his diet was restricted.

Month after month passed away, and each found him worse than the preceding one; for his disease arose from that decay of nature which time, instead of alleviating, must necessarily promote. The old man had formed an accurate judgment of his malady and its tendency, and, as he had lived in a state of constant preparation for death, the awful summons

[1] This anecdote was related to me by a gentleman who stands deservedly high among the artists of the day.

did not appal him, for he had "set his house in order."

In the latter stages of his suffering I was called upon to attend him, and thus became acquainted with his lovely protégée and her history. And it was a holy sight—that fair creature kneeling by his bed, and pouring, from the fulness of her heart, a prayer to the "Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort," for the continued supply of His all-sufficient grace, in the last hour of Nature's struggle. Nor was that prayer breathed in vain. The sustaining consolations of the blessed Spirit were vouchsafed to him, and he looked back upon his past life calmly. Like the apostle, he had "fought a good fight," he had "kept the faith," and, thenceforward, there was laid up for him, in heaven, a crown of glory which fadeth not away. What a lesson, worth all the eloquence of the preacher and all the learning of the commentator, does the death-scene of the Christian afford!

Good cause, indeed, had Clara to weep over his remains, for he was her only friend, and the world was again before her. The day following that of the funeral was appointed for reading the will of the deceased. His relations were accordingly summoned, and Clara was also requested to be present. This was a trial which she would gladly have avoided, for she was conscious that the fact of her having been so constantly about the person of the testator during his last illness, and the affection which he was known to entertain for her, had excited the jealousy of many of his relatives. And, truly, it was with no complacent eyes that her presence was regarded by the majority of the company. The calm subdued expression with which she prepared to listen to the perusal of the will, was deemed only a mask to conceal the triumph which the consciousness of being well provided for was calculated to inspire.

The document, on being read, was found to direct a most equitable distribution of his property among his relatives; but, to the great delight of many, and the astonishment of all but Clara, her name was not even mentioned in it. The solicitor, in the course of the perusal, occasionally glanced from the parchment to the countenance of the orphan, and was surprised to perceive that it was as free from any indications of anxiety as it was of disappointment when his task was finished. Some coarse remarks were made in the hearing of Clara by one or two of the party, but the consciousness of the injustice of the insinuations they were intended to convey, enabled her to endure them with her characteristic meekness.

When the company had dispersed, Clara found herself alone with the solicitor, a most respectable member of the profession, though an original in his way. He was a tall and somewhat bulky personage of about fifty, with a countenance expressive of shrewdness and good nature.

"Well, Miss Stanley," said he, after a pause, "it seems to have been generally expected that my old friend Tomkins would have taken care of you in his will, and I must confess myself somewhat surprised that he has not done so."

"I am neither surprised nor disappointed, sir," was Clara's reply; "and, as far as I can judge, he has made such a distribution of his property as might have been expected from his justice."

"But," rejoined the lawyer, "one would think he might have left you a trifle, at least, as a token by which to remember him."

"His kindness to me, sir, was such that I shall carry a grateful remembrance of it to the grave; so that a legacy, on that score, was quite unnecessary."

"You are an odd girl," exclaimed the man of law, "and exhibit so much indifference towards the dross for which one half the world are at loggerheads with the other, that I am almost minded to fling into the fire a little packet with which I meant to surprise you; but as the law, to say nothing of conscience (which is a legal fiction), might be troublesome if I did so, I suppose I may as well hand it over."

Clara received the packet from the hands of Mr. Elphinstone, but found its contents utterly unintelligible, and accordingly requested an explanation.

"Well then," said the lawyer, "the larger paper, with the picture at the top, is a policy of assurance, of long standing, for five thousand pounds, payable, with accumulations, amounting, as I guess, to about as much more, on the death of our late friend Mr. Tomkins. The smaller paper, with the red seal, is a deed, dated about six months back, by which, 'in consideration of his love and affection for his dear cousin, Clara Stanley,' he assigns to her, and her heirs, all right, title, and interest in the said policy of assurance for five thousand pounds, an act, which, if I had mentioned it in the hearing of the worthies who have just left us, would have accounted to them, though not very satisfactorily, for the omission of your name in the will."

Clara, more affected by this proof of the af

fection of her deceased relative than by being suddenly raised to a state of independence, dropped the documents upon the floor, and burst into tears. Mr. Elphinstone took a prodigious pinch of snuff, which operated so powerfully upon his visual organs as to require the instant application of his handkerchief, while he muttered, "The confounded draughts in this old house have given me a cold in the head:—extremely silly—preposterously unprofessional!"

At last, recovering himself, he continued, "The money for the policy will not be receivable for some weeks, and therefore, if you like to trust me with it (and it will probably be safer in my strong room than in your workbox or reticule), I will take charge of it until it is wanted. As for yourself, I dare say the executor will not object to your remaining here, in your old quarters, until the house is given up: yet, no; on second thoughts, as you will now have no further occasion to go out teaching, you shall come and stay with my girls for a week or two:—nay, I will not be denied, so be pleased to get your paraphernalia together, and I will send my carriage for you at four o'clock: your heavy baggage may remain here for the present."

The family of Mr. Elphinstone consisted of his wife, a mild unaffected woman, some years his junior, three sprightly girls, and a son whom his father had educated for his own profession, and had recently taken into partnership. The latter was a lively, good-humoured young man, of rather prepossessing appearance, frank gentlemanly manners, and gifted with talents considerably above the average. From the whole of this amiable family Clara received a cordial welcome, and experienced every attention and kindness. By Harry Elphinstone, in particular, she was treated, I was about to write, as a sister; but a brother does not always rise an hour earlier than his wont, to drive his sister round the Regent's Park before breakfast; neither does he think it necessary to afford her his personal protection whenever she has occasion to walk the length of the street in which she lives; nor does he, on her account, levy the album-tax upon every artist and author within range of his acquaintance. Yet all this, and more, did Harry Elphinstone perform for Clara Stanley; while, on the other hand, it was surprising to witness the perfect complacency with which she received his attentions. From such premises but one conclusion could be drawn by those who dive into the motives of their neighbours. It was quite an understood thing that the young lady had not the slightest objection to unite her fate with one who had half of a fine practice in enjoyment, and the remainder in reversion, and that her ten thousand pounds were not altogether a matter of indifference to the gentleman.

Clara had been a guest of Mr. Elphinstone for some weeks, when it was remarked, on two or three successive days, that he was unusually thoughtful and reserved at meals, although his deportment towards Clara was distinguished by his accustomed kindness. One afternoon, when the cloth had been removed, and the servants had retired, he informed her, that he had had an application from the residuary legatee and executor of Mr. Tomkins, calling upon him to surrender the policy of assurance, of the existence of which the party had been made acquainted by some old receipts, for the yearly payments, found among the testator's papers; and, on inquiry being instituted at the insurance office, the answer given was that notice of the assignment of the policy to Miss Stanley had been given by Mr. Elphinstone in the lifetime of Mr. Tomkins. The grounds on which the policy was claimed, as a part of the residuary estate, were the alleged imbecility of Mr. Tomkins at the time of executing the instrument by which it was conveyed, and the use of undue influence on the part of Miss Stanley or her friends. Mr. Elphinstone added, that he had, of course, refused to give up the policy, and that the claimant had, in consequence, served him with notice of action.

It cannot be imagined that Clara received this intelligence without considerable uneasiness, which was occasioned as much by the apprehension of being engaged in a lawsuit, as by the idea of losing the fortune which her generous benefactor had designed for her. She asked Mr. Elphinstone what should be done.

"Why, defend the action, to be sure!" was the reply.

"Surely," exclaimed Mrs. Elphinstone, "there is not a court in England which would not pronounce in Miss Stanley's favour."

"That is a somewhat rash remark for a lawyer's wife," said her husband; "the law, it is true, always aims at justice, but she sometimes misses her mark; and this is just one of those cases which involve much that is matter of law, but more that is matter of opinion, and therefore matter of doubt. As to the assignment, I drew it myself, and I know it will hold water; but with regard to the competency of Mr. Tomkins at the time of executing it, although I am as convinced of it as of my own existence, it may not be quite so easy to make it apparent in a court of law. The plaintiff I

know to be a scoundrel, and his attorney is what is termed a keen lawyer—a fellow who is pre-eminent for his dexterity in getting rogues out of scrapes, and honest folks into them; an haranguer of mobs, and a reformer of abuses, with a vast superflux of public spirit, and a marvellous paucity of private principle. True it is, there is enough of abuse to be reformed, and of corruption to be swept away, but purity cannot come of pollution, and when a knave puts his hand to the plough honest men are deterred from aiding in the labour. By such opponents everything that can be effected by hard swearing will be put in practice. I have already spoken to a counsel on the subject, who, on my putting him in possession of the particulars of the case, entered into it with an extraordinary exhibition of interest, and absolutely refused a fee. Though a young man, he is a sound lawyer, and possesses talents which render him infinitely better adapted for our purpose than a mere case-quoter.

"Twelve months ago," continued Mr. Elphinstone, "he was a briefless barrister, and it happened that I had a cause, of a nature very similar to yours. I had had some opportunities of judging of his talents and legal knowledge, and determined to put the cause, which was one of considerable importance, into his hands; not from any favour towards him, but because I thought him peculiarly qualified to plead it with effect. The result justified my confidence, and we were mutually benefited: I gained a verdict, while he, from that hour, rose rapidly into notice, and has now a very considerable and improving practice."

The trial came on in the following term, and it was deemed expedient by Mr. Elphinstone that Clara should be in court, as circumstances might arise to render a communication between the defendant and her attorney essential to her interests. It was with great difficulty that he overcame her repugnance to appear in so public a place, and it was only on his assurance that she should occupy a situation as little conspicuous as possible, that she consented to be present. The case was opened by the plaintiff's counsel (of course, upon the ex-parte statement of his brief), with the ability which distinguishes the English bar: the gist of his argument, in which he depended upon his witnesses to bear him out, was that Mr. Tomkins, at the time of executing the deed conveying the policy to Miss Stanley, was in a state of mind in which he would be a passive instrument in the hands of any designing person; that the defendant had, by a series of previous unremitting attentions, in which she allowed none to take a share, acquired an almost unlimited control over his mind, and that she had turned that influence into the channel of her own selfish purposes. His speech was delivered with great ability, and evidently produced no inconsiderable effect on the minds of the jury. When he had called and examined his first witness, the counsel on the opposite side rose for the purpose of proceeding in the cross-examination. The latter was a young man, with a high forehead, a nose somewhat inclining to the aquiline, and a full and piercing gray eye; while the paleness of his complexion, partly natural, and partly the result of close application to study, gave to his features, when in repose, a somewhat cold and statue-like appearance.

The full deep melody of the tone in which he put his first question to the witness, startled Clara by its familiarity to her ear, and on shifting her position, to obtain a sight of the countenance of her advocate, she was surprised to recognize in him the gentleman who had been so welcome a guest at her father's table, and the sudden cessation of whose visits had been the subject of so much speculation and regret. Mr. Worthington, for such was his name, conducted his cross-examinations with a degree of shrewdness and tact, joined to a mildness of manner, which, in many instances, encouraged the garrulity of the witnesses, who were, for the most part, persons in an inferior station of life, and thus elicited much which did not altogether "dove-tail" with the context of their evidence. This portion of his duty having been accomplished, he commenced his reply, under the conviction that his task was one of no ordinary difficulty. He saw plainly that the opposite counsel had, by his eloquent and ingenious speech, succeeded in establishing a strong prejudice against the defendant in the minds of the jury. He felt, therefore, that much of his chance of success depended upon the effect with which he could combat his adversary with his own weapons.

He commenced by stating the case of his client, and, in doing so, collected all its favourable points, and presented them to the jury in the simplest possible form. He then called their attention to the weaker points of his adversary—animadverting upon the nature of the opposing evidence, and referring to the prevarication of one witness, and the extraordinary lapse of memory in another. Conscious of the justice of his cause, he concluded his address by a direct appeal to the feelings of the jury. With the skill of a master, he gave a vivid

sketch of his client's history, touching upon her youth, her misfortunes, her virtues, her accomplishments, as eminently calculated to enlist the sympathies and engage the affections of her benefactor. He put it to the jury if they would lend themselves to negative the kind intentions of the deceased, and dwelt feelingly upon the situation in which a verdict for the plaintiff would place her. Then, by a sudden transition, which showed him an adept in his art, he flung back, with indignant scorn, upon his opponents the imputation of selfishness. As he proceeded, his features gathered animation at every sentence, his cheek became flushed, and his eye flashed, and he concluded his speech with a sweeping torrent of eloquence, which, if it did not convince, had the effect of electrifying his hearers.

The judge alone of all present was unmoved; he preserved throughout the same calm dignity so much in keeping with his office. Once or twice he had interposed between the counsel and a browbeaten witness, or reminded the former that he had asked a similar question before, and was trespassing upon the time of the court by putting it into other words.

Clara's counsel then proceeded to call his witnesses, of whom I was one, and their testimony went to establish the fact that Mr. Tomkins was of perfectly "sound and disposing mind" at the time of the execution of the disputed deed, as well as to prove that, so far from the defendant assuming an exclusive control over the deceased, she had afforded every facility to his relations in their intercourse with him, and had actually, and at the risk of his displeasure, interposed her good offices in reconciling him to some of his relations with whom he had been at variance, and who gave testimony in court to that effect.

The cross-examination of his witnesses elicited nothing which could shake their evidence; and the judge, after a short summary of the case, informed the jury that the question was more a matter of fact than one of law, and that therefore their verdict must be governed by the degree of credit which they attached to the witnesses on the respective sides, and left the issue entirely in their hands.

The jury retired to consider their verdict, and from the duration of their absence it was to be inferred that they had some difficulty in making up their minds. In the meantime, a breathless anxiety appeared to pervade the court; the very barristers, in spite of their professional coldness, exhibited signs of impatience, and when the jury returned, the voice of the crier, in his then unnecessary duty of enjoining silence, was the only interruption to the stillness which prevailed. "We find for the DEFENDANT" were the words of the foreman, and no sooner were they pronounced than a suppressed murmur of satisfaction ran through the crowd, which was, of course, instantly checked by the judge, though he could not help exclaiming, "I entirely agree with you, gentlemen."

To gratify Clara's desire to express personally her thanks to her generous advocate, Mr. Elphinstone invited him to dinner, during which the young barrister was frequently rallied on the unusual gravity of his manner. When the ladies had retired, the elder Mr. Elphinstone pleaded an engagement at an evening consultation, and left his son and Mr. Worthington together.

"By the way, Arthur," said the former, "my mother, the girls, and Miss Stanley are off to the cottage at Dorking next month: you must go down with me for a week in the long vacation."

"Impossible, my good fellow!" was the answer; "you forget that I must go the circuit, and I have been retained in more causes than, I fear, I shall make myself master of in the interim."

"Nonsense, man!" rejoined the other; "you may con your briefs at the cottage, if you like. There is the library at your service; you know I do not trouble it much, and the girls are always out of doors from morning to night. Come, you may as well spend a few of my remaining days of freedom with me, for I suppose you have heard that I am about to commit matrimony?"

"I have," said Worthington, "and hope you may live long to enjoy the happiness which the virtues, beauty, and accomplishments of your destined bride cannot fail to confer."

"I thank you, Arthur; but pray, what makes you so well acquainted with the young lady's beauty and accomplishments? Have you ever seen her?" inquired young Elphinstone.

"Have I not dined with her?" said Worthington.

"Where and when?" asked his companion.

"Why, to-day at this table," responded the other.

"You talk in riddles; pray speak out, and tell me whom you mean."

"Miss Stanley, to be sure."

"Clara Stanley!" exclaimed Harry in surprise; "what caused you to think I was going to marry her?"

"The simple fact of your having been con-

stantly almost in her company, and showing her every possible attention, both at home and abroad. I am not singular in drawing the conclusion; all the world have set it down as a match."

"Then, my dear fellow," replied Harry, "I pray you take this as an example that what all the world says is not necessarily true. I was a doomed man long before I had the pleasure of knowing Miss Stanley, and, being perfectly aware of it, she has treated me with a degree of frankness which possibly has favoured the misconception into which you and 'all the world' have fallen. I thought you knew I was engaged to Charlotte Percy."

"No, I did not; but now that I do know it," responded Worthington, seizing the claret-jug, "I beg to drink to your happiness and speedy union."

"I am much obliged to you, Arthur," said the other, with a smile of peculiar significance, "for I am convinced of your sincerity; and, now that I have let you into a secret, which I thought everybody knew, perhaps you will withdraw your plea, and go down to Dorking with us."

"But what will my clients say?" was the inquiry.

"Say?" replied Harry, "why, that you are labouring in your vocation, and have only moved your cause from one court into another, resembling it in one point at least, since the presiding divinity of each is represented as being blind."

Worthington appeared not to understand the innuendo, but proposed their joining the ladies in the drawing-room, where his vivacity and glee formed a striking contrast to the gravity of his demeanour at the dinner table; a change which, though contributing in no trifling degree to the amusement of the evening, was perfectly inexplicable to every one but Harry, who kept his own counsel.

About three weeks afterwards, as young Elphinstone, with his two sisters and Clara, was walking in the grounds at Dorking, they observed a horseman approaching in the direction of the cottage.

"The man of briefs," exclaimed Harry, "and mounted on a real horse, as I live!"

"Is there anything very wonderful in that?" inquired one of his sisters. "I suppose you think no one can mount a horse but yourself, Mr. Harry."

"No," he replied; "I am quite aware that it is possible for any man, with the assistance of a groom and a joint-stool, to get upon the back of a horse, but it is not every person who can keep there. Have a care, sir," he continued, as he perceived Worthington, who had diverged from the road, riding up to a fence, by way of a short cut; "have a care, Arthur; remember you are retained in 'Dobbs *versus* Jenkins,' and have no right to break your neck without the plaintiff's permission."

"Never fear," said his friend, as he cleared the fence; "I could ride almost before I could walk, and, though a little out of practice, am not to be brought up by a gooseberry bush."

While he was speaking he rode up to the wicket, which opened from the meadow into the lawn, and, giving his horse to a servant, joined the party, from every individual of which he was welcomed, and not the least cordially by her whose form, from the first day in which he had seen her at her father's table, had never been absent from his mind.

It would be somewhat antiquated to speak of love with reference to rural life, and therefore I will not shock the taste of my reader by quoting Shenstone on this occasion; the old poets, however, had a pretty notion of things in general, and when celebrating the influence of romantic scenery in disposing the heart to the tender passion, they drew as largely, I doubt not, upon their experience as on their imagination. For my own part, had I forsworn matrimony, I would confine myself to the metropolis, and plunge fearlessly into socicty, under the conviction that a man may carry his heart, like his purse, in safety through a crowd, and yet be robbed of it in a retired lane, a shady copse, or a lonely common.

Arthur Worthington, however, had not taken the vow of celibacy, and was well content to lose his own heart, provided he could obtain another in exchange. I know not the particular spot, or the precise terms, in which he made a declaration of the sentiments with which Clara Stanley had inspired him; I only know that he sustained his reputation as an eloquent pleader, and gained a verdict from one whose gratitude and admiration he had previously excited by the generous and disinterested manner in which he had undertaken her cause, at a time when he believed her to be the betrothed of another.

FOOL AND WISE.

Endow the fool with sun and moon,
Being his, he holds them mean and low,
But to the wise a little boon
Is great, because the giver's so.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

FAREWELL TO NANCY.

BY ROBERT BURNS.[1]

Ae fond kiss and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy:
But to see her, was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.—
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

BY W. WORDSWORTH.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eyes serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller betwixt life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill—
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still and bright
With something of an angel light.

THE MINISTER'S WIG.

BY JOHN GALT.

By an agreement with the session (said Mr. Birkwhistle) I was invited to preach the action sermon at Kilmartin, and my new wig coming home from Glasgow by the Saltcoats carrier on the Thursday afore, I took it unopened on the Saturday evening in the box to the manse, where I was to bide during the preachings with the widow. It happened, however, that in going in the stage-fly from my own parish to Kilmartin, a dreadful shower came on, and the box, with my new wig thereintil, being on the outside tap of the coach, the wind blew and the rain fell, and by the help and colleaguery of the twa, the seams of the box were invaded, and the wig, when I took it out on the Saturday night, was just a clash o' weet.

At that time o' night, there wasna a barber to be had for love or money within three miles o' the manse; indeed, I dinna think, for that matter, there was a creature o' the sort within the bounds and jurisdictions of the parish, so that I could make no better o't than to borrow the dredge-box out of the kitchen, and dress the wig with my own hands.

Although Mr. Keckle had been buried but the week before, the mistress, as a' ministers' wives of the right gospel and evangelical kind should be, was in a wholesome state of composity; and seeing what I was ettling at, said to me, the minister had a blockhead whereon he was wont to dress and fribble his wig, and that, although it was a sair heart to her to see ony other man's wig upon the same, I was welcome to use my freedoms therewith. Accordingly, the blockhead on the end of a stick, like the shank of a carpet besom, was brought

[1] Sir Walter Scott said that the four lines beginning "Had we never loved sae kindly," "contains the essence of a thousand love-tales." Byron used the stanza as the motto to his *Bride of Abydos*.

intil the room; and the same being stuck into the finger-hole of a buffet-stool, I set myself to dress and fribble with my new wig, and Mrs. Keckle the while sat beside me, and we had some very edifying conversation indeed.

During our discoursing, as I was not a deacon at the dressing of wigs, I was obligated now and then to contemplate and consider the effect of my fribbling at a distance, and to give Mrs. Keckle the dredge-box to shake the flour on where it was seen to be wanting. But all this was done in great sincerity of heart between her and me; although, to be sure, it was none of the most zealous kind of religion on my part, to be fribbling with my hands and comb at the wig, and saying at the same time with my tongue orthodox texts out of the Scriptures. Nor, in like manner, was it just what could be hoped for, that Mrs. Keckle, when I spoke to her on the everlasting joys of an eternal salvation, where friends meet to part no more, saying, "A bit pluff with the box there on the left curls" (in the way of a parenthesis), that she wouldna feel a great deal; but for all that, we did our part well, and she was long after heard to say, that she had never been more edified in her life than when she helped me to dress my wig on that occasion.

But all is vanity and vexation of spirit in this world of sin and misery. When the wig was dressed, and as white and beautiful to the eye of man as a cauliflower, I took it from off its stance on the blockhead, which was a great shortsightedness of me to do, and I prinned it to the curtain of the bed, in the room wherein I was instructed by Mrs. Keckle to sleep. Little did either me or that worthy woman dream of the mischief that was then brewing and hatching, against the great care and occupation wherewith we had in a manner regenerated the periwig into its primitive style of perfectness.

But you must understand that Mrs. Keckle had a black cat that was not past the pranks of kittenhood, though in outwardly show a most douce and well-comported beast; and what would ye think baudrons was doing all the time that the mistress and me were so eydent about the wig? She was sitting on a chair, watching every pluff that I gave, and meditating, with the device of an evil spirit, how to spoil all the bravery that I was so industriously endeavouring to restore into its proper pedigree and formalities. I have long had a notion that black cats are no overly canny, and the conduct of Mrs. Keckle's was an evidential kithing to the effect that there is nothing of uncharitableness in that notion of mine; howsomever, no to enlarge on such points of philosophical controversy, the wig being put in order, I carried it to the bed-room, and, as I was saying, prinned it to the bed-curtains, and then went down stairs again to the parlour to make exercise, and to taste Mrs. Keckle's mutton ham, by way of a relish to a tumbler of toddy, having declined any sort of methodical supper.

Considering the melancholious necessity that had occasioned my coming to the Kilmartin Manse, I was beholden to enlarge a little after supper with Mrs. Keckle, by which the tumbler of toddy was exhausted before I had made an end of my exhortation, which the mistress seeing, she said that if I would make another cheerer she would partake in a glass with me. It's no my habit to go such lengths at ony time, the more especially on a Saturday night; but she was so pressing that I could not but gratify her; so I made the second tumbler, and weel I wat it was baith nappy and good; for in brewing I had an e'e to pleasing Mrs. Keckle, and knowing that the leddies like it strong and sweet, I wasna sparing either of the spirit bottle or the sugar bowl. But I trow both the widow and me had to rue the consequences that befell us in that night; for when I went up again intil the bed-room, I was what ye would call a thought off the nail, by the which my sleep wasna just what it should have been, and dreams and visions of all sorts came hovering about my pillow, and at times I felt, as it were, the bed whirling round.

In this condition, with a bit dover now and then, I lay till the hour of midnight, at the which season I had a strange dream—wherein I thought my wig was kindled by twa candles of a deadly yellow light, and then I beheld, as it were, an imp of darkness dancing at my bed-side, whereat I turned myself round and covered my head with the clothes, just in an eerie mood, between sleeping and waking. I had not, however, lain long in that posture, when I felt, as I thought, a hand clamming softly over the bed-clothes like a temptation, and it was past the compass of my power to think what it could be. By and by, I heard a dreadful thud on the floor, and something moving in the darkness; so I raised my head in a courageous manner to see and question who was there. But judge what I suffered when I beheld, by the dim glimmer of the starlight of the window, that the curtains of the bed were awfully shaken, and every now and then what I thought a woman with a mutch keeking in upon me. The little gude

was surely busy that night, for I thought the apparition was the widow, and that I saw Cluty himself, at every other keek she gave, looking at me o'er her shoulder with his fiery een. In short, the sight and vision grew to such a head upon me, that I started up, and cried with a loud voice, "O, Mistress Keckle, Mistress Keckle, what's brought you here?" The sound of my terrification gart the whole house dirl, and the widow herself, with her twa servan' lasses, with candles in their hands, came in their flannen coaties to see what was the matter, thinking I had gane by myself, or was taken with some sore dead-ill. But when the lights entered the room, I was cured of my passion of amazement, and huddling intil the bed aneath the clothes, I expounded to the women what had disturbed me, and what an apparition I had seen—not hinting, however, that I thought it was Mrs. Keckle. While I was thus speaking, one of the maidens gied a shrill skirling laugh, crying, "Och hon, the poor wig!" and sure enough nothing could be more humiliating than the sight it was; for the black cat, instigated, as I think, by Diabolus himself to an endeavour to pull it down, had with her claws combed out both the curls and the pouther; so that it was hinging as lank and feckless as a tap of lint, just as if neither the mistress nor me had laid a hand upon it. And thus it was brought to light and testimony, that what I had seen and heard was but the devil of a black cat louping and jumping to bring down my new wig for a playock to herself, in the which most singular exploits she utterly ruined it; for upon an examine next day, the whole faculty of the curls was destroyed, and great detriment done to the substance thereof.—*The Steamboat.*

THEY ALL ARE GONE.

They all are gone into a world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove;
Or those faint beams in which the hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmerings and decays.

O holy hope and high humility,
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks and you have show'd them me
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death, the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere but in the dark,
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust;
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest, may know
At first sight if the bird be flown,
But what fair field or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet as angels, in some brighter dreams,
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flame must needs burn there;
But when the hand that lock'd her up give room,
She'd shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee!
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists which blot and fill
My perspective, still, as they pass,
Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
Where I shall need no glass.

HENRY VAUGHAN (1650).

SONNET

ON HEARING A THRUSH SING IN A MORNING WALK IN JANUARY.[1]

BY ROBERT BURNS.

Sing on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough;
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain:
See aged winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blithe carol clears his furrow'd brow.

So in lone poverty's dominion drear,
Sits meek content with light unanxious heart,
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.

I thank thee, Author of this opening day!
Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies!
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,
What wealth could never give nor take away!

Yet come, thou child of poverty and care;
The mite high Heaven bestowed, that mite with thee
I'll share.

[1] Written 25th January, 1793, the birthday of the poet, aged 34.

IN PERIL.

BY H. D. INGLIS.

There needs no extraordinary incident to impress upon the traveller a recollection of Gibraltar. Even if Spain were a country devoid of interest, a journey across the Peninsula would be repaid by the first view of this celebrated spot. For my own part, if I had never seen Emily Waring,—or rescued her lover from his great peril,—or been present at the trial of the unhappy Donovan,—this majestic object would, nevertheless, be distinguished among the many scenes upon which I have looked with wonder and delight, as that one which is the most vividly pictured upon my memory.

But, with my recollections of Gibraltar, some passages of human life are mixed; and when, a year ago, I visited this spot for the second time, the glorious scene that burst upon me as I sailed through the Straits—the Barbary mountains on one hand, the Bay of Algesiras and the Sierra of Granada on the other—the placid waters of the Mediterranean spreading towards the east, and the gigantic rock guarding its entrance, were lost in the recollection of mingled sorrow and joy that annihilated ten years, and placed me again beside Emily Waring, and showed me—but I will not anticipate.

In the year 1821, in the month of June, I sailed from England with the Levant Packet, in the intention of spending a few weeks in Cadiz and Gibraltar, and of then proceeding to Corfu. I think it was the 15th of June when I stepped upon the mole of Gibraltar; and the same evening I presented my letters to Sir G—— D——, then governor; and to Colonel Waring, of the Royal Engineers, to whose family, indeed, I am distantly related. Sir G—— D—— invited me to a ball to be given at the Government House the following evening; and Colonel Waring, as fine an old man as ever served the king, shaking me heartily by the hand, and discovering a family likeness, told me I had arrived at a most fortunate time, for that his daughter Emily would next week be united to Captain L——, of the Royal Navy.

"He's a noble fellow," said the Colonel, "else he should not have my girl;—dine with us to-morrow, and you'll meet him, and stay and sup with us; you must see Emily; and take care you don't fall in love with her."

The injunction was necessary; for never do female charms appear so seductive, as when we know that they all but belong to another: and Emily Waring was the only truly lovely girl I have ever beheld. I will not attempt any description of her countenance; the most captivating is the most indescribable; and of her figure I will only say, that to an almost infantine lightness, were added those gracious contours that belong to maturer years. Captain L—— I found all that the Colonel had depicted him.

Next evening, I went to the ball at the Government House; and while Emily Waring was dancing with her betrothed, I chanced to observe the eyes of a gentleman intently fixed upon the pair; he was evidently deeply interested; and in the expression of a very handsome countenance, it was not difficult to discover that the most deadly jealousy was mingled with the most intense admiration.

"Who is that gentleman?" said I to a friend whom I had accidentally discovered among the officers of the garrison.

"His name," said he, in a whisper, "is Donovan; you have of course remarked that his eyes constantly pursue the Colonel's daughter and her partner; there are some curious facts, and rather unpleasant suspicions, connected with the history of this Donovan. I need scarcely tell you what are his feelings towards Miss Waring and Captain L——; that he loves the one, and hates the other; and yet, you will be surprised to be told, that Donovan and Captain L—— are apparently the best friends in the world. Three years ago Donovan saved the Captain's life, by an act of extraordinary daring; and although Donovan has, since that time, twice forced Captain L—— to fight a duel with him under the most suspicious circumstances, and, as every one believed, with the express intent of shooting him, Captain L—— still remembers the benefit conferred upon him, and persists in believing in the nice honour of Donovan, and in his friendship."

Donovan now approached the spot where we stood, and our conversation was interrupted: but when it was afterwards renewed, my friend informed me that Donovan had formerly been married; and that some years ago he was put upon his trial on suspicion of having poisoned his wife; and that, although he was acquitted, strong doubt yet rests upon the minds of many. "He has high interest," added my friend, "and holds an important government employment; and etiquette obliges the governor to invite him."

This ball took place on Thursday; and on Monday morning Emily Waring and Captain

L—— were to have been united. On Friday and on Saturday I dined with Colonel Waring, his daughter, and Captain L——, who on Saturday evening said, in taking leave, that he had promised to dine the next day with Donovan. I noticed a cloud—a shade not of displeasure, but uneasiness—pass over Emily's countenance; and the Colonel said, "Emily looks as if she thought you ought not to run away from us to-morrow; and besides, I cannot bring myself to like Donovan."

"He is misunderstood," said Captain L——; "I can never forget," continued he, turning to Emily, and taking her hand, "that but for Donovan, this could never have been mine; I could not refuse him."

"Well, well," said the Colonel, "we'll see you at all events in the morning;" and we took leave.

Next morning we went to parade, which, in Gibraltar, is the morning lounge. When it was over the Colonel complained of fatigue, and returned home; I seated myself beside the statue of General Elliot; and the two betrothed strolled into the Alameda, that most charming labyrinth of geranium, and acacia, and orange trees; and they staid in it so long that I left my seat and returned to the Colonel's house, where I afterwards dined. We expected that Captain L—— would have passed the evening with us after leaving Donovan; but he did not appear. The Colonel was evidently piqued; and Emily betrayed some uneasiness, and perhaps a little disappointment. I took my leave about eleven; and promised to accompany the wedding party at nine o'clock next morning to the Government House, where the ceremony was to take place. I was punctual to my time; Emily looked, as a lovely bride ought to look—modest and enchanting; the Colonel was impatient; for Captain L—— had not arrived. It was now nine o'clock; half-past nine—ten o'clock came; but the bridegroom was still absent. The Colonel's pique began to yield to uneasiness; Emily's uneasiness was changed for agitation. I offered to go to Captain L——; and I learned at his hotel that he had not been seen since five o'clock the day before. A message was then sent to Mr. Donovan, who returned for answer that after dinner he and Captain L—— walked up the rock; but that having taken different paths, they had missed each other; and he had not seen Captain L—— since.

I need not describe the change which a few hours had wrought upon Emily. I saw her sitting in her bridal dress, pale and tearless; and the old Colonel stood beside her: one hand inclosed his daughter's, and with the other he brushed away the tear that now and then started to his own eye. At this moment the Governor Sir G—— D—— was announced; and the Colonel and myself received him.

"The unaccountable disappearance of Captain L——," said he, "has been made known to me some hours ago; I have used every means to penetrate the mystery, but without success; the sentinels on the eastern piquet saw him pass up in company with Mr. Donovan; and under all the circumstances I have thought it my duty to order Mr. Donovan's arrest."

By a singular, and for Mr. Donovan unfortunate fatality, the court, for the judgment of civil and criminal causes, commenced its sittings at Gibraltar on the day following; and from some farther evidence which had been tendered, it was thought necessary to send Mr. Donovan to trial. There was no direct evidence; but there were strong presumptions against him. His hatred of Captain L—— was proved by many witnesses; the cause of it, the preference of Miss Waring, was proved by her father; the circumstances attending the two duels were inquired into; and the result of the inquiry militated more strongly against the character of Mr. Donovan than had even been expected. It was proved, moreover, that when Mr. Donovan left his house in company with Captain L——, he carried a concealed stiletto; and it was proved that they were last seen together walking towards the eastern extremity of the rock, more than half a mile beyond the farthest piquet. The reader perhaps requires to be informed that the highest summit of the rock of Gibraltar is its eastern extremity, which terminates in a precipice of fifteen hundred feet; and that about half a mile beyond the farthest sentinel the road to the summit branches into two—one branch gaining the height by an easy zig-zag path; the other skirting the angle of the rock, and passing near the mouth of the excavations.

It was of course irregular, upon the trial of Mr. Donovan, to refer to his former trial, but this had no doubt its weight; and he was adjudged guilty of murder, and sentenced to die. The sentence was pronounced on Friday, and on Monday it was to be carried into execution.

When the morning of the day arrived Mr. Donovan desired to make a confession; and his confession was to this effect: that although innocent of the crime on suspicion of which he was about to forfeit his life, punishment was nevertheless justly due, both on account of the former murder of which he had been acquitted, but of which he had in reality been guilty, and

on account of the crime he had meditated, though not perpetrated, against Captain L——. He admitted that he had resolved upon his destruction; that in order to accomplish his purpose, he had proposed a walk to the eastern summit of the rock; and that his design had been frustrated only by Captain L—— having taken a different path, and having never arrived at the summit.

The same night, while lying in bed, and revolving in my mind the extraordinary events of the last few days, I could not resist the conclusion that Donovan was guiltless of the blood of Captain L——. Why should he have confessed only to the intention, if he had been guilty of the act? why confess one murder and not another?—and a vague suspicion floated upon my fancy, that Captain L—— might yet be living. In this mood I fell asleep, and dreamed that Donovan stood by my bed-side. I thought he said three several times, and in a tone of great solemnity, such as might be the tone of one who had passed from the state of the living, "I suffered justly: but I did not murder *him*—he yet lives." I am far from meaning to infer that the dream is to be looked upon as any supernatural visitation; it was the result, and a very natural result, of my waking thoughts: nevertheless, it impressed the conviction more strongly upon my mind; and when I awoke, and saw the gray dawn, I started from my bed with the resolution of acting upon its intimation.

I crossed the draw-bridge, which was then just lowered, traversed the Alameda, and followed the path that leads to Europa Point. Some houses skirt the southern side of the rock near to the sea; and several boats were moored close to the shore. No one was stirring; it was not then five o'clock, for the morning gun had not fired; but I stepped into a boat, unfastened its moorings, and rowed under the great rock towards the eastern extremity. I soon doubled the south eastern point, and found myself in front of the great precipice; and now I backed from the rock, keeping my eyes steadfastly fixed upon the fissures and projections; and the reader will scarcely be inclined to credit me, if I assert, that when I first descried, upon a distant projection, something that bore the resemblance of a human figure, I felt more joy than surprise, so strongly was I impressed with the belief that Captain L—— might yet be living. A nearer and closer inspection almost convinced me that I was not deceived; and I need scarcely say, that my boat shot swiftly through the water as I returned towards Europa Point.

It is unnecessary that I should detail the farther steps that were taken in order to discover whether the information I had given was correct, or the means resorted to to rescue Captain L—— from his perilous situation, or the measures which were adopted to restore him to consciousness and strength. I can never forget the visit I made to the house of Colonel Waring, the evening upon which it had been slowly broken to Emily that Captain L—— yet lived. Never did smiles and tears meet under happier auspices; for joy had unlocked the fountain that sorrow had choked up, and every tear was gilded by a smile. As for the old Colonel, his delight knew no bounds—he alternately shook me by the hand, and kissed the wet, though smiling cheek of his daughter. "I am not a man of many words," said he, "but by heaven, all I can say is this, that if Captain L—— had perished, you should have been the man."

It was some days before Captain L—— was sufficiently recovered to see his bride. I was present at the meeting. It was one of those scenes that can never pass from the memory of him who has witnessed such. Never was happiness so prodigal of tears; never were tears less bitter. It was now evening; we had left the house, and were seated in the Colonel's garden, which overlooks the Alameda, and the Bay of Algesiras, which lay in perfect calm, coloured with the gorgeous hues reflected from Andalusian skies. Captain L—— had not yet been requested to relate those particulars which he alone knew, but he guessed our wish; and when Emily had seated herself in an obscure corner of the summer-house, he gave us the following relation.

"I left Griffith's hotel about five o'clock to dine with poor Donovan, as I had promised: he received me, as usual, with apparent kindness; but during dinner he was often abstracted—there was evident agitation in his tone and manner—and for the first time in my life I felt uncomfortable in his company. After dinner he proposed a walk; I left the house first; and chancing to glance in at the window as I passed round the angle, I saw him place a short dagger in his bosom. Suspicion then, for the first time, entered into my mind; and the manner of Donovan as we ascended was calculated to increase it. You recollect, that about half a mile beyond the highest piquet station, the road to the eastern point branches into two. I proposed that we should go different ways. Donovan took the zig-zag path; I followed the narrow steep path, intending to shun another meeting, and to scramble

down the southern side. In passing the entrance to the excavations, I noticed that the iron gate was open—left open probably accidentally—and the coolness of these subterranean galleries invited me to enter. While walking through them, I stopped to look out at one of the port holes;[1] and seeing, upon a little platform of the rock, about nine feet below, some stalks of white narcissus,[2] I felt a strong desire to possess myself of them—in fact, I thought Emily would like them, for we had often, when walking on the rock, or rowing under it, noticed these pretty flowers in inaccessible spots, and regretted the impossibility of reaching them. Betwixt the port hole and the platform there was a small square projection, and a geranium root twining round it, by which I saw that I could easily and safely accomplish my purpose. I accordingly stepped, or rather dropped upon the projection, and, only lightly touching it, descended to the platform. Having possessed myself of the flowers, I seized the projection, to raise myself up; but, to my inexpressible horror, the mass gave way, and, with the geranium-root, bounded from point to point, into the sea. The separation of this fragment left the face of the rock entirely bare—without point, fissure, or root; it was at least nine feet from the spot where I stood to the lower part of the port hole. It was impossible, by any exertion, to reach this; and the face of the rock was so smooth, that even a bird could not have found a footing upon it. I saw that I was lost,—I saw that no effort of mine could save me, and that no human eye could see me; and the roaring of the waves below drowned all cries for succour. I was placed about the middle of the precipice, with seven or eight hundred feet both above and below. Above, the rock projected, so that no one could see me from the summit; and the bulging of the rock on both sides, I saw must prevent any one discovering me from the sea, unless a boat should chance to come directly under the spot.

Evening passed away, it grew dark; and when night came I sat down upon the platform, leaning my back against the rock. Night passed too, and morning dawned—this was the morning when Emily would have given herself to me; the morning from which I had in imagination dated the commencement of happiness. I renewed my vain efforts; I sprang up to the port-hole, but fell back upon the platform, and was nearly precipitated into the ocean; I cried aloud for help; but my cry was answered only by some monkeys that jabbered from an opposite cliff. I thought of leaping into the sea, which would have been certain death; I prayed to God; I fear I blasphemed; I called wildly and insanely, called upon Emily; I cursed, and bewailed my fate, and even wept like a child; and then I sunk down exhausted. Oh! how I envied the great birds that sailed by, and that sank down in safety upon the bosom of the deep. The history of one day is the history of all, until weakness bereaved me of my powers. Hunger assailed me; I ate the scanty grasses that covered the platform, and gradually became weaker; and as the sufferings of the body increased, that of the mind diminished. Reason often wandered; I fancied that strange music, and sometimes the voice of Emily, mingled with the roar of the waves. I saw the face of Donovan looking at me through the port-hole; and I fancied that I was married; and that the flowers in my bosom were my bride, and I spoke to her, and told her not to fear the depth, or the roar of the sea. I have kept the flowers, Emily; I found them in my bosom when I was rescued; here they are," said Captain L——, rising. and laying them upon Emily's lap. But the recital had been too much for her feelings; she had striven to repress them, but they could bear no more control; "Hated flowers," said she, as throwing herself upon the neck of her betrothed, she found relief in a flood of tears. "My sweet girl, my dear Emily," said the Colonel, as he gently raised her from her resting place, and pressed her to a father's bosom, "it is past now; and I propose that next Monday we'll"—but Emily had left the summer house—"next Monday," resumed the Colonel, addressing Captain L——, "we'll have the wedding."

And so it was. How soon are sorrows forgotten. I saw Emily led to the altar; I saw her afterwards a happy and beloved wife. Between my first and second visit to Gibraltar, the Colonel had paid the debt of nature; but Emily's house is always my home. I found her as beautiful as ever; as gentle and good; as much loved. Emily Waring, I shall never see thee more; then Heaven bless thee, thy husband, and thy children!

[1] It may be necessary to inform the reader, that the excavations of Gibraltar are immense passages, or, as they are there called, galleries, hewn in the centre of the rock. These are carried within the face of the great precipice, and at short intervals there are openings, or port-holes, for cannon.

[2] Every projection and every nook in the face of the precipice is adorned with these beautiful and sweet-smelling flowers.

A SUMMER'S EVE.

[**Henry Kirke White**, born in Nottingham, 21st March, 1785; died at Cambridge, 19th October, 1806. He was the son of a butcher, and assisted his father in that trade for a short time. He was then sent to learn stocking-loom weaving, and from that he was removed to an attorney's office. His devotion to study having attracted the attention of several gentlemen, he obtained a sizarship in St. John's College, Cambridge. He intended to enter the ministry, but excessive study injured his health, and he died in his twenty-second year. His circumstances and early death won extensive favour for his poems *Clifton Grove*, a sketch in verse, is his longest production; the shorter pieces are characterized by much devotional spirit and an almost morbid anticipation of death.]

Down the sultry arc of day
The burning wheels have urged their way;
And Eve along the western skies
Spreads her intermingling dyes.
Down the deep, the miry lane,
Creaking comes the empty wain,
And driver on the shaft-horse sits,
Whistling now and then by fits:
And oft, with his accustomed call,
Urging on the sluggish Ball.
The barn is still, the master's gone,
And thresher puts his jacket on,
While Dick, upon the ladder tall,
Nails the dead kite to the wall.
Here comes shepherd Jack at last;
He has penned the sheepcote fast,
For 'twas but two nights before,
A lamb was eaten on the moor:
His empty wallet Rover carries,
Nor for Jack, when near home, tarries.
With lolling tongue he runs to try
If the horse-trough be not dry.
The milk is settled in the pans,
And supper messes in the cans;
In the hovel carts are wheeled,
And both the colts are drove a-field;
The horses are all bedded up,
And the ewe is with the tup.
The snare for Mister Fox is set,
The leaven laid, the thatching wet,
And Bess has slinked away to talk
With Roger in the holly walk.
Now, on the settle all, but Bess,
Are set to eat their supper mess;
And little Tom and roguish Kate
Are swinging on the meadow gate.
Now they chat of various things,
Of taxes, ministers, and kings,
Or else tell all the village news,
How madam did the squire refuse;
How parson on his tithes was bent,
And landlord oft distrained for rent.
Thus do they talk, till in the sky
The pale-eyed moon is mounted high,
And from the ale-house drunken Ned
Had reeled—then hastened all to bed.
The mistress sees that lazy Kate
The happing coal on kitchen grate
Has laid—while master goes throughout,
Sees shutters fast, the mastiff out,
The candles safe, the hearths all clear,
And nought from thieves or fire to fear;
Then both to bed together creep,
And join the general troop of sleep.

LE REVENANT.

"There are but two classes of persons in the world—those who are hanged, and those who are not hanged; and it has been my lot to belong to the former."

There are few men, perhaps, who have not a hundred times in the course of life, felt a curiosity to know what their sensations would be if they were compelled to lay life down. The very impossibility, in all ordinary cases, of obtaining any approach to this knowledge, is an incessant spur pressing on the fancy in its endeavours to arrive at it. Thus poets and painters have ever made the estate of a man condemned to die one of their favourite themes of comment or description. Footboys and 'prentices hang themselves almost every other day, conclusively—missing their arrangement for slipping the knot half way—out of a seeming instinct to try the secrets of that fate, which—less in jest than earnest—they feel an inward monition may become their own. And thousands of men, in early life, are uneasy until they have mounted a breach, or fought a duel, merely because they wish to know, experimentally, that their nerves are capable of carrying them through that peculiar ordeal. Now *I* am in a situation to speak from experience upon that very interesting question—the sensations attendant upon a passage from life to death. I have been HANGED, and am ALIVE—perhaps there are not three other men, at this moment, in Europe, who can make the same declaration. Before this statement meets the public eye I shall have quitted England for ever; therefore I have no advantage to gain from its publication. And, for the vanity of knowing, when I shall be a sojourner in a far country, that my name—for good or ill—is talked about in this,—such fame would scarcely do even my pride much good, when I dare not lay claim to its identity. But the cause which excites me to write is this—My greatest pleasure through life has been the perusal of any extraordinary narratives of fact. An account

of a shipwreck in which hundreds have perished; of a plague which has depopulated towns or cities; anecdotes and inquiries connected with the regulation of prisons, hospitals, or lunatic receptacles! nay, the very police reports of a common newspaper—as relative to matters of reality—have always excited a degree of interest in my mind which cannot be produced by the best invented tale of fiction. Because I believe, therefore, that to persons of a temper like my own, the reading that which I have to relate will afford very high gratification; and because I know also, that what I describe can do mischief to no one, while it may prevent the symptoms and details of a very rare consummation from being lost;—for these reasons I am desirous, as far as a very limited education will permit me, to write a plain history of the strange fortunes and miseries to which, during the last twelve months, I have been subjected.

I have stated already that I have *been* hanged and *am* alive. I can gain nothing now by misrepresentation—I was GUILTY of the act for which I suffered. There are individuals of respectability whom my conduct already has disgraced, and I will not revive their shame and grief by publishing my name. But it stands in the list of capital convictions in the Old Bailey calendar for the winter sessions 1826; and this reference, coupled with a few of the facts which follow, will be sufficient to guide any persons who are doubtful to the proof that my statement is a true one. In the year 1824 I was a clerk in a Russia broker's house, and fagged between Broad Street Buildings and Batson's Coffee-house and the London Docks, from nine in the morning to six in the evening, for a salary of fifty pounds a year. I did this not contentedly—but I endured it; living sparingly in a little lodging at Islington for two years, till I fell in love with a poor, but very beautiful girl, who was honest where it was very hard to be honest; and worked twelve hours a day at sewing and millinery, in a mercer's shop in Cheapside, for half a guinea a week. To make short of a long tale—this girl did not know how poor I was; and in about six months I committed seven or eight forgeries, to the amount of near two hundred pounds. I was seized one morning—I expected it for weeks as regularly as I awoke every morning—and carried after a few questions for examination before the lord-mayor. At the Mansion House I had nothing to plead. Fortunately my motions had not been watched; and so no one but myself was implicated in the charge, as no one else was really guilty. A sort of instinct to try the last hope, made me listen to the magistrate's caution, and remain silent; or else, for any chance of escape I had, I might as well have confessed the whole truth at once. The examination lasted about half an hour; when I was fully committed for trial, and sent away to Newgate.

The shock of my first arrest was very slight indeed; indeed I almost question if it was not a relief, rather than a shock to me. For months I had known perfectly that my eventual discovery was certain. I tried to shake the thought of this off; but it was of no use—I dreamed of it even in my sleep; and I never entered our counting-house of a morning, or saw my master take up the cash-book in the course of the day, that my heart was not up in my mouth, and my hand shook so that I could not hold the pen—for twenty minutes afterwards I was sure to do nothing but blunder. Until at last, when I saw our chief clerk walk into the room on New Year's morning with a police officer, I was as ready for what followed as if I had had six hours conversation about it. I do not believe I showed—for I am sure I did not feel it—either surprise or alarm. My "fortune," however, as the officer called it, was soon told. I was apprehended on the 1st of January; and the sessions being then just begun, my time came rapidly round. On the 4th of the same month, the London grand-jury found three bills against me for forgery; and on the evening of the 5th, the judge exhorted me to "prepare for death;" for "there was no hope that, in this world, mercy could be extended to me."

The whole business of my trial and sentence passed over as coolly and formally as I would have calculated a question of interest, or summed up an underwriting account. I had never, though I lived in London, witnessed the proceedings of a criminal court before; and I could hardly believe the composure and indifference, and yet civility—for there was no show of anger or ill-temper—with which I was treated; together with the apparent perfect insensibility of all the parties round me, while I was rolling on—with a speed which nothing could check, and which increased every moment—to my ruin! I was called suddenly up from the dock when my turn for trial came, and placed at the bar: and the judge asked in a tone which had neither severity about it nor compassion, nor carelessness, nor anxiety, nor any character or expression whatever that could be distinguished—"If there was any counsel appeared for the prosecution?" A barrister then, who seemed to have some consideration

—a middle-aged, gentlemanly looking man—stated the case against me, as he said he would do, very "fairly and forbearingly;" but as soon as he read the facts from his brief—that only—I heard an officer of the jail, who stood behind me, say, "Put the rope about my neck." My master then was called to give his evidence, which he did very temperately—but it was conclusive; a young gentleman, who was my counsel, asked a few questions in cross-examination, after he had carefully looked over the indictment; but there was nothing to cross-examine upon, I knew that well enough, though I was thankful for the interest he seemed to take in my case. The judge then told me, I thought more gravely than he had spoken before, "that it was time for me to speak in my defence, if I had anything to say." I had nothing to say. I thought one moment to drop down upon my knees and beg for mercy; but again, I thought it would only make me look ridiculous; and I only answered as well as I could, "that I would not trouble the court with any defence." Upon this the judge turned round with a more serious air still, to the jury, who stood up all to listen to him as he spoke. And I listened too, or tried to listen attentively, as hard as I could; and yet, with all I could do, I could not keep my thoughts from wandering! For the sight of the court, all so soberly, and regular, and composed, and formal, and well satisfied, spectators and all, while I was running on with the speed of wheels upon smooth soil downhill to destruction, seemed as if the whole trial were a dream, and not a thing in earnest!

The barristers sat round the table, silent, but utterly unconcerned, and two were looking over their briefs, and another was reading a newspaper; and the spectators in the galleries looked on and listened as pleasantly as though it were a matter not of death going on, but of pastime or amusement; and one very fat man, who seemed to be the clerk of the court, stopped his writing when the judge began, but leaned back in his chair with his hands in his breeches' pockets, except once or twice that he took a snuff; and not one living soul seemed to take notice; they did not seem to know the fact that there was a poor, desperate, helpless creature, whose days were fast running out, whose hours of life were even with the last grains in the bottom of the sand-glass among them! I lost the whole of the judge's charge—thinking of I know not what—in a sort of dream—unable to steady my mind to anything, and only biting the stalk of a piece of rosemary that lay by me. But I heard the low, distinct whisper of the foreman of the jury, as he brought in the verdict, "GUILTY," and the last words of the judge saying, "that I should be hanged by the neck until I was dead:" and bidding me "prepare myself for the next life, for that my crime was one that admitted of no mercy in this."

The jailer then, who had stood close by me all the while, put his hand quickly upon my shoulder, in an under voice telling me to "Come along!" Going down the hall steps two other officers met me; and placing me between them, without saying a word, hurried me across the yard in the direction back to the prison. As the door of the court closed behind us, I saw the judge fold up his papers, and the jury being sworn in the next case. Two other culprits were brought up out of the dock; and the crier called out for "The prosecutor and witnesses against James Hawkins and Joseph Sanderson, for burglary!"

I had no friends, if any in such a case could have been of use to me—no relatives but two; by whom—I could not complain of them—I was at once disowned. On the day after my trial my master came to me in person, and told me that "he had recommended me to mercy, and should try to obtain a mitigation of my sentence." I don't think I seemed very grateful for this assurance; I thought that if he had wished to spare my life he might have made sure by not appearing against me. I thanked him; but the colour was in my face—and the worst feelings that ever rose in my heart in all my life were at this visit. I thought he was not a wise man to come into my cell at that time—though he did not come alone. But the thing went no farther.

There was but one person then in all the world that seemed to belong to me; and that one was Elizabeth Clare! And when I thought of her the idea of all that was to happen to myself was forgotten; I covered my face with my hands, and cast myself on the ground, and I wept, for I was in desperation. While I was being examined, and my desk searched for papers at home, before I was carried to the Mansion House, I had got an opportunity to send one word to her, "that if she wished me only to try for my life, she should not come, nor send, nor be known in any way in my misfortune." But my scheme was to no purpose. She had gone wild as soon as she had heard the news of my apprehension—never thought of herself, but confessed her acquaintance with me. The result was, she was dismissed from her employment, and it was her only means of livelihood.

She had been everywhere: to my master, to the judge that tried me, to the magistrates,

to the sheriffs, to the aldermen, she had made her way even to the Secretary of State! My heart did misgive me at the thought of death; but, in despite of myself, I forgot fear when I missed her usual time of coming, and gathered from the people about me how she was employed. I had no thought about the success or failure of her attempt. All my thoughts were, that she was a young girl, and beautiful —hardly in her senses, and quite unprotected; without money to help, or a friend to advise her; pleading to strangers, humbling herself perhaps to menials who would think her very despair and helpless condition a challenge to infamy and insult. Well, it mattered little! The thing was no worse, because I was alive to see and suffer from it. Two days more, and all would be over; the demons that fed on human wretchedness would have their prey. She would be homeless, pennyless, friendless; she should have been the companion of a forger and a felon; it needed no witchcraft to guess the termination.

We hear curiously, and read every day of the visits of friends and relatives to wretched criminals condemned to die. Those who read and hear of these things the most curiously, have little impression of the sadness of the reality. It was six days after my first apprehension, when Elizabeth Clare came, for the last time, to visit me in prison! In only these short six days her beauty, health, strength—all were gone; years upon years of toil and sickness could not have left a more worn-out wreck. Death, as plainly as ever death spoke, sat in her countenance—she was broken-hearted. When she came, I had not seen her for two days. I could not speak, and there was an officer of the prison with us too; I was the property of the law now; and my mother, if she had lived, could not have blest or wept for me without a third person, and that a stranger, being present.

I sat down by her on my bed-stead, which was the only place to sit on in my cell, and wrapped her shawl close round her, for it was very cold weather, and I was allowed no fire; and we sat so for almost an hour without exchanging a word. She had no good news to bring me; I knew that; all I wanted to hear was about herself—I did hear! She had not a help, nor a hope, nor a prop left upon the earth! The only creature that sheltered her, the only relative she had, was a married sister, whose husband I knew to be a villain. What would she do, what could she attempt? She "did not know that;" and "it was not long that she should be a trouble to anybody." But "she should go to Lord S—— again that evening about me. He had treated her kindly; and she felt certain she should still succeed. It was her fault, she had told everybody this, all that had happened; if it had not been for meeting her, I should never have gone into debt, and into extravagance."

I listened, and I could only listen! I would have died—coward as I was—upon the rack, or in the fire, so I could but have left her safe. I did not ask so much as to leave her happy! Oh then I did think, in bitterness of spirit, if I had but shunned temptation, and staid poor and honest! If I could only have placed her once more in the hard laborious poverty where I had first found her! It was my work, and she never could be there again! How long this vain remorse might have lasted I cannot tell. My head was light and giddy. I understood the glance of the turnkey who was watching me, "that Elizabeth must be got away;" but I had not strength even to attempt it. The thing had been arranged for me. The master of the jail entered. She went: it was then the afternoon; and she was got away on the pretence that she might make one more effort to save me, with a promise that she should return again at night. The master was an elderly man, who had daughters of his own; and he promised—for he saw, I knew, how the matter was—to see Elizabeth safe through the crowd of wretches among whom she must pass to quit the prison. She went, and I knew that she was going for ever. As she turned back to speak as the door was closing, I knew that I had seen her for the last time. The door of my cell closed. We were to meet no more on earth. I fell upon my knees, I clasped my hands; my tears burst out afresh, and I called on God to bless her.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when Elizabeth left me; and when she departed it seemed as if my business in this world was at an end. I could have wished, then and there, to have died upon the spot; I had done my last act and drunk my last draught in life. But as the twilight drew in, my cell was cold and damp; and the evening was dark and gloomy; and I had no fire, nor any candle, although it was in the month of January, nor much covering to warm me; and by degrees my spirits weakened, and my heart sunk at the desolate wretchedness of everything about me; and gradually—for what I write now shall be the truth—the thoughts of Elizabeth, and what would be her fate, began to give way before a sense of my own situation. This was the first time, I cannot tell the reason why, that my

mind had ever fixed itself fully upon the trial that I had within a few hours to go through; and as I reflected on it a terror spread over me almost in an instant, as though it were that my sentence was just pronounced, and that I had not known really, and seriously, that I was to die before. I had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours. There was food which a religious gentleman who visited me had sent from his own table, but I could not taste it; and when I looked at it strange fancies came over me. It was dainty food; not such as was served to the prisoners in the jail. It was sent to me because I was to die to-morrow! and I thought of the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air that were pampered for slaughter. I felt that my own sensations were not as they ought to be at this time; and I believe that for a while I was insane.

A sort of dull humming noise, that I could not get rid of, like the buzzing of bees, sounded in my ears. And though it was dark, sparks of light seemed to dance before my eyes; and I could recollect nothing. I tried to say my prayers, but could only remember a word here and there; and then it seemed to me as if these were blasphemies that I was uttering; I don't know what they were—I cannot tell what it was I said; and then, on a sudden, I felt, or thought, all this terror was useless, and that I would not stay there to die; and I jumped up and wrenched at the bars of my cell window with a force that bent them, for I felt as if I had the strength of a lion. And I felt all over the lock of my door; and tried the door itself with my shoulder—though I knew it was plated with iron, and heavier than that of a church; and I groped about the very walls, and into the corners of my dungeon—though I knew very well, if I had had my senses, that it was all of solid stone three feet thick; and that if I could have passed through a crevice smaller than the eye of a needle, I had no chance of escaping. And, in the midst of all this exertion, a faintness came over me as though I had swallowed poison; and I had just power to reel to the bed-place, where I sank down, as I think, in a swoon; but this did not last, for my head swam round, and the cell seemed to turn with me; and I dreamed—between sleeping and waking—that it was midnight, and that Elizabeth had come back as she had promised, and that they refused to admit her. And I thought that it snowed heavily, and that the streets were all covered with it, as if with a white sheet, and that I saw her dead—lying in the fallen snow—and in the darkness, at the prison gate!

When I came to myself, I was struggling and breathless. In a minute or two I heard St. Sepulchre's clock go ten; and I knew it was a dream that I had had; but I could not help fancying that Elizabeth really had come back. And I knocked loudly at the door of my cell; and when one of the turnkeys came I begged him, for mercy sake, to go down to the gate and see; and moreover to take a small bundle containing two shirts—which I pushed to him through the grate—for I had no money; and if he would have my blessing, to bring me but one small cup of brandy to keep my heart alive; for I felt that I had not the strength of a man, and should never be able to go through my trial like one. The turnkey shook his head at my request, as he went away; and said that he had not the brandy, even if he dared run the risk to give it me. But in a few minutes he returned bringing me a glass of wine, which he said the master of the jail had sent me, and hoped it would do me good; however he would take nothing for it. And the chaplain of the prison, too, came without my sending; and—for which I shall ever have cause to thank him—went himself down to the outer gates of the jail, and pledged his honour as a man and a Christian clergyman that Elizabeth was not there nor had returned; and moreover he assured me that it was not likely she would come back, for her friends had been told privately that she could not be admitted; but nevertheless he should himself be up during the whole night; and if she should come, although she could not be allowed to see me, he would take care that she should have kind treatment and protection; and I had reason afterwards to know that he kept his word. He then exhorted me solemnly "to think no more of cares or troubles in this world, but to bend my thoughts upon that to come, and to try to reconcile my soul to Heaven; trusting that my sins, though they were heavy, under repentance, might have hope of mercy."

When he was gone, I did find myself for a little while more collected; and I sat down again on the bed, and tried seriously to commune with myself, and prepare myself for my fate. I recalled to my mind that I had but a few hours more at all events to live, that there was no hope on earth of escaping—and that it was at least better that I should die decently and like a man. Then I tried to recollect all the tales that I had ever heard about death by hanging—that it was said to be the sensation of a moment—to give no pain—to cause the extinction of life instantaneously—and so on, to twenty other strange ideas. By degrees

my head began to wander and grow unmanageable again. I put my hands tightly to my throat, as though to try the sensation of strangling. Then I felt my arms at the places where the cords would be tied. I went through the fastening of the rope, the tying of the hands together: the thing that I felt most averse to, was the having the white cap muffled over my eyes and face. If I could avoid that, the rest was not so very horrible! In the midst of these fancies a numbness seemed to creep over my senses. The giddiness that I had felt gave way to a dull stupor, which lessened the pain that my thoughts gave me, though I still went on thinking. The church-clock rang midnight: I was sensible of the sound, but it reached me indistinctly—as though coming through many closed doors, or from a far distance. By and by I saw the objects before my mind less and less clearly—then only partially—then they were gone altogether. I fell asleep.

I slept until the hour of execution. It was seven o'clock on the next morning, when a knocking at the door of my cell awoke me. I heard the sound, as though in my dreams, for some moments before I was fully awake; and my first sensation was only the dislike which a weary man feels at being roused: I was tired and wished to doze on. In a minute after, the bolts on the outside my dungeon were drawn; a turnkey, carrying a small lamp, and followed by the master of the jail and the chaplain, entered: I looked up—a shudder like the shock of electricity—like a plunge into a bath of ice—ran through me—one glance was sufficient: sleep was gone as though I had never slept—even as I never was to sleep again—I was conscious of my situation!

"R——," said the master to me, in a subdued but steady tone, "it is time for you to rise."

The chaplain asked me how I had passed the night? and proposed that we should join in prayer. I gathered myself up, and remained seated on the side of the bed-place. My teeth chattered, and my knees knocked together in despite of myself. It was barely daylight yet; and, as the cell door stood open, I could see into the small paved court beyond: the morning was thick and gloomy; and a slow but settled rain was coming down.

"It is half-past seven o'clock, R—— !" said the master. I just mustered an entreaty to be left alone till the last moment. I had thirty minutes to live.

I tried to make another observation when the master was leaving the cell; but, this time I could not get the words out: my tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth, and my speech seemed gone: I made two desperate efforts; but it would not do—I could not utter. When they left me, I never stirred from my place on the bed. I was benumbed with the cold, probably from the sleep and the unaccustomed exposure; and I sat crouched together, as it were, to keep myself warmer, with my arms folded across my breast, and my head hanging down, shivering: and my body felt as if it were such a weight to me that I was unable to move it, or stir. The day now was breaking, yellow—and heavily; and the light stole by degrees into my dungeon, showing me the damp stone walls and desolate dark-paved floor; and, strange as it was—with all that I could do, I could not keep myself from noticing these trifling things—though perdition was coming upon me the very next moment. I noticed the lamp which the turnkey had left on the floor, and which was burning dimly, with a long wick, being clogged with the chill and bad air, and I thought to myself—even at that moment—that it had not been trimmed since the night before. And I looked at the bare naked iron bed-frame that I sat on; and at the heavy studs on the door of the dungeon; and at the scrawls and writing upon the wall that had been drawn by former prisoners; and I put my hand to try my own pulse, and it was so low that I could hardly count it:—I could not feel—though I tried to make myself feel it—that I was going to DIE. In the midst of this, I heard the chimes of the chapel-clock begin to strike; and I thought—Lord, take pity on me, a wretch! it could not be the three quarters after seven yet! The clock went over the three quarters—it chimed the fourth quarter, and struck eight. They were in my cell before I perceived them. They found me in the place, and in the posture, as they had left me.

What I have farther to tell will lie in a very small compass: my recollections are very minute up to this point, but not at all so close as to what occurred afterwards. I scarcely recollect very clearly how I got from my cell to the press-room. I think two little withered men, dressed in black, supported me. I know I tried to rise when I saw the master and his people come into my dungeon; but I could not.

In the press-room were the two miserable wretches that were to suffer with me; they were bound with their arms behind them, and their hands together; and were lying upon a bench hard by, until I was ready. A meagre-looking old man, with thin white hair, who was read-

ing to one of them, came up and said something—"That we ought to embrace,"—I did not distinctly hear what it was.

The great difficulty that I had was to keep from falling. I had thought that these moments would have been all of fury and horror, but I felt nothing of this; but only a weakness, as though my heart—and the very floor on which I stood—was sinking under me. I could just make a motion, that the old white-haired man should leave me, and some one interfered and sent him away. The pinioning of my hands and arms was then finished, and I heard an officer whisper to the chaplain that "all was ready." As we passed out one of the men in black held a glass of water to my lips; but I could not swallow: and Mr. W——, the master of the jail, who had bid farewell to my companions, offered me his hand. The blood rushed into my face once more for one moment! It was too much—the man who was sending me to execution to offer to shake me by the hand!

This was the last moment—but one—of full perception that I had in life. I remember our beginning to move forward through the long-arched passages which led from the press-room to the scaffold. I saw the lamps that were still burning, for the day-light never entered here: I heard the quick tolling of the bell, and the deep voice of the chaplain reading as he walked before us:—"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, shall live. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God!"

It was the funeral service—the order for the grave—the office for those that were senseless and dead—over us, the quick and the living.

I felt once more—and saw!—I felt the transition from these dim, close, hot, lamp-lighted subterranean passages, to the open platform, and steps, at the foot of the scaffold, and to day. I saw the immense crowd blackening the whole area of the street below me. The windows of the shops and houses opposite, to the fourth story, choked with gazers. I saw St. Sepulchre's Church through the yellow fog in the distance, and heard the pealing of its bell. I recollect the cloudy, misty morning; the wet that lay upon the scaffold—the huge dark mass of building, the prison itself, that rose beside, and seemed to cast a shadow over us—the cold, fresh breeze, that, as I emerged from it, broke upon my face. I see it all now—the whole horrible landscape is before me. The scaffold—the rain—the faces of the multitude—the people clinging to the house-tops—the smoke that beat heavily downwards from the chimneys—the waggons filled with women staring in the inn-yards opposite—the hoarse low roar that ran through the gathered crowd as we appeared. I never saw so many objects at once, so plainly and distinctly, in all my life, as at that one glance; but it lasted only for an instant.

From that look, and from that instant, all that followed is a blank. Of the prayers of the chaplain; of the fastening the fatal noose; of the putting on of the cap which I had so much disliked; of my actual *execution* and *death*,—I have not the slightest atom of recollection. But that I know such occurrences must have taken place, I should not have the smallest consciousness that they ever did so. I read in the daily newspapers an account of my behaviour at the scaffold—that I conducted myself decently but with firmness; of my death—that I seemed to die almost without a struggle. Of any of these events I have not been able by any exertion to recall the most distant remembrance. With the first view of the scaffold, all my recollection ceases. The next circumstance which, to my perception, seems to follow, is the having awoke, as if from sleep, and found myself in a bed, in a handsome chamber; with a gentleman—as I first opened my eyes—looking attentively at me. I had my senses perfectly, though I did not speak at once. I thought directly that I had been reprieved at the scaffold, and had fainted. After I knew the truth, I thought that I had an imperfect recollection of having found or fancied myself—as in a dream—in some strange place lying naked, and with a mass of figures floating about before me; but this idea certainly never presented itself to me until I was informed of the fact that it had occurred.

The accident to which I owe my existence will have been divined! My condition is a strange one! I am a living man; and I possess certificates both of my death and burial. I know that a coffin filled with stones, and with my name upon the plate, lies buried in the Churchyard of St. Andrews, Holborn: I saw from a window, the undressed hearse arrive that carried it: I was a witness to my own funeral: these are strange things to see. My dangers, however, and I trust, my crimes, are over for ever. Thanks to the bounty of the excellent individual whose benevolence has recognized the service which he did me for a claim upon him, I am married to the woman whose happiness and safety proved my last thought—so long as reason remained with me

—in dying. And I am about to sail upon a far voyage, which is only a sorrowful one that it parts me for ever from my benefactor. The fancy that this poor narrative, from the singularity of the facts it relates, may be interesting to some people, has induced me to write it; perhaps at too much length, but it is not easy for those who write without skill to write briefly. Should it meet the eye of the few relatives I have, it will tell one of them that to his jealousy of being known in connection with me, even *after death*, I owe my *life*. Should my old master read it, perhaps by this time he may have thought I suffered severely for yielding to a first temptation; at least while I bear him no ill will—I will not believe that he will learn my deliverance with regret. For the words are soon spoken, and the act is soon done, which dooms a wretched creature to an untimely death; but bitter are the pangs—and the sufferings of the body are among the least of them—that he must go through before he arrives at it!—*Blackwood's Mag.*

O POORTITH CAULD.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

O poortith cauld and restless love,
Ye wreck my peace between ye;
Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
An 'twere na for my Jeanie.
O why should fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love
Depend on Fortune's shining?

This warld's wealth when I think on,
Its pride, and a' the lave o't;—
Fie, fie on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't!

Her een sae bonnie blue betray
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her o'erword aye,
She talks of rank and fashion.

O wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him?
O wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am?

How blest the humble cotter's fate!
He woos his simple dearie;
The silly bogles, wealth and state,
Can never make them eerie.
O why should fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love
Depend on Fortune's shining?

ROBERT BURNS.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

What bird in beauty, flight, or song,
Can with the bard compare,
Who sang as sweet and soar'd as strong
As ever child of air?

His plume, his note, his form, could Burns
For whim or pleasure change:
He was not one, but all by turns,
With transmigration strange.

The blackbird, oracle of spring,
When flower'd his moral lay;
The swallow, wheeling on the wing,
Capriciously at play:

The humming-bird, from bloom to bloom
Inhaling heavenly balm;
The raven, in the tempest's gloom;
The halcyon, in the calm:

In "auld Kirk Alloway," the owl,
At witching time of night;
By "bonnie Doon," the earliest fowl
That caroll'd to the light.

He was the wren amidst the grove,
When in his homely vein;
At Bannockburn the bird of Jove,
With thunder in his train;

The woodlark, in his mournful hours;
The goldfinch, in his mirth;
The thrush, a spendthrift of his power,
Enrapturing heaven and earth;

The swan, in majesty and grace,
Contemplative and still;
But roused, no falcon in the chase
Could like his satire kill.

The linnet in simplicity,
In tenderness the dove;
But more than all besides was he,
The nightingale in love.

Oh! had he never stoop'd to shame,
Nor lent a charm to vice,
How had devotion loved to name
That bird of paradise!

Peace to the dead!—In Scotia's choir
Of minstrels great and small,
He sprang from his spontaneous fire,
The phœnix of them all.

THE RIBBONMAN.

[William Carleton, born at Clogher, Tyrone, 1798; died 30th January, 1869. Novelist and poet. He began his career as a tutor. In 1830 he published in Dublin the first series of his *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*, which was received with so much favour that a second series soon followed. His principal works are: *Fardorougha the Miser; The Fawn of Spring Vale; The Clarionet*, and other Tales; *Valentine M'Clutchy; Willy Reilly; The Tithe Proctor; Rody the Rover*, &c. Christopher North said in reply to the Shepherd's inquiry about Carleton's stories of the Irish peasantry: "Admirable, truly! Intensely Irish. Never were that wild imaginative people better described; and amongst all the fun, frolic, and folly, there is no want of poetry, pathos, and passion." Mr. Carleton obtained a pension of £200 a year from government. The following sketch is said to be "only too true."]

I had read the anonymous summons, but, from its general import, I believed it to be one of those special meetings convened for some purpose affecting the general objects and proceedings of the body. At least the terms in which it was conveyed to me had nothing extraordinary or mysterious in them, beyond the simple fact that it was not to be a general, but a select meeting; this mark of confidence flattered me, and I determined to attend punctually. I was, it is true, desired to keep the circumstance entirely to myself, but there was nothing startling in this, for I had often received summonses of a similar import. I therefore resolved to attend, according to the letter of my instructions, "on the next night, at the solemn hour of midnight, to deliberate and act upon such matters as should, then and there, be submitted to my consideration." The morning after I received this message, I arose and resumed my usual occupations; but from whatever cause it may have proceeded, I felt a sense of approaching evil hang heavily upon me; the beats of my pulse were languid, and an undefinable feeling of anxiety pervaded my whole spirit; even my face was pale, and my eye so heavy that my father and brothers thought I was ill; an opinion which I fancied at the time to be correct, for I felt exactly that kind of depression which precedes a severe fever. I could not understand what I experienced, nor can I yet, except by supposing that there is in human nature some mysterious faculty by which, in coming calamities, the approach throws forward the shadow of some fearful evil, and that it is possible to catch a dark anticipation of the sensations which they subsequently produce. For my part I can neither analyze nor define it; but on that day I knew it by painful experience, and so have a thousand others in similar circumstances.

It was about the middle of winter. The day was gloomy and tempestuous almost beyond any other I remember; dark clouds rolled over the hills about me, and a close sleet-like rain fell in slanting drifts that chased each other rapidly to the earth on the course of the blast. The out-lying cattle sought the closest and calmest corners of the fields for shelter; the trees and young groves were tossed about, for the wind was so unusually high that it swept its hollow gusts through them, with that hoarse murmur which deepens so powerfully on the mind the sense of dreariness and desolation.

As the shades of night fell, the storm if possible increased. The moon was half gone, and only a few stars were visible by glimpses, as a rush of wind left a temporary opening in the sky. I had determined, if the storm should not abate, to incur any penalty rather than attend the meeting, but the appointed hour was distant, and I resolved to be decided by the future state of the night.

Ten o'clock came, but still there was no change; eleven passed, and on opening the door to observe if there were any likelihood of it clearing up, a blast of wind mingled with rain, nearly blew me off my feet; at length it was approaching to the hour of midnight, and on examining a third time, I found it had calmed a little, and no longer rained.

I instantly got my oak stick, muffled myself in my great-coat, strapped my hat about my ears, and as the place of meeting was only a quarter of a mile distant, I presently set out.

The appearance of the heavens was lowering and angry, particularly in that point where the light of the moon fell against the clouds from a seeming chasm in them, through which alone she was visible. The edges of this were faintly bronzed, but the dense body of the masses that hung piled on each side of her was black and impenetrable to sight. In no other point of the heavens was there any part of the sky visible, for a deep veil of clouds overhung the horizon; yet was the light sufficient to give occasional glimpses of the rapid shifting which took place in this dark canopy, and of the tempestuous agitation with which the midnight storm swept to and fro beneath.

At length I arrived at a long slated house, situated in a solitary part of the neighbourhood; a little below it ran a small stream, which was now swollen above its banks, and rushing with mimic roar over the flat meadows

beside it. The appearance of the bare slated building in such a night was particularly sombre, and to those like me who knew the purpose to which it was then usually devoted, it was, or ought to have been, peculiarly so. There it stood, silent and gloomy, without any appearance of human life or enjoyment about or within it: as I approached, the moon once more had broken out of the clouds, and shone dimly upon the glittering of the wet slates and window, with a death-like lustre, that gradually faded away as I left the point of observation, and entered the folding-door. It was the parish chapel.

The scene which presented itself here was in keeping not only with the external appearance of the house, but with the darkness, the storm, and the hour, which was now a little after midnight. About eighty persons were sitting in dead silence upon the circular steps of the altar; they did not seem to move, and as I entered and advanced, the echo of my footsteps rang through the building with a lonely distinctness, which added to the solemnity and mystery of the circumstances about me. The windows were secured with shutters on the inside, and on the altar a candle which burned dimly amid the surrounding darkness, and lengthened the shadow of the altar itself, and of six or seven persons who stood on its upper steps, until they mingled in the obscurity which shrouded the lower end of the chapel. The faces of those who sat on the altar-steps were not distinctly visible, yet the prominent and more characteristic features were in sufficient relief, and I observed that some of the most malignant and reckless spirits in the parish were assembled. In the eyes of those who stood at the altar, and whom I knew to be invested with authority over the others, I could perceive gleams of some latent and ferocious purpose, kindled, as I soon observed, into a fiercer expression of vengeance, by the additional excitement of ardent spirits, with which they had stimulated themselves to a point of determination that mocked at the apprehension of all future consequences, either in this world or the next.

The welcome which I received on joining them was far different from the boisterous good humour which used to mark our greetings on other occasions; just a nod of the head from this or that person, on the part of those *who sat*, with a *ghud dhemur tha thu*,[1] in a suppressed voice; but, from the standing group, who were evidently the projectors of the enterprise, I received a convulsive grasp of the hand, accompanied by a fierce and desperate look, that seemed to search my eye and countenance, to try if I was a person not likely to shrink from whatever they had resolved to execute. It is surprising to think of the powerful expression which a moment of intense interest or great danger is capable of giving to the eye, the features, and slightest actions, especially in those whose station in society does not require them to constrain nature, by the force of social courtesies, to conceal its emotions. None of the standing group spoke, but as each of them wrung my hand in silence, his eye was fixed on mine with an expression of drunken confidence and secrecy, and an insolent determination not to be gainsayed without peril. If looks could be translated with certainty, they seemed to say "we are bound upon a project of vengeance, and if you do not join us, remember that we *can* revenge." Along with this grasp, they did not forget to remind me of the common bond by which we were united, for each man gave me the secret grip of Ribbonism in a manner that made the joints of my fingers ache for some minutes after.

There was one present, however—the highest in authority—whose actions and demeanour were calm and unexcited; he seemed to labour under no unusual influence whatever, but evinced a serenity so placid and philosophical, that I attributed the silence of the sitting group, and the restraint which curbed the outbreaking passions of those who *stood*, entirely to his presence. He was a schoolmaster, who taught his daily school in that chapel, and acted also on Sunday in capacity of clerk to the priest—an excellent and amiable old man, who knew little of his illegal associations and atrocious conduct.

When the ceremonies of brotherly recognition and friendship were past, the Captain, by which title I will designate the last-mentioned person, stooped, and raising a jar of whiskey on the corner of the altar, held a wine-glass to its neck, which he filled, and with a calm nod handed it to me to drink. I shrunk back, with an instinctive horror, at the profaneness of such an act, in the house and on the altar of God, and peremptorily refused to taste the proffered draught. He smiled mildly at what he considered my superstition, and added quietly, and in a low voice,

"You'll be wantin' it, I'm thinkin', afther the wettin' you got."

"Wet or dry," said I—

"Stop, man," he replied in the same tone—"spake lower; but why wouldn't you take the

[1] How are you.

whiskey? Sure there's as holy people to the fore as you—didn't they all take it?—an' I wish we may never do worse than dhrink a harmless glass of whiskey, to keep the could out, any way."

"Well," said I, "I'll just trust to God, and the consequinces, for the could, Paddy, ma bouchal; but a blessed dhrop ov it won't be crossin' my lips, avick; so no more gosther about it—dhrink it yerself, if you like; maybe you want it as much as I do—wherein I've the patthern of a good big-coat upon me, so thick, yer sowl, that if it was rainin' bullocks, a dhrop wouldn't get under the nap ov it."

He gave me a calm but keen glance as I spoke.

"Well, Jim," said he, "it's a good comrade you've got for the weather that's in it; but in the mane time, to set you a dacent patthern, I'll just take this myself,"—saying which, with the jar still upon its side, and the fore-finger of his left hand in its neck, he swallowed the spirits. "It's the first I dhrank to-night," he added, "nor would I dhrink it now, only to show you that I've heart and sperrit to do a thing that we're all bound and sworn to, when the proper time comes"—saying which, he laid down the glass, and turned up the jar, with much coolness, upon the altar.

During this conversation, those who had been summoned to this mysterious meeting were pouring in fast; and as each person approached the altar, he received from one to two or three large glasses of whiskey, according as he chose to limit himself; and, to do them justice, there were not a few of those present who, in despite of their own desire, and the captain's express invitation, refused to taste it in the house of God's worship. Such, however, as were scrupulous he afterwards recommended to take it on the outside of the chapel door, which they did, as by that means the sacrilege of the act was supposed to be evaded.

About one o'clock they were all assembled except six—at least so the captain, on looking at a written paper, asserted.

"Now, boys," said he, in the same low voice, "we are all present, except the thraitors, whose names I am goin' to read to you; not that we are to count thim as thraitors till we know whether or not it was in their power to come; anyhow, the night is terrible; but, boys, you're to know that neither fire nor wather is to prevint yees, when duly summonsed to attind a meeting; particularly whin the summons is widout a name, as you have been tould that there is always something of consequence to be done *thin.*"

He then read out the names of those who were absent, in order that the real cause of their absence might be ascertained, declaring that they would be dealt with accordingly. After this he went and with his usual caution shut and bolted the door, and having put the key in his pocket, he ascended the steps of the altar, and for some time traversed the little platform from which the priest usually addresses the congregation.

Until this night I never contemplated the man's countenance with any particular interest, but as he walked the platform I had an opportunity of observing him more closely. He was a little man, apparently not thirty; and on a first view seemed to have nothing remarkable either in his dress or features. I, however, was not the only person whose eye was rivetted upon him at that moment; in fact, every one present observed him with equal interest, for hitherto he had kept the object of the meeting perfectly secret, and of course we all felt anxious to know it. It was while he traversed this platform that I scrutinized his features, with a hope, if possible, to glean from them some indication of what was passing within; I could, however, mark but little, and that little was at first rather from the intelligence which seemed to subsist between him and those whom I have already mentioned as *standing* against the altar, than from any indications of his own; their gleaming eyes were fixed upon him with an intensity of savage and demon-like hope, which blazed out in flashes of malignant triumph, as upon turning he threw a cool but rapid glance at them, to intimate the progress he was making in the subject to which he devoted the undivided energies of his mind. But in the course of this meditation I could observe on one or two occasions a dark shade come over his countenance that contracted his brow into a deep furrow, and it was then, for the first time, that I saw the satanic expression of which his face, by a very slight motion of its muscles, was capable; his hands, during this silence, closed and opened convulsively; his eyes shot out two or three baleful glances, first to his confederates, and afterwards vacantly into the deep gloom of the lower part of the chapel; his teeth ground against each other like those of a man whose revenge burns to reach a distant enemy, and finally, after having wound himself up to a certain determination, his features relaxed into their original calm and undisturbed expression.

At this moment a loud laugh, having something supernatural in it, rang out wildly from the darkness of the chapel; he stopped, and

putting his open hand over his brows, peered down into the gloom, and said calmly in Irish, "*Bee dhu hust ne wulh enan inh*"—Hold your tongue, it is not yet the time. Every eye was now directed to the same spot, but, in consequence of its distance from the dim light on the altar, none could perceive the object from which the laugh proceeded. It was by this time nearly two o'clock in the morning.

He now stood for a few moments on the platform, and his chest heaved with a depth of anxiety equal to the difficulty of the design he wished to accomplish. "Brothers," said he, "for we are all brothers—sworn upon all that's sacred an' holy to obey whatever them that's over us, maning among ourselves, wishes us to do—are you now ready, in the name of God, upon whose althar I stand, to fulfil yer oath?"

The words were scarcely uttered when those who had *stood* beside the altar during the night sprung from their places, and descending its steps rapidly, turned round, and, raising their arms, exclaimed, "By all that's sacred an' holy we're willin'."

In the meantime, those who *sat* upon the steps of the altar instantly rose, and following the example of those who had just spoken, exclaimed after them, "To be sure—by all that's sacred an' holy we're willin'."

"Now, boys," said the captain, "arn't yees big fools for your pains? an' *one* of yees doesn't know what I mane."

"You're our captain," said one of those who had stood at the altar, "an' has yer ordhers from higher quarthers; of coorse whatever ye command upon us we're bound to obey you in."

"Well," said he, smiling, "I only wanted to thry yees, an' by the oath yees tuck, there's not a captain in the county has as good a right to be proud of his min as I have. Well, yees won't rue it, may be, when the right time comes; and for that same raison every one of yees must have a glass from the jar; thim that won't dhrink it *in* the chapel can dhrink it *widout;* an' here goes to open the door for them." He then distributed another large glass to every man who would accept it, and brought the jar afterwards to the chapel door, to satisfy the scruples of those who would not drink within. When this was performed, and all duly excited, he proceeded—

"Now, brothers, you are solemnly sworn to obey me, an' I'm sure there's no thraitor here that 'id parjure himself for a trifle anyhow; but *I'm* sworn to obey them that's above me—manin' still among ourselves—an' to show you that I don't scruple to do it, here goes"—he then turned round, and taking the Missal between his hands, placed it upon the holy altar. Hitherto every word was uttered in a low precautionary tone; but on grasping the book he again turned round, and looking upon his confederates with the same satanic expression which marked his countenance before, he exclaimed in a voice of deep determination—

"By this sacred an' holy book, I will perform the action which we have met this night to accomplish, be that what it may, an' this I swear upon His book an' His altar!"

At this moment the candle which burned before him went suddenly out, and the chapel was wrapped in pitchy darkness; the sound as if of rushing wings fell upon our ears, and fifty voices dwelt upon the last words of his oath, with wild and supernatural tones that seemed to echo and to mock what he had sworn. There was a pause, and an exclamation of horror from all present, but the captain was too cool and steady to be disconcerted; he immediately groped about until he got the candle, and proceeding calmly to a remote corner of the chapel, took up a half-burned turf which lay there, and, after some trouble, succeeded in lighting it again. He then explained what had taken place; which indeed was easily done, as the candle happened to be extinguished by a pigeon which sat exactly above it. The chapel, I should have observed, was at this time, like many country chapels, unfinished inside, and the pigeons of a neighbouring dove-cot had built nests among the rafters of the unceiled roof, which circumstance also explained the rushing of the wings, for the birds had been affrighted by the sudden loudness of the noise. The mocking voices were nothing but the echoes, rendered naturally more awful by the scene, the mysterious object of the meeting, and the solemn hour of the night.

When the candle was again lighted, and these startling circumstances accounted for, the persons whose vengeance had been deepening more and more during the night, rushed to the altar in a body, where each in a voice trembling with passionate eagerness, repeated the oath, and as every word was pronounced, the same echoes heightened the wildness of the horrible ceremony by their long and unearthly tones. The countenances of these human tigers were livid with suppressed rage—their knit brows, compressed lips, and kindled eyes fell under the dim light of the taper with an expression calculated to sicken any heart not absolutely diabolical.

As soon as this dreadful rite was completed we were again startled by several loud bursts

of laughter, which proceeded from the lower darkness of the chapel, and the captain on hearing them turned to the place, and reflecting for a moment, said in Irish, "*gutsho nish, avohelhee*"—Come hither now, boys. A rush immediately took place from the corner in which they had secreted themselves all the night, and seven men appeared, whom we instantly recognized as brothers and cousins of certain persons who had been convicted some time before for breaking into the house of an honest poor man in the neighbourhood, from whom, after having treated him with barbarous violence, they took away such firearms as he kept for his own protection.

It was evidently not the captain's intention to have produced these persons until the oath should have been generally taken, but the exulting mirth with which they enjoyed the success of his scheme betrayed them, and put him to the necessity of bringing them forward somewhat before the concerted moment.

The scene which now took place was beyond all power of description; peals of wild fiend-like yells rang through the chapel as the party which *stood* on the altar and that which had crouched in the darkness met; wringing of hands, leaping in triumph, striking of sticks and firearms against the ground and the altar itself, dancing and cracking of fingers, marked the triumph of some fiendish purpose. Even the captain for a time was unable to restrain their fury; but at length he mounted the platform before the altar once more, and with a stamp of his foot recalled their attention to himself and the matter in hand.

"Boys," said he, "enough of this, and too much; an' well for us it is that the chapel is in a lonely place, or our foolish noise might do us no good. Let thim that swore so manfully jist now stand a one side till the rest kiss the book one by one."

The proceedings, however, had by this time taken too alarming a shape for even the captain to compel them to a blindfold oath; the first man he called flatly refused to swear until he should first hear the nature of the service that was required. This was echoed by the remainder, who, taking courage from the firmness of this person, declared generally that until they first knew the business they were to execute none of them should take the oath. The captain's lip quivered slightly, and his brow once more knit with the same evil expression, which I have remarked gave him so much the appearance of an embodied fiend; but this speedily passed away, and was succeeded by a malignant sneer, in which lurked, if there ever did in a sneer, "a laughing devil," calmly, determinedly atrocious.

"It wasn't worth yer whiles to refuse the oath," said he mildly, "for the thruth is, I had next to nothing for yees to do; not a hand maybe would have to *rise*, only jist to look on an' if any resistance should be made to show yerselves; yer numbers would soon make them see that resistance would be no use whatever in the present case. At all evints the oath of *secrecy must* be taken, or woe be to him who will refuse *that;* he won't know the day, the hour, nor the minute when he'll be made a spatch-cock ov." He then turned round, and placing his right hand on the Missal, swore "that whatever might take place that night he would keep secret from man or mortal, except it was the holy priest on his dying day, and that neither bribery, nor imprisonment, nor death would wring it from his heart;" having done this, he struck the book violently, as if to confirm the energy with which he swore, and then calmly descending the steps, stood with a serene countenance, like a man conscious of having performed a good action. As this oath did not pledge those who refused to take the other to the perpetration of any specific crime, it was readily taken by all present. Preparations were then made to execute what was intended; the half-burned turf was placed in a little pot; another glass of whisky was distributed, and the door being locked by the captain, who kept the key as parish master and clerk, the crowd departed silently from the chapel.

The moment that those who lay in the darkness during the night made their appearance at the altar, we knew at once the persons we were to visit; for, as I said before, these were related to the miscreants whom one of these persons had convicted, in consequence of their midnight attack upon himself and his family. The captain's object in keeping them unseen was that those present, not being aware of the duty about to be imposed on them, might have less hesitation in swearing to its fulfilment. Our conjectures were correct, for on leaving the chapel we directed our steps to the house in which this man, the only Protestant in the parish, resided.

The night was still stormy, but without rain; it was rather dark too, though not so as to prevent us from seeing the clouds careering swiftly through the air. The dense curtain which had overhung and obscured the horizon was now broken, and large sections of the sky were clear, and thinly studded with stars that looked dim and watery, as did indeed the whole

firmament, for in some places large clouds were still visible, threatening a continuance of severe tempestuous weather. The road appeared washed and gravelly, every dike was full of yellow water, and each little rivulet and larger stream dashed its hoarse music in our ears; the blast, too, was cold, fierce, and wintry, sometimes driving us back to a stand-still, and again, when a turn in the road would bring it in our backs, whirling us along for a few steps with involuntary rapidity. At length the fated dwelling became visible, and a short consultation was held in a sheltered place between the captain and the two parties who seemed so eager for its destruction. Their firearms were now charged, and their bayonets and short pikes, the latter shod and pointed with iron, were also got ready: the live coal which was brought in the small pot had become extinguished; but to remedy this two or three persons from the remote parts of the parish entered a cabin on the wayside, and, under pretence of lighting their own and their comrades' pipes, procured a coal of fire, for so they called a lighted turf. From the time we left the chapel until this moment a most profound silence had been maintained, a circumstance which, when I considered the number of persons present, and the mysterious and dreaded object of their journey, had a most appalling effect upon my spirits.

At length we arrived within fifty perches of the house, walking in a compact body, and with as little noise as possible; but it seemed as if the very elements had conspired to frustrate our design, for on advancing within the shade of the farm-hedge, two or three persons found themselves up to the middle in water, and on stooping to ascertain more accurately the state of the place, we could see nothing but one immense sheet of it spread like a lake over the meadows which surrounded the spot we wished to reach.

Fatal night! the very recollection of it, when associated with the fearful tempest of the elements, grows, if that were possible, yet more wild and revolting. Had we been engaged in any innocent or benevolent enterprise, there was something in our situation just now that had a touch of interest in it to a mind imbued with a relish for the savage beauties of nature. There we stood, about a hundred and thirty in number, our dark forms bent forwards peering into the dusky expanse of water, with its dim gleams of reflected light, broken by the weltering of the mimic waves into ten thousand fragments, whilst the few stars that overhung it in the firmament appeared to shoot through it in broken lines, and to be multiplied fifty-fold in the many-faced mirror on which we gazed.

Over this was a stormy sky, and around us a darkness through which we could only distinguish in outline the nearest objects, whilst the wild wind swept strongly and dismally upon us. When it was discovered that the common pathway to the house was inundated, we were about to abandon our object, and return home; the captain, however, stooped down low for a moment, and almost closing his eyes, looked along the surface of the waters, and then raising himself very calmly, said, in his usual quiet tone, "Yees needn't go back, boys, I've found a path; jist follow me." He immediately took a more circuitous direction, by which we reached a causeway that had been raised for the purpose of giving a free passage to and from the house during such inundations as the present. Along this we had advanced more than half way, when we discovered a break in it, which, as afterwards appeared, had that night been made by the strength of the flood. This, by means of our sticks and pikes we found to be about three feet deep, and eight yards broad. Again we were at a loss how to proceed, when the fertile brain of the captain devised a method of crossing it:

"Boys," said he, "of course you've all played at leap-frog—very well, strip and go in a dozen of you; lean one upon the shoulders of another from this to the opposite bank, where one must stand facing the outside man, both their shoulders agin one another, that the outside man may be supported—then *we* can creep over you, an' a decent bridge you'll be, any way." This was the work of only a few minutes, and in less than ten we were all safely over.

Merciful heaven! how I sicken at the recollection of what is to follow: on reaching the dry bank, we proceeded instantly, and in profound silence, to the house; the captain divided us into companies, and then assigned to each division its proper station. The two parties who had been so vindictive all the night, he kept about himself, for of those who were present they only were in his confidence, and knew his nefarious purpose; their number was about fifteen. Having made these dispositions, he, at the head of about five of them, approached the house on the windy side, for the fiend possessed a coolness which enabled him to seize upon every possible advantage; that he had combustibles about him was evident, for in less than fifteen minutes nearly one half of the house was enveloped in flames. On seeing this, the others rushed over to the spot where he

and his gang were standing, and remonstrated earnestly, but in vain; the flames now burst forth with renewed violence, and as they flung their strong light upon the faces of the foremost group, it is impossible to imagine anything more satanic than their countenances, now worked up into a paroxysm of infernal triumph at their own revenge. The captain's lcck had lost all its calmness, every feature started out into distinct malignity, the curve in his brow was deep, and ran up to the root of the hair, dividing his face into two sections, that did not seem to have been designed for each other. His lips were half open, and the corners of his mouth a little brought back on each side, like those of a man expressing intense hatred and triumph over an enemy who is in the death-struggle under his grasp. His eyes blazed from beneath his knit eyebrows with a fire that seemed to have been lighted up in the infernal pit itself. It is unnecessary and only painful to describe the rest of his gang; demons might have been proud of such horrible visages as they exhibited; for they worked under all the power of hatred, revenge, and joy; and these passions blended into one terrific scowl, enough almost to blast any human eye that would venture to look upon it.

When the others attempted to intercede for the lives of the inmates, there were at least fifteen loaded guns and pistols levelled at them. "Another word," said the captain, "an' you're a corpse where you stand, or the first man who will dare to speak for them: no, no, it wasn't to spare them we came here—'No mercy' is the password for the night, an' by the sacred oath I swore beyant in the chapel, any one among yees that will attimpt to show it, will find none at my hand. Surround the house, boys, I tell ye; I hear them stirring—*No mercy* —no quarther—is the ordher of the night."

Such was his command over these misguided creatures, that in an instant there was a ring round the house to prevent the escape of the unhappy inmates, should the raging element give them time to attempt it; for none present dared withdraw from the scene, not only from an apprehension of the captain's present vengeance, or that of his gang, but because they knew that even had they then escaped, an early and certain death awaited them from a quarter against which they had no means of defence. The hour now was about half-past two o'clock. Scarcely had the last words escaped from the captain's lips, when one of the windows of the house was broken, and a human head, having the hair in a blaze was descried, apparently a woman's, if one might judge by the profusion of burning tresses, and the softness of the tones, notwithstanding that it called, or rather shrieked aloud for help and mercy. The only reply to this was the whoop from the captain and his gang, of no mercy—"No mercy," and that instant the former and one of the latter rushed to the spot, and ere the action could be perceived, the head was transfixed with a bayonet and a pike, both having entered it together. The word mercy was divided in her mouth; a short silence ensued, the head hung down on the window, but was instantly tossed back into the flames.

This action occasioned a cry of horror from all present except the *gang* and their leader, which startled and enraged the latter so much, that he ran towards one of them and had his bayonet, now reeking with the blood of his innocent victim, raised to plunge it in his body, when dropping the point, he said in a piercing whisper that hissed in the ears of all: "It's no use *now*, you know; if one's to hang, all will hang; so our safest way, you persave, is to lave none of them to tell the story: ye *may* go now if you wish; but it won't save a hair of your heads. You cowardly set! I knew if I had tould yees the sport, that none of ye except my *own* boys would come, so I jist played a thrick upon you; but remember what you are sworn to, and stand to the oath ye tuck."

Unhappily, notwithstanding the wetness of the preceding weather, the materials of the house were extremely combustible; the whole dwelling was now one body of glowing flame, yet the shouts and shrieks within rose awfully above its crackling and the voice of the storm, for the wind once more blew in gusts, and with great violence. The doors and windows were all torn open, and such of those within as had escaped the flames rushed towards them, for the purpose of further escape, and of claiming mercy at the hands of their destroyers; but whenever they appeared, the unearthly cry of no mercy rung upon their ears for a moment, and for a moment only, for they were flung back at the points of the weapons which the demons had brought with them to make the work of vengeance more certain.

As yet there were many persons in the house, whose cry for life was strong as despair, and who clung to it with all the awakened powers of reason and instinct; the ear of man could hear nothing so strongly calculated to stifle the demon of cruelty and revenge within him, as the long and wailing shrieks which rose beyond the element, in tones that were carried off rapidly upon the blast, until they died away in the darkness that lay behind the surround-

ing hills. Had not the house been in a solitary situation, and the hour the dead of night, any person sleeping within a moderate distance must have heard them, for such a cry of sorrow, deepening into a yell of despair, was almost sufficient to awaken the dead. It was lost however upon the hearts and ears that heard it; to them, though, in justice be it said, to only comparatively a few of them, it was as delightful as the tones of soft and entrancing music.

The claims of the poor sufferers were now modified; they supplicated merely to suffer death *at the hands of their enemies;* they were willing to bear that, provided they should be allowed to escape from the flames; but no, the horrors of the conflagration were calmly and malignantly gloried in by their merciless assassins, who deliberately flung them back into all their tortures. In the course of a few minutes a man appeared upon the side-wall of the house, nearly naked; his figure, as he stood against the sky in horrible relief, was so finished a picture of woe-begone agony and supplication, that it is yet as distinct in my memory as if I were again present at the scene. Every muscle, now in motion by the powerful agitation of his sufferings, stood out upon his limbs and neck, giving him an appearance of desperate strength, to which by this time he must have been wrought; the perspiration poured from his frame, and the veins and arteries of his neck were inflated to a surprising thickness. Every moment he looked down into the thick flames which were rising to where he stood; and as he looked, the indescribable horror which flitted over his features might have worked upon Satan himself to relent.

His words were few; "My child," said he, "is still safe; she is an infant, a young creature that never harmed you nor anyone—she is still safe. Your mothers, your wives have young innocent children like it—oh, spare her; think for a moment that it's one of your own; spare it, as you hope to meet a just God, or if you don't, in mercy shoot me first, put an end to me before I see her burned."

The captain approached him coolly and deliberately. "You will prosecute no one now, you bloody informer," said he; "you will convict no more boys for taking an ould rusty gun an' pistol from you, or for givin' you a neighbourly knock or two into the bargain." Just then from a window opposite him proceeded the shrieks of a woman, who appeared at it with the infant in her arms. She herself was almost scorched to death; but with the presence of mind and humanity of her sex, she was about to thrust the little babe out of the window. The captain noticed this, and with characteristic atrocity, thrust, with a sharp bayonet, the little innocent, along with the person who endeavoured to rescue it, into the red flames, where they both perished. This was the work of an instant. Again he approached the man; "Your child is a coal now," said he with deliberate mockery. "I pitched it in myself on the point of this," showing the weapon, "and now is your turn,"—saying which he clambered up by the assistance of his gang, who stood with a front of pikes and bayonets bristling to receive the wretched man, should he attempt in his despair to throw himself from the wall. The captain got up, and placing the point of his bayonet against his shoulder, flung him into the fiery element that raged behind him. He uttered one wild and piercing cry, as he fell back, and no more; after this nothing was heard but the crackling of the fire, and the rushing of the blast; all that had possessed life within were consumed, amounting either to eleven or fifteen persons.

When this was accomplished, those who took an active part in the murder stood for some time about the conflagration; and as it threw its red light upon their fierce faces and rough persons, soiled as they now were with smoke and black streaks of ashes, the scene was inexpressibly horrible. The faces of those who kept aloof from the slaughter were blanched to the whiteness of death; some of them fainted, and others were in such agitation that they were compelled to leave their comrades. They became actually stiff and powerless with horror; yet to such a scene were they brought by the pernicious influence of Ribbonism.

It was only when the last victim went down that the conflagration shot up into the air with most unbounded fury. The house was large, deeply thatched, and well furnished; and the broad red pyramid rose up with fearful magnificence towards the sky. Abstractedly it had sublimity, but now it was associated with nothing in my mind but blood and terror. It was not, however, without a purpose that the captain and his guard stood to contemplate its effect. "Boys," said he, "we had better be sartin' that all's safe; who knows but there might be some of the sarpents crouchin' under a hape of rubbish, to come out and gibbet us to-morrow or next day; we had betther wait a while, any how, if it was only to see the blaze."

Just then the flames rose majestically to a surprising height; our eyes followed their

direction, and we perceived for the first time that the dark clouds above, together with the intermediate air, appeared to reflect back, or rather to have caught the red hue of the fire; the hills and country about us appeared with an alarming distinctness; but the most picturesque part of it, was the effect or reflection of the blaze on the floods that spread over the surrounding plains. These, in fact, appeared to be one broad mass of liquid copper; for the motion of the breaking waters caught from the blaze of the high waving column, as reflected in them, a glaring light, which eddied and rose, and fluctuated, as if the flood itself had been a lake of molten fire.

Fire, however, destroys rapidly; in a short time the flames sank—became weak and flickering—by and by, they only shot out in fits—the crackling of the timbers died away—the surrounding darkness deepened; and ere long, the faint light was overpowered by the thick volumes of smoke that rose from the ruins of the house and its murdered inhabitants.

"Now, boys," said the captain, "all is safe, we may go. Remember every man of you, that you've sworn this night on the Book and altar—not a heretic Bible. If you perjure yourselves, you may hang us; but let me tell you for your comfort, that if you do, there is them livin' that will take care the lase of your own lives will be but short." After this we dispersed, every man to his own home.

Reader, not many months elapsed ere I saw the bodies of this captain, whose name was Paddy Devan, and all those who were actively concerned in the perpetration of this deed of horror, withering in the wind, where they hung gibbeted, near the scene of their nefarious villany; and while I inwardly thanked Heaven for my own narrow and almost undeserved escape, I thought in my heart how seldom, even in this world, justice fails to overtake the murderer, and to enforce the righteous judgment of God, "that whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

THE TWO ROSES.

My Lilla gave me yester-morn
A rose methinks in Eden born,
And as she gave it, little elf,
Blush'd like another rose herself.
Then said I, full of tenderness,
"Since this sweet rose I owe to you.
Dear girl, why may I not possess
The lovelier rose that gave it too?"

From the Italian.

THE DUCHESS OF MALFY.

[John Webster, a dramatist of the Elizabethan era. He wrote a number of plays in conjunction with Thomas Decker, Drayton, Middleton, Munday, Chettle, Heywood, and Wentworth Smith. Of the works written entirely by himself the most important are *The White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona; The Duchess of Malfy;* and *Appius and Virginia.* Hazlitt says that the two first named plays "come the nearest to Shakespeare of anything we have upon record; the only drawback to them is that they are too like Shakespeare, and often direct imitations of him." The widowed Duchess of Malfy secretly marries her steward Antonio. Her brother Ferdinand discovers the marriage, and regarding it as a disgrace to the family, imprisons his sister, subjects her to excruciating mental torture, and finally causes her to be strangled. The scenes quoted are the one in which the duchess gives her hand to Antonio, and the last, in which she is murdered.]

DUCHESS. CARIOLA, *her Maid.*

Duchess. Is Antonio come?
Cariola. He attends you.
Duch. Good dear soul,
Leave me: but place thyself behind the arras,
Where thou may'st overhear us: wish me good speed,
For I am going into a wilderness,
Where I shall find nor path nor friendly clue
To be my guide.

[CARIOLA *withdraws.*

ANTONIO *enters.*

I sent for you: sit down.
Take pen and ink and write. Are you ready?
Ant. Yes.
Duch. What did I say?
Ant. That I should write somewhat.
Duch. Oh, I remember.
After these triumphs and this large expense
It's fit, like thrifty husbands, we enquire
What's laid up for to morrow.
Ant. So please your beauteous excellence.
Duch. Beauteous indeed! I thank you; I look young
For your sake. You have ta'en my cares upon you.
Ant. I'll fetch your grace the particulars of your revenue and expense.
Duch. Oh, you're an upright treasurer; but you mistook;
For when I said I meant to make inquiry
What's laid up for to-morrow, I did mean
What's laid up yonder for me.
Ant. Where?
Duch. In heaven.
I'm making my will (as 'tis fit princes should)
In perfect memory: and I pray, sir, tell me,
Were not one better make it smiling, thus,
Than in deep groans and terrible ghastly looks,
As if the gifts we parted with procured
That violent distraction?
Ant. Oh, much better.

Duch. If I had a husband now, this care were quit.
But I intend to make you overseer;
What good deed shall we first remember, say?
Ant. Begin with that first good deed, began in the world
After man's creation, the sacrament of marriage.
I'd have you first provide for a good husband;
Give him all.
Duch. All!
Ant. Yes, your excellent self.
Duch. In a winding-sheet?
Ant. In a couple.
Duch. St. Winifred, that were a strange will.
Ant. 'Twere stranger if there were no will in you
To marry again.
Duch. What do you think of marriage?
Ant. I take it, as those that deny purgatory,
It locally contains or heaven or hell,
There's no third place in't.
Duch. How do you affect it?
Ant. My banishment, feeding my melancholy,
Would often reason thus.
Duch. Pray let us hear it.
Ant. Say a man never marry, nor have children,
What takes that from him? only the bare name
Of being a father, or the weak delight
To see the little wanton ride a cock-horse
Upon a painted stick, or hear him chatter
Like a taught starling.
Duch. Fie, fie, what's all this?
One of your eyes is blood-shot; use my ring to't,
They say 'tis very sovran, 'twas my wedding-ring,
And I did vow never to part with it
But to my second husband.
Ant. You have parted with it now.
Duch. Yes, to help your eye-sight.
Ant. You have made me stark blind.
Duch. How?
Ant. There is a saucy and ambitious devil,
Is dancing in this circle.
Duch. Remove him.
Ant. How?
Duch. There needs small conjuration, when your finger
May do it; thus: is it fit?
[*She puts the ring on his finger.*
Ant. What said you.
[*He kneels.*
Duch. Sir!
This goodly roof of yours is too low built;
I cannot stand upright in't nor discourse,
Without I raise it higher: raise yourself;
Or, if you please, my hand to help you: so.
Ant. Ambition, madam, is a great man's madness,
That is not kept in chains and close pent rooms,
But in fair lightsome lodgings, and is girt
With the wild noise of prattling visitants,
Which makes it lunatic beyond all cure.
Conceive not I'm so stupid, but I aim
Whereto your favours tend: but he's a fool
That, being a-cold, would thrust his hands in the fire
To warm them.
Duch. So, now the ground's broke,
You may discover what a wealthy mine
I make you lord of.
Ant. Oh my unworthiness!
Duch. You were ill to sell yourself.
This darkening of your worth is not like that
Which tradesmen use in the city; their false lights
Are to rid bad wares of: and I must tell you,
If you will know where breathes a complete man
(I speak it without flattery) turn your eyes,
And progress through yourself.
Ant. Were there nor heaven nor hell,
I should be honest: I have long served virtue,
And never ta'en wages of her—
Duch. Now she pays it.
The misery of us that are born great!
We are forced to woo, because none dare woo us:
And as a tyrant doubles with his words,
And fearfully equivocates; so we
Are forced to express our violent passions
In riddles and in dreams, and leave the path
Of simple virtue, which was never made
To seem the thing it is not. Go, go, brag
You have left me heartless; mine is in your bosom;
I hope 'twill multiply love there: you do tremble:
Make not your heart so dead a piece of flesh,
To fear more than to love me; sir, be confident.
What is it that distracts you? This is flesh and blood, sir,
'Tis not the figure cut in alabaster,
Kneels at my husband's tomb. Awake, awake, man;
I do here put off all vain ceremony,
And only do appear to you a young widow;
I use but half a blush in't.
Ant. Truth speak for me;
I will remain the constant sanctuary
Of your good name.
Duch. I thank you, gentle love;
And 'cause you shall not come to me in debt
(Being now my steward) here upon your lips
I sign your *quietus est:* this you should have begg'd now:
I have seen children oft eat sweetmeats thus,
As fearful to devour them too soon.
Ant. But, for your brothers—
Duch. Do not think of them.
All discord, without this circumference,
Is only to be pitied, and not fear'd:
Yet, should they know it, time will easily
Scatter the tempest.
Ant. These words should be mine,
And all the parts you have spoke; if some part of it
Would not have savour'd flattery.
[CARIOLA *comes forward.*
Duch. Kneel.
Ant. Hah!
Duch. Be not amaz'd; this woman's of my council.
I have heard lawyers say, a contract in a chamber
Per verba præsenti is absolute marriage:
Bless Heaven this sacred Gordian, which let violence
Never untwine.

Ant. And may our sweet affections, like the spheres,
Be still in motion.

Duch. Quickening, and make
The like soft music.

Car. Whether the spirit of greatness, or of woman,
Reign most in her, I know not; but it shows
A fearful madness: I owe her much of pity.

PRISON SCENE.

DUCHESS. CARIOLA.

Duch. What hideous noise was that?

Car. 'Tis the wild consort
Of madmen, lady; which your tyrant brother
Hath placed about your lodging: this tyranny
I think was never practised till this hour.

Duch. Indeed I thank him; nothing but noise and folly
Can keep me in my right wits, whereas reason
And silence make me stark mad: sit down,
Discourse to me some dismal tragedy.

Car. O 'twill increase your melancholy.

Duch. Thou art deceived.
To hear of greater grief would lessen mine.
This is a prison?

Car. Yes: but thou shalt live
To shake this durance off.

Duch. Thou art a fool.
The robin-redbreast and the nightingale
Never live long in cages.

Car. Pray, dry your eyes.
What think you of, madam?

Duch. Of nothing:
When I muse thus I sleep.

Car. Like a madman, with your eyes open?

Duch. Dost thou think we shall know one another
In the other world?

Car. Yes, out of question.

Duch. O that it were possible we might
But hold some two days' conference with the dead,
From them I should learn somewhat I am sure
I never shall know here. I'll tell thee a miracle;
I am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow.
Th' heaven o'er my head seems made of molten brass,
The earth of flaming sulphur, yet I am not mad;
I am acquainted with sad misery,
As the tann'd galley-slave is with his oar;
Necessity makes me suffer constantly,
And custom makes it easy. Who do I look like now?

Car. Like to your picture in the gallery;
A deal of life in show, but none in practice:
Or rather, like some reverend monument
Whose ruins are even pitied.

Duch. Very proper.
And Fortune seems only to have her eyesight,
To behold my tragedy: how now,
What noise is that?

A Servant enters.

Serv. I am come to tell you,
Your brother hath intended you some sport.
A great physician, when the pope was sick
Of a deep melancholy, presented him
With several sorts of madmen, which wild object
(Being full of change and sport) forced him to laugh,
And so the imposthume broke: the self-same cure
The duke intends on you.

Duch. Let them come in.

Here follows a Dance of sundry sorts of madmen, with music answerable thereto: after which BOSOLA *(like an old man) enters.*

Duch. Is he mad too?

Bos. I am come to make thy tomb.

Duch. Ha! my tomb?
Thou speak'st as if I lay upon my deathbed
Gasping for breath; dost thou perceive me sick?

Bos. Yes, and the more dangerously, since thy sickness is insensible.

Duch. Thou art not mad sure: dost know me?

Bos. Yes.

Duch. Who am I?

Bos. Thou art a box of worm-seed; at best but a salvatory of green mummy. What's this flesh? a little crudded milk, fantastical puff paste. Our bodies are weaker than those paper-prisons boys use to keep flies in; more contemptible; since ours is to preserve earthworms. Didst thou ever see a lark in a cage? Such is the soul in the body: this world is like her little turf of grass; and the heaven o'er our heads, like her looking-glass, only gives us a miserable knowledge of the small compass of our prison.

Duch. Am not I thy duchess?

Bos. Thou art some great woman sure, for riot begins to sit on thy forehead (clad in grey hairs) twenty years sooner than on a merry milk-maid's. Thou sleepest worst, than if a mouse should be forced to take up her lodging in a cat's ear: a little infant that breed its teeth, should it lie with thee, would cry out as if thou wert the more unquiet bed-fellow.

Duch. I am Duchess of Malfy still!

Bos. That makes thy sleeps so broken:
Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright;
But, look'd to near, have neither heat nor light.

Duch. Thou art very plain.

Bos. My trade is to flatter the dead, not the living. I am a tomb-maker.

Duch. And thou comest to make my tomb?

Bos. Yes.

Duch. Let me be a little merry.
Of what stuff wilt thou make it?

Bos. Nay, resolve me first; of what fashion?

Duch. Why, do we grow fantastical in our deathbed?
Do we affect fashion in the grave?

Bos. Most ambitiously. Princes' images on their tombs do not lie as they were wont, seeming to pray up to heaven: but with their hands under their cheeks (as if they died of the toothache): they are not carved with their eyes fixed upon the stars; but, as their mind were wholly bent upon the world, the self-same way they seem to turn their faces.

Duch. Let me know fully therefore the effect of this
Thy dismal preparation.
This talk, fit for a charnel.

Bos. Now I shall.

A Coffin, Cords, and a Bell produced.

Here is a present from your princely brothers;
And may it arrive welcome, for it brings
Last benefit, last sorrow.

Duch. Let me see it:
I have so much obedience in my blood,
I wish it in their veins to do them good.

Bos. This is your last presence chamber.

Car. O my sweet lady.

Duch. Peace, it affrights not me.

Bos. I am the common bell-man.
That usually is sent to condemn'd persons
The night before they suffer.

Duch. Even now thou saidst,
Thou wast a tomb-maker.

Bos. 'Twas to bring you
By degrees to mortification: listen.

Dirge.

Hark, now every thing is still;
The screech-owl, and the whistler shrill,
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly d'on her shroud.
Much you had of land and rent;
Your length in clay's now competent.
A long war disturb'd your mind:
Here your perfect peace is sign'd.
Of what is 't fools make such vain-keeping?
Sin, their conception; their birth, weeping;
Their life, a general mist of error;
Their death, a hideous storm of terror.
Strew your hair with powders sweet,
D'on clean linen, bathe your feet:
And (the foul fiend more to check)
A crucifix let bless your neck.
'Tis now full tide 'tween night and day:
End your groan, and come away.

Car. Hence, villains, tyrants, murderers: alas!
What will you do with my lady? Call for help.

Duch. To whom? to our next neighbours?
They are mad folks.
Farewell, Cariola.
I pray thee look thou giv'st my little boy
Some syrop for his cold; and let the girl
Say her pray'rs ere she sleep.—Now, what you please;
What death?

Bos. Strangling. Here are your executioners.

Duch. I forgive them;
The apoplexy, catarrh, or cough o' the lungs
Would do as much as they do.

Bos. Doth not death fright you?

Duch. Who would be afraid o'nt,
Knowing to meet such excellent company
In th' other world?

Bos. Yet methinks,
The manner of your death should much afflict you,
This cord should terrify you.

Duch. Not a whit.
What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut
With diamonds? or to be smothered
With cassia? or to be shot to death with pearls?
I know death hath ten thousand several doors
For men to take their exits: and 'tis found,
They go on such strange geometrical hinges,
You may open them both ways: any way; (for heav'n sake)
So I were out of your whispering: tell my brothers,
That I perceive, death (now I'm well awake)
Best gift is, they can give or I can take.
I would fain put off my last woman's fault;
I'd not be tedious to you.
Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength
Must pull down heaven upon me.
Yet stay, heaven gates are not so highly arch'd
As princes' palaces; they that enter there
Must go upon their knees. Come, violent death,
Serve for mandragora to make me sleep.
Go tell my brothers; when I am laid out,
They then may feed in quiet.

[*They strangle her, kneeling.*

FERDINAND *enters.*

Ferd. Is she dead?

Bos. She is what you would have her.
Fix your eye here.

Ferd. Constantly.

Bos. Do you not weep?
Other sins only speak; murder shrieks out;
The element of water moistens the earth,
But blood flies upwards and bedews the heavens.

Ferd. Cover her face: mine eyes dazzle: she died young.

Bos. I think not so; her infelicity
Seem'd to have years too many.

Ferd. She and I were twins:
And should I die this instant, I had lived
Her time to a minute.

SWEET THINGS DEPART.

"Marian's married, yet I am here.
Alive and merry at forty year."—*Thackeray.*

Sweet things depart and die,
Sweet things depart;
Life with a smile and sigh
Flies from the heart.

Then, with a tear, we take
Dust unto dust!
Humbly we go, and break
Idols—in trust!

So, turning home again,
Light shining down,
E'en through the thorns and pain
See we the crown.

Sweet things depart awhile—
Is it our loss?
See the eternal smile,—
What is our cross?

RICHARD BEDINGFIELD.

THE SPINSTER'S PROGRESS.

BY THEODORE HOOK.[1]

At 15.—Dimpled cheeks, sparkling eyes, coral lips, and ivory teeth—a sylph in figure. All anxiety for coming out—looks about her with an arch yet timid expression, and blushes amazingly upon the slightest provocation.

16.—Bolder and plumper—draws, sings, plays the harp, dines at table when there are small parties—gets fond of plays, to which she goes in a private box—dreams of a hero—hates her governess—is devoted to poetry.

17.—Having no mother who values herself on her youth, is presented by an aunt—first terrified, then charmed. Comes out—Almack's—Opera—begins to flirt—selects the most agreeable but most objectionable man in the room as the object of her affections—he, eminently pleasant, but dreadfully poor—talks of love in a cottage, and a casement window all over woodbine.

18.—Discards the sighing swain, and fancies herself desperately devoted to a Lancer, who has amused himself by praising her perfections. Delights in *fêtes* and *déjeûners*—dances herself into half a consumption. Becomes an intimate friend of Henry's sister.

19.—Votes Henry stupid—too fond of himself to care for her—talks a little louder than the year before—takes care to show that she understands the best-concealed *bon-môts* of the French plays—shows off her bright eyes, and becomes the centre of four satellites who flicker round her.

20.—Begins to wonder why none of the sighers propose—gets a little peevish—becomes a politician—rallies the Whigs—avows Toryism—all women are Tories, except two or three who may be anything—gets praised beyond measure by her party—discards Italian music, and sings party songs—called charming, delightful, and "so natural."

21.—Enraptured with her new system—pursues it with redoubled ardour—takes to riding constantly on horseback—canters every day half way to the House of Lords with the dear earl, through St. James' Park by the side of her uncle—makes up parties and excursions—becomes a comet instead of a star, and changes her satellites for a Tail, by which she is followed as regularly as the great Agitator is. Sees her name in the papers as the proposer of pic-nics and the patroness of fancy fairs.

22.—Pursues the same course—autumn comes—country-house—large party of shooting men—juxtaposition—constant association—sociability in the evening—sportive gambols—snug suppers—an offer—which, being made by the only dandy she did not care about in the *mêlée*, she refuses.

23.—Regrets it—tries to get him back—he won't come, but marries a rich grocer's widow for her money. Takes to flirting desperately—dresses fantastically—tries a new style of singing—affects a taste—lives with the Italians, calls them divine and charming—gets her uncle to give suppers.

24.—Thinks she has been too forward—retires, and becomes melancholy—affects sentiment, and writes verses in an Annual—makes acquaintances with the *savans*, and the authors and authoresses—wonders she is not married.

25.—Goes abroad with her uncle and a delightful family—so kind and so charming—stays the year there.

26.—Comes home full of new airs and graces—more surprised than ever that she is still single, and begins to fancy she could live very comfortably, if not in a cottage, at least upon a very moderate scale.

27.—Thinks the conversation of rational men infinitely preferable to flirting.

28.—Looks at matrimony as desirable in the way of an establishment, in case of the death of her uncle—leaves off dancing generally—talks of getting old.

29.—Same system—still ineffective—still talks of getting aged—surprised that men do not laugh as they did, when she said so a year or two before.

30.—Begins to inquire when a spinster becomes an old maid.

31.—Dresses more fantastically than ever—rouges a little—country-house not so agreeable as it used to be—goes everywhere in town—becomes good-natured to young girls, and joins in acting charades and dumb proverbs.

32.—Hates balls, or, if she goes to them, likes to sit still and talk to clever middle-aged gentlemen.

33.—Wonders why men of sense prefer flirting with girls to the enjoyment of rational conversation with sensible women.

34.—Uncle dies—break-up of establishment—remains with her aunt—feels old enough to go about without a chaperon.

35.—Takes to cards, where they are played—gives up harp, pianoforte, and singing—beaten out of the field by her juniors.

36.—Quarrels with her cousin, who is just married to the prize marquis of the season—

[1] See the Bachelor's Thermometer, *Library*, vol. ii. p. 358.

goes into Wales on a visit to a distant relation.

37.—Returns to London—tries society—fancies herself neglected, and "never goes out" —makes up little tea-parties at her aunt's—very pleasant to everybody else, but never satisfactory to herself.

38.—Feels delight in recounting all the unhappy marriages she can recollect—takes a boy out of an orphan-school, dresses him up in a green jacket, with three rows of sugar-loaf buttons, and calls him a page—patronizes a poet.

39.—Gets fractious—resolves upon making the best of it—turns gourmand—goes to every dinner to which she either is or is not invited —relishes port wine; laughs at it as a good joke—stays in London all the year.

40.—Spasmodic—camphor-julep—a little more rouge—fancies herself in love with a captain in the Guards—lets him know it—he not susceptible—she uncommonly angry—makes up a horrid story about him and some poor innocent girl of her acquaintance—they are eternally separated by her means—she happy.

41.—Takes to wearing "a front"—port wine gets more popular—avows a resolution never to marry—who would sacrifice her liberty?—quite sure she has seen enough of that sort of thing—Umph!

42.—Turns moralist—is shocked at the vices of the world—establishes a school out of the produce of a fancy fair—subscribes—consults with the rector—excellent man—he endeavours to dissuade her from an extravagant course of proceeding which she has adopted—her regard turns to hate, and she puts herself under the spiritual guidance of a Ranter.

43.—Learns the Unknown Tongues, and likes them—sees none of her old friends—continues during the whole season enveloped in her new devotions. Her page, having outgrown his green inexpressibles, is dismissed at the desire of her new pastor.

44.—Renounces the Oly Oly Bom school of piety, and gets a pug and a poodle—meets the man she refused when she was two-and-twenty —he grown plump and jolly, driving his wife and two great healthy-looking boys, nearly men; and two lovely girls, nearly women—recollects him—he does not remember her—wishes the family at Old Nick—comes home and pinches her poodle's ears.

45.—Returns to cards at the Dowager's parties, and smells to snuff if offered her.

46.—Her aunt dies.

47.—Lives upon her relations; but by the end of the season feels assured that she must do something else next year.

48.—Goes into the country and selects a cousin, plain and poor—proposes they should live together—scheme succeeds.

49.—Retires to Cheltenham—house in a row near the promenade—subscribes to everything —takes snuff and carries a box—all in fun—goes out to tea in a fly—plays whist—loses—comes back at eleven—camphor-julep, and to bed—but not to sleep.

50.—Finds all efforts to be comfortable unavailing—vents all her spleen upon her unhappy cousin, and lavishes all her affections upon a tabby cat, a great, fat, useless Tommy, with a blue riband and a bell round its neck. And there, so far as I have traced it, ends my Spinster's progress up to fifty.

FAIR ANNIE OF LOCHROYAN.

"O WHA will shoe my fair foot,
And wha will glove my han'
And wha will lace my middle jimp
Wi' a new-made London ban'?

"Or wha will kame my yellow hair
Wi' a new-made silver kame?
Or wha'll be father to my young bairn,
Till love Gregor come hame?"

"Your father'll shoe your fair foot,
Your mother glove your han';
Your sister lace your middle jimp
Wi' a new-made London ban';

"Your brethren will kame your yellow hair
Wi' a new-made silver kame;
And the King o' Heaven will father your bairn,
Till love Gregor come hame."

"O gin I had a bonnie ship,
And men to sail wi' me,
It's I wad gang to my true love,
Sin he winna come to me!"

Her father's gien her a bonnie ship,
And sent her to the stran';
She's taen her young son in her arms,
And turn'd her back to the lan'.

She hadna been on the sea sailin'
Aboon a month or more,
Till landed had she her bonnie ship
Near her true-lover's door.

The nicht was dark, the wind blew cauld,
And her love was fast asleep,
And the bairn that was in her twa arms
Fu' sair began to greet.

Lang stood she at her true-love's door,
And lang tirl'd at the pin;
At length up gat his fause mother,
Says, "Wha's that wad be in?"

"O, it is Annie of Lochroyan,
Your love, come o'er the sea,
But and your young son in her arms;
So open the door to me."

"Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
You're nae come here for gude;
You're but a witch, or a vile warlock,
Or mermaid o' the flude."

"I'm nae witch or vile warlock,
Or mermaiden," said she;
"I'm but your Annie of Lochroyan;—
O, open the door to me!"

"O gin ye be Annie of Lochroyan,
As I trust not ye be,
What taiken can ye gie that e'er
I kept your companie?"

"O dinna ye mind, love Gregor," she says,
"When we sat at the wine,
How we changed the napkins frae our necks;
It's nae sae lang sinsyne?

"And yours was gude, and gude enough,
But nae sae gude as mine;
For yours was o' the cambrick clear,
But mine o' the silk sae fine.

"And dinna ye mind, love Gregor," she says,
"As we twa sat at dine,
How we changed the rings frae our fingers,
And I can shew thee thine:

"And yours was gude, and gude enough,
Yet nae sae gude as mine;
For yours was o' the gude red goud,
But mine o' the diamonds fine.

"Sae open the door, now, love Gregor,
And open it wi' speed;
Or your young son, that is in my arms,
For cauld will soon be dead."

"Awa, awa, ye ill woman;
Gae frae my door for shame,
For I hae gotten anither fair love,
Sae ye may hie you hame."

"O hae ye gotten anither fair love,
For a' the oaths you sware?
Then fare ye weel, now, fause Gregor,
For me ye's never see mair!"

O, hooly hooly gaed she back,
As the day began to peep;
She set her foot on good ship board,
And sair sair did she weep.

"Tak down, tak down the mast o' goud,
Set up the mast o' tree;
Ill sets it a forsaken lady
To sail sae gallantlie.

"Tak down, tak down the sails o' silk,
Set up the sails o' skin;
Ill sets the outside to be gay,
When there's sic grief within!"

Love Gregor started frae his sleep,
And to his mother did say,
"I dreamt a dream this night, mother,
That makes my heart richt wae;

"I dreamt that Annie of Lochroyan,
The flower o' a' her kin,
Was standin' mournin' at my door,
But nane wad let her in."

"O there was a woman stood at the door,
Wi' a bairn intill her arm;
But I wadna let her within the bower,
For fear she had done you harm."

O quickly, quickly raise he up,
And fast ran to the strand;
And there he saw her, fair Annie,
Was sailing frae the land.

And "hey, Annie!" and "how, Annie!
O, Annie, winna ye bide?"
But aye the louder that he cried "Annie,"
The higher rair'd the tide.

And "hey, Annie!" and "how, Annie!
O, Annie, speak to me!"
But aye the louder that he cried "Annie,"
The louder rair'd the sea.

The wind grew loud, and the sea grew rough,
And the ship was rent in twain;
And soon he saw her, fair Annie,
Come floating o'er the main.

He saw his young son in her arms,
Baith toss'd aboon the tide;
He wrang his hands, and fast he ran,
And plunged in the sea sae wide.

He catch'd her by the yellow hair,
And drew her to the strand;
But cauld and stiff was every limb,
Before he reach'd the land.

O first he kiss'd her cherry cheek,
And syne he kiss'd her chin,
And sair he kiss'd her ruby lips;—
But there was nae breath within.

Old Ballad.

MARIAN.

BY JACOB DE LIEFDE.

In the year 1832, when the Belgians revolted against their sovereign the King of Holland, and fears were entertained throughout Europe that this revolutionary movement might spread to other nations and cause serious troubles, the governments of England and France agreed to interfere and put an end to the contention. Consequently a large army marched across the French frontier, and finding that the ancient city of Antwerp was the head-quarters of the insurgents, forthwith proceeded to subdue it. The strong citadel alone held out for the king. When the commander was summoned to surrender it and the garrison to the insurgents, the curt refusal of General Chassé brought about a siege which will ever remain one of the most memorable in the history of the world; but as it is not my intention to linger over this siege or this period of history, it will suffice to say that during an incessant bombardment of twenty days the entire works of the citadel, which had been built regardless of expense and time by the great Duke of Alva, in 1570, were demolished. The celebrated citadel was a heap of ruins, and it required more than four years to rebuild what had been destroyed in less than four weeks. While the work of rebuilding was going on, a party of workmen who were busy at one of the lunettes or small triangular outworks suddenly cleared away from among the rubbish a small cross of white marble, which had been simply but beautifully cut. A cannon-ball had shattered it partly, but it was evident from the moss that had grown over and around it that hundreds of years had passed over this simple record of noble deed. It was evident that a number of letters were cut in the stone. The words were illegible, but after some difficulty the following inscription was deciphered: "Here lieth Maid Marian, who died for her friends, November, 1581." The old cross, about which the very oldest people fancied they had at some time heard a story, had been respected by all soldiers, although no one knew what it meant, or why it had been placed on that secluded spot. Some years later there was found in the city records the following simple tale, which is generally believed to be the history of the marble cross.

In the days when the Netherlands were beset by their great enemy the haughty, overbearing, and aggressive Spaniards, Antwerp, the strong, the prosperous, the liberty-loving city, with its almost impregnable fortress or citadel, was one of the great strongholds of the Protestant faith. It was jealously guarded as a jewel of great price, and the Prince of Orange, the leader of the insurrection, had placed within the citadel a band of his own trusty musketeers, upon whose valour and faith he could rely, although like their commander, Colonel Solms, they were rough and ready at their work, and no very refined gentlemen even in those days. When the garrison marched into the citadel with flying colours and a gay clangour of horns, to relieve the burgher guard which had fulfilled the arduous duty hitherto, they found established in the principal building a small family of three, who were particularly recommended by the old civic commander to the newly-installed Colonel Solms. Solms, a stout veteran, with a florid face and a habitual scowl that terrified most people who knew him not, glanced at the somewhat stupid old husband, who carried a large bunch of keys and smiled respectfully and good-naturedly—glanced at the buxom, motherly, neat woman his wife, who dropped a stiff but not awkward curtsey, and looked with some curiosity at the new soldiers—and glanced at the young daughter, who stood in the door of their dwelling—half-room, half-kitchen—and then a shadow of a smile somewhat relieved the scowl. The daughter, as prim and spruce and neat as her mother, but some thirty years younger, with fresh, rosy cheeks, jet black hair, a snow-white little cap and neckerchief, and a closely-fitting unpretentious dress that made her look like a little fairy—evidently pleased the old colonel, for he nodded them a return to their salute, and intimated to the retiring commander that he would be content with their services.

And content he was. The old veteran, who had been present at half a hundred battles, and lived the life of a hunted deer for many years, found himself too pleasantly at home in his new abode, and almost left off growling. At first he had his suspicions of the old man—Martin Reyder—but when that personage somewhat pompously introduced himself as head cellar-keeper and warder, and showed the commander his thorough knowledge of the wine-cellar, Solms became convinced that Martin might be a useful man. Dame Reyder and her daughter Marian at the same time so executed their duties, and kept his apartments and those of his officers so neat and clean, that the gentlemen as by intuition began to treat the two women with more consideration and gentleness than they had hitherto bestowed on the sex. Notwithstanding this, however, complications

might have easily arisen, had not Marian possessed one excellent quality. She never allowed any one, from the highest to the lowest, to treat her otherwise than respectfully in word or deed. She had a pretty but determined way of putting every one down who attempted any liberties, and in a very short time had gained such influence over the men that not one of them dared to lift a finger against her. Strange to say, during the year that elapsed before the incident I am about to relate, Marian spent a happy life among the rough soldiers. She frequently went out of her way to assist them when they were sick, or to make them more comfortable, or to look after their cooking; but though she was thus always amongst them, she had not found a lover, and had resolutely refused, it was reported, an offer from one of the lieutenants, which puzzled gossips not a little.

Gossips knowing generally very little, and in this case nothing at all, their puzzle was not easily explained. There was a cloud hanging over the small Reyder family, which was never as much as whispered about, but which oppressed Marian more than she herself liked to confess. There was a fourth member of the family, not dead, and yet to them not living, not amongst those for whom they could weep and pray, and yet amongst those that occasion hot and bitter tears. There was a son, Joseph, educated with all care, as indeed Marian had also been, who, abusing his opportunities, had falsely turned traitor—for money; betrayed his country's, his city's cause—for gain. The father discovered it, taxed his son with it, summoned him to return the money, and on refusal, spurned him out of the house. Marian, who with strange perversity had clung to her scoundrel of a brother, interceded for him with her mother—went on her knees to her father. Dame Reyder wept sorely, but dared not disobey; and old Martin, leaving his daughter on her knees, pronounced a curse that well-nigh extinguished her reason. The staunch old patriot prayed from Heaven calamities and punishments upon his son's head for his iniquity, and swore that he would not accept him unless he returned broken in heart, lame in body, with gray hairs and repentant, to atone for the great wrong he had done the city of his birth and the honour of his family.

Several years had elapsed since then, and Marian alone had kept up a stealthy communication with the brother she would not renounce. One autumn evening, about a year after the arrival of the new garrison, Marian seemed to have received some new spirit. Her gaiety and curious fits of pensiveness were noticed by others besides her mother. At night, when they were sitting alone by the fire, Dame Reyder ventured to ask for an explanation, and then poor Marian's heart gushed out in joy at having at last obtained what she had yearned for so long. She showed her mother a letter of Joseph's, in which he confessed his wrong, told her how he had been dreadfully ill, and being now a cripple, how his only wish was to be reconciled to his father; that he was hiding in the city, and if she could get him inside the fortress, that he had no doubt he could get his father's forgiveness. After some hesitation she had written to him that if he came the next morning at the little Watergate as a poor provision merchant who had undertaken to supply the garrison with fruit, she would enable him to come inside by stealth, and assist him in effecting his purpose.

In the eager discussion which the revelation of this bold plan originated, Dame Reyder was at first stoutly against it.

"I warn you, Marian," said her mother in a whisper, "I feel as if no good can come from it. You know how strict Colonel Solms is, and that he only allows us to receive visits after a formal permission being granted. And now you are going to bring Joseph himself in here. You might as well open the gates at once and ask Duke Alva with his whole army to march in."

"O fie, mother," said Marian, "have you so forgotten your own son? Have you no love and no pity left for my brother? Do you not see that he is repenting, and that he has at last been punished for his folly, and only wants to see you once again to ask your forgiveness."

"My forgiveness!" said Dame Reyder, shaking her head with a sigh. "If I knew that he was sincere, and really wanted my forgiveness, God forbid that I should restrain him. But why let him come here in the very lion's den. We can go to him in Antwerp, where, if he really be so much reduced and suffering, he will have no need to stir, and we can see him without being seen."

"Nay," said the daughter again, "if we go there he will be found out, whereas if he comes here where nobody knows him, I can easily smuggle him in early to-morrow morning at the little Watergate, of which I have told him, and he can see us and talk with us here without any one knowing it. Only say that you will allow me, mother dear, and that you will not tell father until Joseph is here, for

else he might spoil it all. Oh, this estrangement has weighed so heavily upon me that I shall thank Heaven when it has been cleared away. Do, good mother mine, help me."

The entreaties of the affectionate girl were so eloquent that Dame Reyder at last promised to assist her, notwithstanding her inward conviction that some mighty and wonderful change must have come over her son Joseph, to make him at last so humble, affectionate, and repentant.

The events of the next day convinced not only her but everybody else that the change had not been so wonderful as she for a moment fondly imagined, and that the villanous nature of her offspring had become worse rather than better. When next morning the light of day had driven away the nightly fogs and vapours, Marian softly opened her window and looked out, ready dressed for her enterprise. She was full of hope, and there shone a light in her eyes that made her look beautiful. It was still much too early for the arrival of any trades-people from town, but in her anxiety she went down-stairs, opened the door, and stepped out daintily on to the large quadrangle. Here she was met by the sergeant of the guard, who had already noticed her at the window, and endeavoured to attract her attention. The sergeant, although a good soldier, was a somewhat rough customer, and his attentions were frequently so annoying that Marian had a strong dislike for him. This morning she would fain have passed him with a polite return for his greeting, but the gallant veteran was too great an admirer of the little maid. He had been up the greater part of the night, and the strong beer which he had quaffed during that time may have somewhat muddled his brain. Enough be it, that not content with the modest greeting of the girl, the sergeant stepped forward and took her hand, while his strong arm encircled her waist, and his black beard approached her lips with dangerous proximity. Marian, however, was not the girl to lose her presence of mind. She uttered a slight exclamation of surprise, and with a lithe and quick movement disengaged herself from the encircling arm. The sergeant, who had made sure of his prize, had not observed that his foot rested on a slippery stone; but Marian, with the quickness of a little tigress, smacked his face and gave him a sudden push on the shoulder which made him lose his balance. The stout fellow threw up his arms, and, amidst the roars of the guard who were looking on, stretched his uncouth length in the biggest mud-puddle of the quadrangle. Marian tripped away, leaving the rash soldier to pick himself out of the dirt with the facetious assistance of some of his comrades, who exasperated him by their protestations of sympathy, and compelled him to withdraw to his room, swearing vengeance on the girl. The opportunity was not long wanting.

When Marian saw that her inopportune admirer had departed, she walked slowly and in her usual manner in the direction of the gate, where the trades-people generally deposited their goods for her inspection. It was too early for their arrival, however, a fact which the sentry at the gate immediately remarked when he saw the young housekeeper advancing. Marian had foreseen this, and informed the soldier with the greatest unconcern that she had ordered a poor fellow to be at the little Watergate somewhat earlier than usual, because she had long promised to help him, and she did not wish to raise any jealousy between him and the usual purveyors.

"Ah, Marian," said the sentry, shaking his head, "you are too kind-hearted. I verily believe you would put money into the hand of every vagabond who had a piteous tale to tell."

"And why not?" said she, with a bound of her heart; "this poor fellow has not only a piteous tale; the look of him is piteous enough. A strong fellow like yourself can do anything in this wide world; but those poor creatures whom Heaven has not favoured must struggle and drag themselves onward through life, poor things, with difficulty. If he comes, good Master Michel, you will not turn him off as others do, with rude words, will you? Let him in, that I may take him to our garden."

"Let him in!" said Michel, elevating his eyebrows. "I know not that I can let him in, for it is contrary to orders. But I can ask the sergeant, and if he be willing I have naught to say."

Marian, however, shook her head quickly and decisively.

"Ask the sergeant." She laughed. "Why, did you not see how I made him fall into the mud; he will not allow it. Besides, the poor fellow will only come in for a few moments, and I can take him by the back way, and up the old staircase, where the governor will not see us. I will be back here in half-an-hour."

"Well, I will see," the sentry said, and Marian had gone away almost certain of success. Michel, however, had some misgiving in his soul, at what he felt to be mysterious, and referred the matter to his superior, who passed by not very long afterwards. The in-

jured sergeant listened with curiosity, and put his finger to his broad nose with a knowing look. He stood silent for some minutes, and then questioned the sentry closely as to what Marian had said, and whether she seemed eager or not. At last he ordered Michel to let him know when the fellow arrived, and to allow Marian, without saying a word, to conduct her lame protegé whither she liked.

The half-hour had scarcely elapsed when Marian was at the little gate looking out for the extraordinary individual, whom she had now full hopes of smuggling in. Presently she could see at some distance in the fields the figure of a man making his way with difficulty on crutches towards the spot where the little boat lay. In one hand he carried a basket containing some vegetables, which it seemed he could only carry with an effort. As soon as the girl saw him she waved her kerchief, and motioned him to make haste. The crutches moved with redoubled energy, and made such progress that the honest Michel, who regarded the scene with some curiosity, muttered to himself that before the poor fellow had met with his misfortune he must have been possessed of considerable strength. So any one would have thought who saw him wriggle into the little boat, for with one good long pull at the oars the light thing darted across the broad moat and flew half-way up against the landing-place. Somewhat astonished at this vigour Marian stepped back and saw her brother jump out of the boat with greater ease than she would have given him credit for. But his crutches were under him at once, and turning to the girl he thanked her in a low voice for her graciousness in favouring a poor cripple. The fellow's face was certainly not prepossessing. Lean and sallow, with prominent cheek-bones and hollow eager eyes that habitually looked to the ground, a rough yellow beard, that scarcely hid the meanness of his thin lips, such was Joseph. His clothes hung about him in loose disorderly fashion, and his appearance altogether was that of a man whom Heaven had not favoured. Marian snatched up the basket, and advancing with a light step ordered the man to follow her, which he did, protesting at the same time that she was going too fast. The instant they had started Michel the sentry turned round and waved his hat to one of his comrades, who was on the look-out. The sign was seen, and the comrade disappeared.

Marian and her brother meanwhile were advancing quickly under the inner wall of the fortress, to a point where they could mount by a few planks which had been put there temporarily, to the covered way, following which they could reach the yard where was the entrance to the cellars and subterranean passages, and once there the stair and the stables would allow her to reach the kitchen unobserved. The covered way had already been reached, and Marian was turning round to say a word of encouragement to her brother, when she started violently and blushed on seeing her way blocked by the figure of the sergeant, who sauntered towards her with a triumphant smile. "Why, Mistress Marian," said he with feigned astonishment, "what do you bring us here? Has this gentleman found more favour in your eyes than any one inside these walls? Will you be pleased to make him known to me?"

"Oh, please you, Master Fellsper," said Marian somewhat flurriedly, "this is only a poor citizen of the town, whom I promised to show what kind of fruit and vegetables we require for the governor, the which he has duly promised to deliver to us, with but small profit to himself."

"Oh, indeed," answered Fellsper, eyeing the new-comer, who had dropped his head on his chest, "and pray what might his name be?" Marian was silent, for this contingency she had overlooked. Presently, however, she faltered, "I believe I heard him say that it was Joseph."

"Joseph!" repeated the revengeful soldier, "and truly he is an ill-looking cur to have such a name. You know, Mistress Marian, what strict orders the governor has given about strangers. If he had been some pretty youth, now, I might have been content; but by the pope's head, I must have him before our commander, for methinks he has a villanous lame look about him. Here, Antonio!"

Ere the bewildered girl could utter a word or arrest the action of her enemy, half-a-dozen pikemen, headed by the rollicking Antonio, advanced from round the corner, where they had evidently been waiting, and surrounded Joseph. The unhappy fellow threw a rapid glance around him, saw his way barred on all sides by walls of earth, brick, or iron, and collapsed immediately into a still more hopeless state of lameness than before, so that a couple of soldiers found themselves conscientiously obliged to catch him by the collar and hoist him up occasionally.

"Come on, lads," cried Fellsper, "we're in luck. The governor is just sunning himself in the yard higher up before he goes to inspect the ammunition, so we shall not have very far to go. He's in a bad humour this morning, Mistress Marian, I promise you, and he will be disturbed in spirit at this untoward liberty

of yours. Oh, the deceitfulness and wickedness of the female heart!"

Fellsper gave a wicked leer to the girl by his side, and turned up the white of his eyes as if he were mourning. Marian sighed, but said not a word. She was pondering over the situation, knowing that the safety of her brother depended entirely on her. To confess the truth she knew was out of the question, and in the few moments that elapsed she felt instinctively that her only hope lay in sticking to her tale. In a few moments another turn of the covered way brought them to the open space surrounded by a thick wall and iron doors. As the group turned into the opening a cold shiver went through the poor girl, and she could scarcely prevent herself from falling. In a corner before a wooden table sat Colonel Solms, scowling dreadfully at the approaching party. A flask of wine and a scroll of paper were on the table; and behind him stood no one else than old Martin with his bunch of keys in one hand. The instant his eyes fell upon the figure of the lame man he started and changed colour, a fact which did not escape the attention of the suspicious Fellsper.

"Please your honour," said the latter, leading the prisoner to the foot of the stair, "we have somewhat suddenly come upon this stranger, who was being conducted to the chief building by Mistress Marian, and remembering your strict orders, we have brought him hither that you may see him and do with him according to your pleasure."

"Who and what is he?" growled the governor, planting his stick very firmly in the ground, and looking fixedly at the intruder. "How now, Mistress Marian, do I find you trespassing against the rules and conspiring against the safety of the castle? What is this? Answer me!"

Marian, who in the meantime had regained her composure, answered with marvellous calmness and seeming indifference, that she knew nothing whatever of rules and regulations that prevented her attending to her duty. She had nearly every morning during the last fortnight heard my lord the governor grumble at his breakfast or dinner that the vegetables or the fruit or the sauces were not properly prepared, and that she therefore had bethought herself of one poor fellow who wanted help and who could procure her what was desired if he only was shown what was wanted. Her somewhat independent tone and saucy look, which she considered the safest thing to assume, unhappily displeased the governor, who glanced with an angry eye from Marian to the prisoner, and asked in a rough voice his name.

"Joseph," answered he in a low voice.

"Joseph—Joseph what?" asked Solms.

Joseph shook his head. "Never no other name that I can remember," said he.

"Oh, you liar!" cried Fellsper; "never was a person born in this world with one name only. There, old Martin looks as though he knew it."

Old Martin shook his head and rattled his keys, and murmured something about its being impossible.

"Martin, you old rogue!" cried Solms, turning round upon him in great wrath, "what's the villain's name? You don't know. Then what does that rascal Fellsper mean by saying so?"

"Please your honour," said Fellsper, "methought I saw a look of recognizance pass between them, and I am almost certain they have seen each other before."

"And they shall see each other again," said Solms, clapping his hand on his knee with determination. "There are rumours about of treason, and this fellow looks the traitor from top to toe. Lead him away to the dark hole and leave him there to-day; he may tell us some more by to-morrow. Away with him."

At these words Marian uttered a suppressed cry. The hands of the soldiers were already on the prisoner, whose eyes were fixed with a hard and steady look upon old Martin, when the poor girl, to whom the horrors of that dark cellar were but too well known, sank upon her knee, and clasping her hands in agony, besought the governor to be merciful on one whom she had brought to peril. "I would beseech you, my lord," she urged, "to remember the severity of the weather and the state of the cellar. There is more than a foot of water in it, and this poor man is already suffering. He has transgressed in nothing, the sentry permitted him to pass, and I thought it was pardonable; but if he is to be kept in confinement, I beseech you, sir, for the love of Heaven, let him be taken to my little bed-room, where he will be safely guarded by the soldiers, and I can lie down anywhere for the time."

Old Solms must have been possessed of greater hardness of heart than he was himself aware of, if he had been able to resist so touching a prayer, uttered in such a manner. The quiet, modest girl had always been a favourite of his, although his good opinion was always expressed in grunts, and to hear her now pleading for a man whom she had brought into trouble, with tears running down her cheeks and her voice trembling with emotion, was

more than the rough soldier had expected. He found it even difficult to keep his face from betraying his feelings, and consequently looked hopelessly fierce.

"Ah," he said slowly, "a foot of water in the cellar! is that true, Martin? Why did you not tell me that before? I don't want to drown the villain—for a villain he is—of that I am convinced—but to put him in your daughter's bed-room is absurd. Fellsper, you who seem so eager to drag the fellow along with you, I shall order you to have him taken to the armoury, and have him securely guarded until we can find time to see to him; but do him no injury, for those of the city beyond are mightily stirred when one of their lean and hungry brood is robbed of a stiver. Tie his hands, for with his legs he seems of but little use." So saying the colonel made a motion with his hand, which his followers understood and dared not disobey. Marian held her peace, hoping that at some fortunate moment she might assist her brother, who was now being led away up the old stair to the armoury, where prisoners or soldiers under arrest were generally confined.

It is scarcely necessary to say that when Marian, with trembling heart, reached the room where her mother awaited her, she scarcely had enough strength left to fall on Dame Reyder's bosom and sob an incoherent relation of what had happened. Presently too old Martin came in with a large store of rage bottled up for his daughter. The interview between them was anything but pacifying or soothing. The old man, who had not the remotest expectation of this visit, was divided between wrathful astonishment at the unheard of audacity and astonished indignation that his daughter could undertake any such plan without asking him, while he trembled at the idea that the governor should suspect him of being a party to the vile conspiracy. He desired to know what the rascal wanted inside the fortress, for nobody would be so simple as to believe his story about coming to ask forgiveness.

"We may be devoutly thankful," he cried, "if at the further examination of him they do not discover that he is our son—God help us—and then I do not know what will be done with us. But look you, Marian, you have been a good girl hitherto, and an obedient. If you ever exchange a word or as much as a glance with that fellow again, I'll renounce you as I have renounced him. Do you hear?"

"I hear, father," said poor Marian in a low voice.

"Very good; then see to it," said Reyder, shaking his keys and going towards the guard-house to pick up what information he could. Marian remained behind, in a mood far from pleasant. She was an obstinate little thing, and what she once conceived to be her duty she would do in spite of everybody, even her father. She conceived that by her fault Joseph had been led into this scrape, and notwithstanding the command, of which the echo had scarce died away, she resolved if possible to rescue her brother. The task which she had set herself was not easy, but she felt that she alone could execute it, and that she must not even acquaint her mother with her plan. She watched all day with great anxiety for the return of the governor to his apartments, for upon his mood depended whether there was any hope left or not. When late in the afternoon Colonel Solms arrived from his inspection he was so tired and hungry that he would have arrested any man who dared to remind him of the prisoner. Marian knew that no inquiry would take place before the morning, and she breathed more freely. There was not a person in the citadel or out of it who was more intimately acquainted with every nook and corner of the building than she, and the moment Solms had named the armoury as Joseph's prison, she had thought of one expedient at least. When the evening darkness had sufficiently advanced she tripped unobserved to the harness-room, which formed part of the large stables, and noiselessly crept up a stair which was never used, and all but forgotten.

Joseph was sitting on a hard wooden form, surrounded by all sorts of harnesses, helmets, breastplates, firelocks, spears, and a multitude of other engines of war; his narrow eyebrows were drooping over his eyes in close thought concerning his situation; the sentry, who had scarcely left him, finding the evening getting cold, and Joseph as quiet as a mouse, had locked the door and was pacing up and down outside in the next room, where some of his comrades had lit a fire. Suddenly Joseph was startled by a whisper, which seemed to proceed from one of the armours. He pricked up his ears.

"Can you listen, Joseph?" said the voice. "I can see your head against the window, and if you nod you need not speak." Joseph nodded. "Are your hands and feet both tied?"

"Only my hands," whispered Joseph; "if you can cut the cord I shall be free."

"But then you cannot walk."

Joseph gave a short laugh, and looked round involuntarily. "That is Marian, is it not?

Are you sure no one hears us? Well, then, look here."

And getting up cautiously he stretched himself to his full height, made a few steps on tip-toe with so much strength and vigour that the lameness seemed to have disappeared as by magic.

"You have deceived me," whispered Marian.

"And you have deceived me," answered her brother, instantly resuming his position of helplessness. "I trusted blindly to your promise. But have you come to help me or not?"

"I have, but I scarcely know how."

"Oh, I know that," said he; "now, answer me quickly, what is the strength of the garrison?"

"Three hundred, all told."

"And how many sentries are out at night?"

"Thirty, changing every two hours with another thirty."

Continuing thus rapidly to ask and receive answers which Marian imagined her brother wanted for his escape, he was in the course of a few minutes thoroughly acquainted with the internal arrangements, the strong parts and unguarded points of the citadel.

"That will do," he whispered cheerfully, "you are a good sister, Marian, and I promise when the hour comes you shall not be forgotten. Now tell me one thing more. Yonder window has a water-pipe underneath strong enough to hold me. If so, where does it lead to?"

"To the flat roof of the hay-lofts, and from thence you can jump on to the dung-heap, not more than twelve or fourteen feet, and little climbing will bring you to the same place where you saw Solms this morning. Here is a little clasp-knife which I shall throw you, pick it up quickly and cut yourself loose. Make your way out, for I fear you would get but little mercy here. Father is furious, and will hear nothing of you. I should like to embrace you for once, and beg you to be good in future, but I must not. Good-by, and may we meet in a better and happier place."

With silent steps Marian retreated from the little aperture in the wainscoting and left the prisoner to himself. For several hours he sat quietly, occasionally muttering "Little fool," until the midnight hour had struck. Then he opened the little knife, cut the cord, rose, and looked round him.

. . . . . .

It was found next morning that the prisoner had escaped. How, nobody knew, and nobody ever discovered. The strong cord by which his hands had been tied was found by the side of his crutches under the form on which the sentry saw him apparently asleep. But the window was open, and the water-pipe showed traces of his flight. The rest was a mystery. Suspicions of course at once fell upon poor Marian, whose pale looks and red eyes next morning might indeed have confirmed them. But her answers were so calm, and her account of herself so reasonable, that even the sergeant Fellsper, pitying her in his heart, found no reason to think evil of her, and after a few days the theory that the fellow after all was a harmless wretch who had sought to earn an honest living gained ground amongst the garrison.

Not so with Marian. The roses did not return to her cheeks, and her eye lost the merry though modest look that had rendered it so attractive. There was a pensive and at the same time startled expression in her face that proceeded from inward restlessness. And indeed she was restless. The words, "When the hour comes you shall not be forgotten," haunted her. She felt now unmistakably that Joseph had cruelly deceived her. His poverty, his repentance, his lameness, were all deception, and she sometimes glowed with indignation when she thought how much of the castle's secrets she had revealed to him. What hour was coming? and how could she not be forgotten? She burned to tell her mother, but her mother, frightened by the issue of the momentary deception to which she had given her consent, had given her daughter a severe lecture, and professed her determination to tell everything to her husband which she might hereafter get to know. Thus driven within herself poor Marian lingered on in anxious suspense, trembling at every rumour of treason or rebellion that came to her from outside.

One afternoon, about a fortnight after Joseph's escape, while she was bargaining with the ordinary purveyor, he put into her hand with a very knowing look a small piece of paper tightly folded. Marian grasped it involuntarily, and took it to her room to read it. It contained these words:—"To-night at twelve, at the eastern outwork, be ready for us, for none of the others shall escape, Joseph." The dreadful dream had at last come true. Through her instrumentality an attack was to be made on the point which she remembered to have indicated as being somewhat remote and guarded by but one sentry. In such supreme moments the female mind argues but little. All her suffering and repentance for the foolish step she had committed, mingled with a still lingering love for her unfortunate brother, a desire to save her friends inside and him outside from

a horrible encounter, made her take a sudden resolution. Without mentioning her object to her mother, she obtained permission to visit her aunt in the city that night. She had speedily clothed herself as thickly as possible, and wrote a short note to the governor, in which she told him in guarded terms what he had to fear. This note she handed to the colonel's private servant, and hastily left the citadel.

The rest is but imperfectly known. It is certain that a party of conspirators had gathered outside the citadel to the number of 500, headed by three daring Spanish noblemen, and Joseph as guide. That in the midst of their silent march they were stopped by a young girl, who warned them not to proceed, as everything inside the citadel was ready to beat them off. That she besought the guide Joseph to fly for safety as she had betrayed his plan, a story which he would not listen to. At last, when she found that arguments and beseeching were of no avail, she had cried in an excited manner that through her the citadel should not be taken by the enemies of her country, and drawing a pistol from her pocket had fired it in the air. A tremendous volley from the walls of the lunette, and a well-organized rush from the garrison, was the answer. A fearful fight ensued, in which both parties paid heavily with their blood. Among the dead next day there was found the body of poor Marian, with a calm smile of contentment upon her pale lips. Half the garrison wept as she was buried, and the simple cross that was erected on her grave—for they would have her buried within the walls—was bought by the hard-earned pence of the rough fellows who had found in her the only link to a life of more gentleness and purity than they ever knew before or afterwards.

RELEASED.

A little low-ceiled room. Four walls
  Whose blank shut out all else of life,
And crowded close within their bound
  A world of pain, and toil, and strife.

Her world. Scarce furthermore she knew
  Of God's great globe, that wondrously
Outrolls a glory of green earth,
  And frames it with the restless sea.

Four closer walls of common pine;
  And therein lying, cold and still,
The weary flesh that long hath borne
  Its patient mystery of ill.

Regardless now of work to do,
  No queen more careless in her state,
Hands crossed in an unbroken calm;
  For other hands the work may wait.

Put by her implements of toil;
  Put by each coarse, intrusive sign;
She made a Sabbath when she died,
  And round her breathes a rest divine.

Put by at last, beneath the lid,
  The exempted hands, the tranquil face;
Uplift her in her dreamless sleep,
  And bear her gently from the place.

Oft she hath gazed, with wistful eyes,
  Oft from that threshold, on the night;
The narrow bourne she crosseth now;
  She standeth in the Eternal light.

Oft she hath pressed, with aching feet,
  Those broken steps that reach the door;
Henceforth, with angels, she shall tread
  Heaven's golden stair for evermore!

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

THE CZAR AND CZAROWITZ.

A RUSSIAN LEGEND.

During the tumults in Russia, when the Princess Sophia's intrigues to avail herself of Iwan's imbecility were defeated by Peter the Great, several ancient Boyars withdrew to their country-houses in disgust or fear. Mierenhoff, one of this number, had a mansion about twelve versts from the metropolis, and resided in very strict retirement, with his only daughter Feodorowna. But this beautiful young Muscovite had accompanied her father with more reluctance than he suspected, and contrived to solace her solitude by frequent visits from her affianced husband, Count Biron, one of the Czar's body-guard. Though her lover laid claim to a title so sacred, his attachment to the imperial court, and the kind of favouritism he enjoyed there, had created a jealousy not far from rancour in Mierenhoff. Mixing private feuds with political secrets, he devised a pretext to dismiss the young captain of the guard from all pretension to his daughter; but the young couple revenged themselves by clandestine disobedience.

On one of the nights dedicated to their meetings, the Boyar chose to visit his daughter's apartment with an affectation of kindness. She, apprised of his intention only a few moments before, conveyed her lover into a large chest, or press, in the corner of her room, and

closing the lid, covered it with her mantle, that he might obtain air by lifting it occasionally. But the Boyar unhappily chose to take his seat upon it; and after a long stay, which cost his daughter inexpressible agonies, departed without intimating any suspicion.

Feodorowna sprang to raise the lid of her coffer, and saw Biron entirely lifeless. What a spectacle for an affianced wife!—but she had also the feelings of an erring daughter, conscious that detection must be her ruin. She had strength of mind enough to attempt every possible means of restoring life; and when all failed, to consider what might best conceal the terrible circumstances of his death. She could trust no one in her father's household except his porter, an old half-savage Tartar, to whom he had given the name of Usbeck, in allusion to his tribe. But this man had taught her to ride, reared her favourite wolf-dog, and shown other traits of diligent affection which invited trust. Feodorowna descended from the lofty window of her room by the ladder Biron had left there: and creeping to the porter's hut, awakened him to crave his help. It was a fearful hazard, even to a Russian female, little acquainted with the delicacies of more polished society; but the instinct of uncorrupted nature is itself delicate, and the Tartar manifested it by listening to his distressed mistress with an air of humble respect. He followed to her chamber, removed the dead body from its untimely bier, and departed with it on his shoulder. In an hour he returned, but gave no answer to her questions, except that "All was safe." She put a ring containing a rich emerald on his finger, forgetting the hazard and unfitness of the gift. His eye flashed fire; and making a hasty step nearer, he seemed disposed to offer some reply; but as suddenly turning his back, and showing only half his tiger-like profile over his shoulder, he left Feodorowna in silence, and with a smile in which she imagined strange meaning.

The absence of the captain of the imperial guard could not be undiscovered long, and it was not difficult for his family to trace his nightly visits to his bride. But there all clue ceased; and after some mysterious hints at the secret animosity of her father, the search seemed to die away. An extraordinary circumstance renewed it. Biron's body was found near the imperial city, with a small poignard buried in it, bearing this label round the hilt—"*The vengeance of a Strelitz.*" The sanguinary sacrifice of the Strelitz regiment by Peter's orders, for their adherence to his sister Sophia, appeared to explain this inscription; and the friends of Count Biron instantly ascribed his fate to the scattered banditti formed by the survivors of this proscribed regiment. Feodorowna, though not the least surprised at the incident, was the only one who rejoiced, as she felt the security it gave to her secret. Her father preserved an entire silence and impenetrable indifference on the subject. The emperor, notwithstanding the eccentric zeal of his attachments, chose to leave his favourite's fate in an obscurity he thought useful to his politics and scandalous to his enemies.

Six months passed in secret mourning on Feodorowna's part; and her father usually spent his evenings alone after his return from hunting. One night, as he sat half-dreaming over his solitary flagon, he saw a man standing near his hearth in a dark red cloak, with a fur cap bordered with jewels, and a black velvet mask over his face. The Boyar had as much good sense as any Russian nobleman of that age, and as much courage as any man alone, or with only his flask by his side, can reasonably show. And probably he owed to his flask the firmness of his voice, when he asked this extraordinary visitor whence he came. The stranger familiarly replied, that he could not answer the question.

"Have you no name?"

"None, Boyar, fitting you to know!—You have a daughter: I desire a wife; and you have only to name the price you claim for her."

The Muscovite blood of Mierenhoff rose at this insolent appeal, and he snatched up the silver whistle by which he usually summoned his attendants.

"Sound it, if you will," said the strange visitor, "your servants will have no ears, and mine have more than an equal number of hands. Mierenhoff! recollect this badge"—and as he spoke he raised his sleeve, and discovered the form of a poignard indented in his arm.

At the sight of this brand, which he well knew to be the symbol of the Strelitz confederacy, Mierenhoff bowed his head in terror and silence. The unknown repeated his proposal for a wife, demanding an instant answer. The Boyar, full of astonishment and dismay, endeavoured to evade the demand, by alleging the impossibility of answering so promptly for his daughter."

"I understand your fears, Mierenhoff; your daughter herself shall determine, if I am allowed to speak with her alone one quarter of an hour." Some more conversation passed, which determined Mierenhoff's compliance. The Strelitz, for such he now considered his

guest, rose suddenly from his chair. "I do not ask you," he said, "to conduct me to your daughter's apartment—I know where it is situated, and by what means to enter it. Neither do I ask you to wait here patiently till my return. *You dare not follow me.*"

He spoke truth; and had the Boyar dared to follow him, his surprise would not have been lessened by the unhesitating boldness of the stranger's steps through the avenues of his house, and the intricate staircases that led to Feodorowna's chamber.

The young countess was alone in sorrowful thought when her extraordinary visitor entered. His proposal was made to her in terms nearly as concise as to her father. When she started up to claim help from her servants, he informed her that her father's life and reputation were at his mercy, not less than her own; adding, "You are no stranger to the *vengeance of a Strelitz.*"

Feodorowna shuddered at this allusion to the fate of a man whose widow she considered herself, and his next words convinced her he not only knew the circumstances of Biron's death, but all the secrets of their interviews. In little more than the time he mentioned, he returned to the Boyar's presence, and announced his daughter's assent. It was agreed that the unknown bridegroom should not remove his bride from her father's roof, unless she voluntarily consented to accompany him, nor visit her oftener than once in every month. He made a further condition, that the priest should be provided by himself, and the ceremony unwitnessed, except by the father of Feodorowna. To these, and to any other conditions, Mierenhoff would have acceded willingly, hoping to elude or resist them when the day arrived. When the stranger rose to depart, he pointed to a timepiece which ornamented the Boyar's table.

"I depend on your honour; and if I did not, I know my own power too well to doubt your obedience. Count twenty movements of this minute hand before you quit your seat after I am gone."

So saying, he disappeared, and the father-in-law elect of this mysterious man remained stupid with consternation and amaze till the period expired.

What passed between the father and daughter cannot be explained. If he was surprised at her ready acquiescence, she was no less indignant at his tame surrender of his only child to a ruffian who had demanded her, she supposed, as the seal of some guilty confederacy. But this supposition wronged her father. Cowardly, yet not cruel, and ambitious, without sufficient craft, the Boyar was only enough advanced into the mysteries of the Strelitz faction to know that his own danger would be equally great whether he betrayed the conspirators or the government. This man had passed unopposed among his servants, had learned all the secrets of his house, and must consequently possess means to purchase both. He felt himself surrounded by an invisible chain, and by a mist which magnified, while it confused his fears. The Countess Feodorowna, from whom he had expected the most eager questions and piercing complaints, was silent, sullen, and entirely passive. When the next midnight arrived, she sat by her father's side, with her arms folded in her fur pelisse, and her loose hair covered with a mourning veil, while the Strelitz entered with a Greek priest. The rites of the Muscovite church were performed without opposition; and the father, with a sudden pang of remorse and horror, as if till then he had believed the marriage would have been prevented by some unknown power, resigned Feodorowna to her husband. She clung to the Boyar, earnestly insisting on his part of the contract, while this mysterious son-in-law professed his faithful respect for all his promises.

"Depend on my word," he added, "you will never be removed from your father's house, except to take your seat on the throne of all the Russias."

This was the first intimation ever given by him of his expectations or his rank; and certain flattering hopes, which had always clung to the Boyar's fancy, seemed on the verge of probability. Perhaps this pretended Strelitz was the Czar himself, whose fondness for adventure and skill in political intrigue, had induced him to assume the garb and stamp of the confederacy he meant to baffle. Feodorowna was not without ambition, and the diamond bracelet which her new husband placed on her wrist was worthy to bind an empress's hand. Every month, on the second day of the new moon, he appeared at her father's supper-table, and departed before daylight; but by what means he gained ingress and egress was not to be discovered. The servants of the Boyar professed entire ignorance, nor did he venture to prosecute his inquiries very strictly. But his daughter's curiosity was more acute; and notwithstanding the solemn oath imposed on her to forbear from questions, and to respect the mask which covered his face, she resolved on trying the effect of female blandishment. Gradually, and by very cautious advances, she tempted the Strelitz to exceed his studied tem-

perance at a supper prepared with unusual care. Her music and her smiles were not wholly without effect, and he suddenly said,

"Do you know, Feodore, I had never seen or desired to see you, if Biron had not talked of your beauty with such passionate fondness among my guards. He piqued my fancy, for he seemed to act the part of the English Athelwold to the island-king Edgar, and his fate was not far unlike."

At this allusion to her first husband's affection and tragic end, Feodorowna shrunk in horror, scarcely suppressed by the secret hope this speech justified. He spoke of *his* guards, and compared himself to a sovereign prince. The inference was natural, and the pride of her heart increased the beauty of her countenance. He filled another cup of cognac to the brim, and holding it to her lips, bade her wish health to the Emperor of Russia at the same hour next night. There was a cold and stony dampness in his hand, which did not agree with the purple light in his eyes. He quitted her instantly, for the first cock had crown and day was breaking; but she resolved that day should end her uncertainty.

Dull in intellect and selfish in heart, her father had little claim to her confidence; but his life, perhaps her sovereign's, might be involved in the desperate plots of the Strelitz faction. She covered herself in a common woollen garment and a peasant's hood, determining to seek the emperor in Moscow, and beg a pardon for her husband and her father as the price of her discovery. Thus resolved, and not without hope of a still higher price, she left her chamber unseen and visited the hut of his Tartar servant. She asked him whether he dared depart from her father's house and accompany her to Moscow on foot. The old man answered by filling a wallet with provisions; and digging up a square stone which lay under his pillow, took three rubles and the emerald ring from beneath it, and put them into his mistress's hand.

"This is all you have in the world, Usbeck!" said the young countess, "and I may never repay you."

"No, not all," he answered; "I have still the axe which split the trees for you when you ate the wild bees' honey." There needed no farther assurance of his faith to the child of his master.

The travellers entered Moscow before noon, but the emperor was absent from his palace. "What is your business with him?" asked a man of meagre and muscular figure, who stood in a plain mechanic's dress near one of the gates. Feodorowna answered that she had a petition of great importance to present to him. The stranger perused her countenance, and advised her to wait till the captain of the guards appeared.

"That would avail nothing," said she; "I must see him and deliver this paper into his own hands."

"Why not into mine?" returned the questioner, rudely snatching the paper and thrusting himself behind the gates: but not so rapidly as to escape a blow levelled at his head by Usbeck.

"Keep that blow in mind, my good friend," said the thief, laughing, "I shall not forget my part of the debt." And slily twitching the long lock which hung behind Usbeck's ear in the Black Cossack's fashion, he disappeared.

Feodorowna stood resolutely at the gateway of the palace, still expecting to see the emperor, and determining to communicate all that had happened to herself, her first husband, and her father. Presently the artizan returned again, and laying his hand familiarly on her arm, whispered:—

"The emperor is in the guard-house, follow me!"

There was an expression, an ardent and full authority in his eye which instantly announced his rank. She was going to kneel, but he prevented her. "Be of good cheer, Feodorowna! your husband is greater and less than he appears. Return home and drink the Emperor of Russia's health to-night, as he commanded."

Usbeck stood listening anxiously near his mistress; and when she turned to him with a smiling countenance, beckoned her to follow him. But it was too late: a guard of twelve men had drawn up behind, and now surrounded them. They were forcibly separated, and each conveyed to prison, where sentinels, regularly changed, attended till about the eleventh hour of the next day, when two persons in the habit of Russian senators entered and conducted Feodorowna to another room in the fortress. This room was filled with senators; and a bishop, whose face she recognized, stood near a couch on which a young man sat with silver fetters on his hands. His dress was slovenly and squalid, but his person tall and well-made; his complexion healthfully brown, and his eyes and hair of a brilliant black. Another man, whose form and countenance were entirely muffled, stood behind the group, but sufficiently near to direct and observe them.

Count Tolstoi, the chief senator, obeyed a glance from his eye; and addressing himself

to the manacled prisoner, said, in a low and respectful voice, "Does your highness know this woman?" He answered in German, and the muffled man gave a signal to the bishop, who approached the couch, and joining the hands of Feodorowna to the prisoner, declared their marriage lawful from that hour, but from *that* only.

Though the face of her husband had been concealed from her during their mysterious intercourse, Feodorowna knew the strong, stern voice, the dark hair and eyes, and the perfect symmetry of this unknown prisoner; and her heart smote itself when the letter she had written to the emperor was read aloud to him. He made no reply, and the witnesses of this strange ceremony laid before him another paper, stating, that finding himself unqualified for government, he disclaimed all right of succession to the crown, acknowledging his brother Peter its lawful heir. He signed it with the same unbending countenance: and the standers-by having each repeated an oath of allegiance to the chosen successor, departed one by one, solemnly bowing their heads to the bishop and the muffled man who stood at his right hand. They, with Feodorowna, were then left alone in the room, until a signal-bell had sounded twice. A man whom she knew to be Field-Marshal Wreyde entered as it tolled the last time, bearing a silver cup and cover. His countenance was frightfully pale, and he staggered like one convulsed or intoxicated. The prisoner fixed his eyes sternly on Feodorowna, and bowing his head to the muffled stranger, took it with an unshaking hand and emptied it to the last drop. While he held it to his lips, the bishop opened a long official paper, but the prisoner interrupted him—

"I have already heard my sentence of death, and know this is its execution."

Even as he spoke, the change in his complexion began, and Feodorowna, uttering dismal screams, was forced from his presence. Five days after she was carried in a covered litter to the church of the Holy Trinity, where a coffin lay in state under a pall of rich gold tissue. Her conductor withdrew into the darkness of the outer aisle, leaving her to contemplate the terrible conclusion of her father's ambitious dreams, and the last scene of human greatness. But she was yet uncertain how far the guilt of the detected faction had extended, and whether he who lay under the splendid pall, and had once called himself her husband, was the treacherous governor of Siberia, Prince Gagarin, or a still more illustrious criminal. There was no name upon the velvet covering of the coffin, no banner, no armorial bearing; and the attendant, seeing the silent and stony stupor of the miserable widow, conducted her compassionately back to the covered litter. It conveyed her to a convent, where, a few hours after her arrival, a white veil was presented to her, with this mandate, bearing the imperial signet of Peter the Great.

"The widow of Alexis, Czarowitz of Russia, could enter no asylum less than the most sacred and distinguished convent of the empire. It is not her crime that he instigated foreign sovereigns and Russian renegades to assassinate his father, depose his mother-in-law, and expel his kindred. Neither is it her crime that her father was the dupe of a faction, whose only purpose was to elevate a man fond of the vices of the lowest herd, and therefore fit to be their leader. Nor can a woman, bold enough to risk the life of her husband, blame a father, whose justice required him to sacrifice his son. He spared him the shame of a public execution, and gave him a title to the tears of a lawful widow."

Thus perished Alexis, heir apparent of the widest empire and the most celebrated sovereign then existing in Europe. The decree that consigned him to death was passed in the senate-house of Moscow by all the chief nobility and clergy, the high officers of the army and navy, the governors of provinces, and others of inferior degree, unanimously; but referring the mode to his sovereign and father, whose extraordinary character, combining the sternness of a Junius Brutus with the romance of a Haroun Alraschid, enabled him to fulfil the terrible office of his son's judge. But even Peter the Great had not hardihood enough to be a public executioner; and his unhappy son, though his sentence might have been justified by the baseness of his habits and associates, was never openly abandoned by his father. His death was ascribed to apoplexy, caused by shame and fear, at the reading of his sentence; and the Czar, with his Czarina Catherine, attended the funeral. Feodorowna died in the convent of Susdale, of which the former Czarina, mother of the Czarowitz, was abbess when he perished; and Usbeck, her faithful servant, easily escaped from the prison of the emperor, who did not forget his blow. Once on his way from Moscow to Novogorod, attended only by four servants, Peter was stopped by a party of Rashbonicks, and leaping from his sledge, with a pistol cocked, demanded to know what they desired. One of the troop replied, he was their lord and master, and ought to supply the wants of his

destitute subjects. The emperor knew Usbeck's voice, and giving him an order for a thousand rubles on the governor of Novogorod, bade him go, and remember how Peter of Russia paid his debts, either of honour or of justice.

COUSIN WINNIE.

[Gerald Massey, born at Tring, Hertfordshire, 29th May, 1828. Poet, critic, and lecturer. His most important works are: *The Ballad of Babe Christabel*, with other lyric poems; *The War Waits; Craigcrook Castle;* and *A Tale of Eternity*, and other poems (Strahan & Co). From the latter volume we quote. The *Edinburgh Review* says: "There is a real glow about all that Mr. Massey writes." The *Athenæum*: "The faculty divine is there. In him we have a genuine songster—a man whose ear is sensitive to rhythm; whose pulse and brain throb musically; whose imagination throws out images in sonorous words, each full and fitting to the other perfectly, so that sound and image seem identical."]

The glad spring-green grows luminous
With coming Summer's golden glow;
Merry Birds sing as they sang to us
In far-off seasons, long ago:
The old place brings the young Dawn back,
That moist eyes mirage in their dew;
My heart goes forth along the track
Where oft it danced, dear Winnie, with you.
A world of Time, a sea of change,
Have rolled between the paths we tread,
Since you were my "*Cousin Winnie*," and I
Was your "*own little, good little Ned.*"

There's where I nearly broke my neck,
Climbing for nests! and hid my pain:
And then I thought your heart would break,
To have the Birds put back again.
Yonder, with lordliest tenderness,
I carried you across the Brook;
So happy in my arms to press
You, triumphing in your timid look:
So lovingly you leaned to mine
Your cheek of sweet and dusky red:
You were my "*Cousin Winnie*," and I
Was your "*own little, good little Ned.*"

My Being in your presence bask'd,
And kitten-like for pleasure purr'd;
A higher heaven I never ask'd,
Than watching, wistful as a bird,
To hear that voice so rich and low;
Or sun me in the rosy rise
Of some soul-ripening smile, and know
The thrill of opening paradise.
The Boy might look too tenderly,
All lightly 'twas interpreted:
You were my "*Cousin Winnie*," and I
Was your "*own little, good little Ned.*"

Ay me, but I remember how
I felt the heart-break, bitterly,
When the Well-handle smote your brow,
Because the blow fell not on me!
Such holy longing fill'd my life,
I could have died, Dear, for your sake;
But, never thought of you as Wife;
A cure to clasp for love's heart-ache.
You enter'd my soul's temple, Dear,
Something to worship, not to wed:
You were my "*Cousin Winnie*," and I
Was your "*own little, good little Ned.*"

I saw you, heaven on heaven higher,
Grow into stately womanhood;
Your beauty kindling with the fire
That swims in proud old English blood.
Away from me,—a radiant joy!
You soar'd; fit for a Hero's bride:
While I a Man in soul, a Boy
In stature, shiver'd at your side!
You saw not how the poor wee love
Pined dumbly, and thus doubly pled:
You were my "*Cousin Winnie*," and I
Was your "*own little, good little Ned.*"

And then that other voice came in!
There my Life's music suddenly stopp'd,
Silence and darkness fell between
Us, and my Star from heaven dropp'd.
I led Him by the hand to you—
He was my Friend—whose name you bear:
I had prayed for some great task to do,
To prove my love. I did it, Dear!
He was not jealous of poor me;
Nor saw my life bleed under his tread:
You were my "*Cousin Winnie*," and I
Was your "*own little, good little Ned.*"

I smiled, Dear, at your happiness—
So Martyrs smile upon the spears—
The smile of your reflected bliss
Flasht from my heart's dark tarn of tears!
In love, that made the suffering sweet,
My blessing with the rest was given—
"*God's softest flowers kiss her feet*
On Earth, and crown her head in Heaven."
And lest the heart should leap to tell
Its tale i' the eyes, I bow'd the head:
You were my "*Cousin Winnie*," and I
Was your "*own little, good little Ned.*"

I do not blame you, Darling mine;
You could not know the love that lurkt
To make my life so intertwine
With yours, and with mute mystery workt.
And, had you known, how distantly
Your calm eyes would have lookt it down,

COUSIN WINNIE

Darkling with all the majesty
Of Midnight wearing her star-crown!
Into its virgin veil of cloud,
The startled dearness would have fled.
You were my "*Cousin Winnie*," and I
Was your "*own little, good little Ned.*"

I stretch my hand across the years;
Feel, Dear, the heart still pulses true:
I have often dropp'd internal tears,
Thinking the kindest thoughts of you.
I have fought like one in iron, they said,
Who through the battle follow'd me.
I struck the blows for you, and bled
Within my armour secretly.
Not caring for the cheers, my heart
Far into the golden time had fled:
You were my "*Cousin Winnie*," and I
Was your "*own little, good little Ned.*"

I sometimes see you in my dreams,
Asking for aid I may not give:
Down from your eyes the sorrow streams,
And helplessly I look and grieve
At arms that toss with wild heartache,
And secrets writhing to be told:
I start to hear your voice, and wake.
There's nothing but the moaning cold!
Sometimes I pillow in mine arms
The darling little rosy head.
You are my "*Cousin Winnie*," and I
Am your "*own little, good little Ned.*"

I wear the name of Hero now,
And flowers at my feet are cast;
I feel the crown about my brow—
So keen the thorns that hold it fast!
Ay me, and I would rather wear
The cooling green and luminous glow
Of one you made with Cowslips, Dear,
A many golden Springs ago.
Your gentle fingers did not give
This ache of heart, this throb of head,
When you were my "*Cousin Winnie*," and I
Was your "*own little, good little Ned.*"

Unwearying, lonely, year by year,
I go on laying up my love,
I think God makes no promise here
But it shall be fulfilled above;
I think my wild weed of the waste
Will one day prove a flower most sweet;
My love shall bear its fruit at last—
'Twill all be righted when we meet;
And I shall find them gather'd up
In pearls for you—the tears I've shed
Since you were my "*Cousin Winnie*," and I
Was your "*own little, good little Ned.*"

THE HUMOROUS MAN.[1]

You shall know the man I speak of by the vivacity of his eye, the "morn elastic" tread of his foot, the lightness of his brow, and the dawning smile of pleasantry in his countenance. The muscles of his mouth, unlike those of Monsieur Melancholy (whose mouth has a "downward drag austere"), curl upward like a Spaniard's mustachios. He is a man who cares for nothing so much as a "mirth-moving jest;" give him that, and he has "food and raiment." He *will* not see what men have to care for, beyond to-day; and is for To-morrow's providing for himself. He is also for a new reading of Jonson's old play of "*Every man in his Humour;*" he would have it "*Every man in Humour.*" He leaves money and misery to misers; ambition and blood to warriors and highwaymen; fame to court-laureates and lord-mayors; honours to court-panders and city knights; the dread of death to such as are not worthy of life; the dread of heaven to those who are not good enough even for earth; the grave to parish-clerks and undertakers; tombs to proud worms; and palaces to paupers.

It is enough for him if he may laugh the "hours away;" and break a jest where tempers more *humorous* break a head. He would not barter with you one wakeful jest for a hundred sleepy sermons; or one laugh for a thousand sighs. He says that if he could allow himself to sigh about anything, it would be that he had been serious when he might have laughed; if he could weep for anything, it would be for mankind, because they will not laugh more and lament less. Yet he hath tears for the orphan and the unhappy; but his tears die even where they are born—in his "heart of hearts;" he makes no show of them; like April showers, they refresh where they fall, and turn to smiles, as all tears will that are not selfish. His grief has a humanity in it which is not satisfied with tears only; it teaches him the difference between poverty and riches, between wealth and want, and moves his heart to pity and his hand to charity. He loves no face more than a smiling one; a needlessly serious one serves him for the kindling of his wit, as cold flints strike out sparks of fire.

His humour shows itself to all men and on

[1] From "The Posthumous Papers, Facetious and Fanciful, of a Person lately about Town." London.

all occasions. I found him once bowing on the stairs to a poor alarmed wretch of a rat, who was cringing up in a corner; he was offering him the retreat honourable, with a polite "After you, sir, if you would oblige me." I settled the point of etiquette by kicking the rat down stairs, and received a frown from my humane friend for my impatient inhumanity. It must have been my humorous friend, and not the atrabilarious Bard of Twickenham, who, coming to a corn-field, pulled off his hat, and bowing profoundly, requested of his wheaten audience, that, as he was a poor poet, they would lend him their ears.

His opinions of men and things have some spice of singularity in them. He conceives it to be a kind of puppyism in pigs that they wear tails. He defines a great-coat to be a modern *Spenser*, in folio, with *tail pieces*. He calls Hercules a man-midwife, in a small way of business, because he had but twelve labours. He can tell you why Horace ran away from the battle of Philippi: it was to convince the Romans that he was not a lame poet. He describes critics to be a sort of doorkeepers to the temple of Fame; and says it is their business to see that no persons slip in with holes in their stockings, or paste buckles for diamond ones—not that they always perform this duty honestly.

He is a polite man, though a wit—which is not what wits usually are; they would rather lose a life than a joke. I have heard him express his detestation of those wits who sport with venomed weapons, and wish them the fate of Laertes, who, in his encounter with Hamlet, had his weapon changed, and was himself wounded with the poisoned foil designed for his antagonist. I mean by saying he is a polite man that he is naturally, not artificially polite; for the one is but a handsome, frank-looking mask, under which you conceal the contempt felt for the person you seem most diligent to please; it is a gilt-edged envelope to a blank valentine; a shell without a nut; a courtezan in a fair Quaker's chaste *satinity* and smooth sleekness; the arch devil in a domino:—the other is, as he describes it, taking the hat and cloak of your heart off, and standing uncovered and unconcealed in the presence of worth, beauty, or any other amiable quality. Thus he unites humour with seriousness, and seriousness with humour.

In short, he is a humane man; and humanity is the only true politeness. I have seen him ridicule that politeness which contents itself with bowing and bending the back very humorously. In walking through his garden, a tree or tall flower, touched by the passing wind, bowed its head towards him: his hat was immediately off, and the bow returned with an old-school ceremoniousness and etiquette that would perhaps have cured Lord Chesterfield, that fine polisher of exteriors, of some of his hollow notions of manners. In this spirit I saw him bow very profoundly to the giants as he passed under St. Dunstan's church. He had asked his friend what was the hour; but before he could reply the giants had informed him; "Thank you, gentlemen," said he, bowing to them with a graceful humour.

At dinner there is but one glass on the table his lady apologizes for her seeming negligence; —"Time, my dear, hath no more than one glass; and yet he contrives to see all his guests under the table—kings, lord-mayors, and pot-boys."

If he lends you a book, for the humour of the thing he will request you, as you love a clean conscience, to make no thumb-and-butter references in the margin; and will, moreover, ask you whether you have studied that modern "art of book-keeping," which has superseded the "Italian method," namely, of never returning the books you borrow?

His wit is what he describes the true wit to be; it is brilliant and playful as a fencing foil; it is as pointed too, and yet it hurts not; it is as quick at a parry, and as harmless at a thrust. But it were a vanity in me to attempt to portray my humorous friend. His likeness cannot be taken; you might as well hope to paint the cameleon of yesterday by the cameleon of to-day; or ask it as a particular favour of a flash of lightning to sit for half an hour for a whole-length portrait; or Porteus to stand while you chiselled out a personification of Immutability. I cannot reflect back, by my dim mirror, the "flashings and outbreakings of his fiery mind," when he is in what he terms "excellent fooling" (but it is, to my thinking, true wisdom); sparkle follows sparkle, as spark followed spark from the well-bethumped anvil of patten-footed Vulcan.

This is the humorous, and therefore happy man. Dost envy him, thou with the rugged brow, and pale, dejected cheek? When fortune frowns at thee, do thou laugh at her? it is like laughing at the threatenings of a bully; it makes her think less of her power over thee. Wouldst thou be such a man, single-hearted Selfishness, who hast no sympathy with the suffering, no smile with the happy? Feel less for thyself and more for others, and the happiness of others shall make thee happy.

ANSTER FAIR.

[**William Tennant**, born in Anstruther, Fife, 1784; died 15th October, 1848. In early childhood he lost the use of his feet, and he was compelled to use crutches all his life. This misfortune left him little choice of a profession, and his brightest prospect was to become the teacher of a country school. He possessed a natural aptitude for the acquirement of languages, and almost unaided made himself master of the classic, the principal modern and eastern tongues. In 1835 he was appointed professor of oriental languages in the University of St. Andrews. He was the author of several valuable educational works, and of a number of poems and dramas. He is best known, however, by his *Anster Fair*, which first appeared in 1812. It is a humorous poem, descriptive of Scottish manners, with the Fair and "Maggie Lauder" as the leading theme. The events are supposed to take place in the time of James V., although anachronisms are avowedly introduced to heighten the fun by their incongruity.]

Say Muse, who first, who last, on foot or steed
  Came candidates for MAGGIE to her town?
St Andrews' sprightly students first proceed,
  Clad in their foppery of sleeveless gown;
Forth whistling from Salvador's gate they speed
  Full many a mettlesome and fiery lown,
Forgetting Horace for a while and Tully,
And mad t' embag their limbs and leap it beautifully.

For ev'n in Learning's cobweb'd halls had rung
  The loud report of MAGGIE LAUDER'S fame,
And Pedantry's Greek-conning clumsy tongue,
  In songs had wagg'd, in honour of her name;
Up from their mouldy books and tasks had sprung
  Bigent and Magistrand to try the game;
Prelections ceas'd; old Alma Mater slept,
And o'er his silent rooms the ghost of Wardlaw wept.

So down in troops the red-clad students come
  As kittens blithe, a joke-exchanging crew,
And in their heads bear learned Greece and Rome,
  And haply Cyprus in their bodies too;
Some on their journey pipe and play; and some
  Talk long of MAG, how fair she was to view,
And as they talk (ay me! so much the sadder)
Backwards they scale the steps of honest Plato's ladder.[1]

Next from the well-air'd ancient town of Crail,
  Go out her craftsmen with tumultuous din,
Her wind-bleach'd fishers, sturdy-limb'd and hale,
  Her in kneed taylors, garrulous and thin;
And some are flush'd with horns of pithy ale,
  And some are fierce with drams of smuggled gin,
While, to augment his drowth, each to his jaws
A good Crail's capon[2] holds, at which he rugs and gnaws.

And from Kingsbarns and hamlet[3] clep'd of boars,
  And farms around (their names too long to add)
Sally the villagers and hinds in scores,
  Tenant, and laird, and hedger, hodden-clad.
Bolted are all the East-nook houses' doors;
  Ev'n toothless wives pass westward, tott'ring glad,
Propping their trem'lous limbs on oaken stay,
And in their red plaids dress'd as if 'twere Sabbath day.

And bare-foot lasses, on whose ruddy face
  Unfurl'd is health's rejoicing banner seen,
Trick'd in their Sunday mutches edg'd with lace,
  Tippets of white, and frocks of red and green,
Come tripping o'er the roads with jocund pace,
  Gay as May-morning, tidy, gim, and clean;
Whilst joggling at each wench's side, her joe
Cracks many a rustic joke, his pow'r of wit to show.

Then justling forward on the western road,
  Approach the folk of wind-swept Pittenweem,
So num'rous that the highways, long and broad,
  One waving field of gowns and coat-tails seem.
The fat man puffing goes, oppress'd with load
  Of cumb'rous flesh and corpulence extreme:
The lean man bounds along, and, with his toes,
Smites on the fat man's heels that slow before him goes.

St. Monance, Elie, and adjacent farms,
  Turn their mechanics, fishers, farmers, out;
Sun-burnt and shoeless school-boys rush in swarms,
  With childish trick, and revelry and shout:
Mothers bear little children in their arms,
  Attended by their giggling daughters stout;
Clowns, cobblers, cotters, tanners, weavers, beaux,
Hurry and hop along in clusters and in rows.

And every husbandman, round Largo-law,
  Hath scrap'd his huge-wheel'd dung-cart fair and clean,
Wherein, on sacks stuff'd full of oaten straw,
  Sits the goodwife, Tam, Katey, Jock, and Jean;
In flow'rs and ribbons drest the horses draw
  Stoutly their creaking, cumbersome machine.
As, on his cart-head, sits the goodman proud,
And cheerily cracks his whip and whistles clear and loud.

Then from her coal-pits Dysart vomits forth
  Her subterranean men of colour dun,
Poor human mould-warps, doom'd to scrape in earth,
  Cimmerian people, strangers to the sun;
Gloomy as soot, with faces grim and swarth,
  They march, most sourly leering every one,
Yet very keen, at Anster loan to share
The merriments and sports to be accomplish'd there.

Nor did Path-head detain her wrangling race
  Of weavers, toiling at their looms for bread;
For now their slippery shuttles rest a space
  From flying through their labyrinths of thread;
Their treadle-shaking feet now scour apace
  Thro' Gallow town with levity of tread;

[1] The student wishing to understand this ladder may consult Plato. *Conviv.* tom. 3, page 211 of Serrani's edit.

[2] A Crail's capon is a dried haddock.

[3] Boar hills.

So on they pass, with sack in hand, full bent
To try their sinews' strength in dire experiment.

And long Kirkcaldy from each dirty street
Her num'rous population eastward throws,
Her roguish boys with bare unstocking'd feet,
Her rich ship-owners, gen'rous and jocose,
Her prosp'rous merchants, sober and discreet,
Her coxcombs pantaloon'd, and powder'd beaux,
Her pretty lasses tripping on their great toes,
With skins as white as milk or any boil'd potatoes.

And from Kinghorn jump hastily along
Her ferrymen and poor inhabitants:
And the upland[1] hamlet, where, as told in song,
Tam Lutar play'd of yore his lively rants,
Is left dispeopl'd of her brose-fed throng,
For eastward scud they now as thick as ants;
Dunfermline, too, so fam'd for checks and ticks,
Sends out her loom-bred men with bags and walking-sticks.

And market-maids, and apron'd wives, that bring
Their ginger-bread in baskets to the FAIR,
And cadgers with their creels, that hang by string
From their lean horse-ribs, rubbing off the hair,
And crook-legg'd cripples, that on crutches swing
Their shabby persons with a noble air,
And fiddlers, with their fiddles in their cases,
And packmen, with their packs of ribbons, gauze, and laces.

And from Kinross, whose dusty streets, unpav'd,
Are whirl'd through heav'n on summer's windy day,
Whose plats of cabbage-bearing ground are lav'd
By Leven's waves, that clear as crystal play,
Jog her brisk burghers, spruce and cleanly shav'd,
Her sullen cutlers and her weavers gay,
Her ploughboys in their botch'd and clumsy jackets,
Her clowns, with cobbled shoon stuck full of iron tackets.

Next ride on sleek-man'd horses, bay or brown,
Smacking their whips and spurring bloodily,
The writers of industrious Cupar town,
Good social mortals, skill'd the pen to ply;
Lo! how their garments, as they gallop down,
Waving behind them, in the breezes fly;
As upward spurn'd to heav'n's blue bending roof,
Dash'd is the dusty road from every bounding hoof.

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow you will live, you always cry;
In what far country does this morrow lie,
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
'Tis so far fetch'd, this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
To-morrow I will live, the fool does say;
To-day itself's too late, the wise lived yesterday.

MARTIAL *translated by* COWLEY.

[1] Leslie.

GRACE HUNTLEY.

[Mrs. Anna Maria Hall, born in Wexford, 1805. She married, in 1824, Mr. S. C. Hall, the originator and editor of the *Art Journal* and many other important works. In conjunction with her husband, she has composed and edited about 300 volumes since 1828. Amongst her miscellaneous writings she has produced many books for children, and temperance tales—having powerfully advocated the temperance movement throughout her literary life. Her chief works are: *Sketches of Irish Character; Chronicles of a Schoolroom; The Buccaneer: The Outlaw*, a tale of the reign of James II.; *Uncle Horace; Lights and Shadows of Irish Character; The Groves of Blarney; Marian, or a Young Maid's Fortunes*—translated into German and Dutch; *Stories of the Irish Peasantry; The White Boy; A Woman's Story; Can Wrong be Right? The Fight of Faith; Tales of Woman's Trials*, &c. &c. From the latter work we are permitted to quote the following tale. The late Lord Lytton said he considered "*Grace Huntley* one of the best short stories ever written." A dramatic version of the story was produced at the Adelphi Theatre with great success, Mrs. Yates playing the heroine. The *Dublin University Magazine* said of the *Tales of Woman's Trials*, "There is about them a still and a solemn and holy beauty that is worthy of the sacred subject which they illustrate." This work is published by Warne & Co. She died in 1881.]

[Grace was the only child of Abel Darley the schoolmaster of Craythorpe. Mrs. Darley had died a few weeks after the birth of her daughter; but Grace, under her father's care, had grown up a pure-minded and generous-hearted girl. She married Joseph Huntley, the handsomest youth in the village; but he was also one of the idlest. Soon Grace was compelled to own that the evil reports about Joseph, to which she had long refused credence, were not unfounded. Her husband was self-indulgent, and too fond of the ale-house. In the course of a few years she was subjected to many painful trials and to much disgrace. Still she strove hard to do her duty as a wife and mother: misery schooled her still more in the ways of virtue.]

In less than eight years after their marriage, her little family were entirely dependent upon her for support. The workshop, filled with implements and materials for labour, had passed into other hands; and the pretty cottage, with its little flower-garden, was tenanted by a more industrious master. For months together Joseph used to absent himself from home, under the pretext of seeking employment. So ruined was his reputation, that no one in his own neighbourhood would intrust him with work; and he was but too willing to follow the wandering bent of his disordered mind. How he was really occupied during these excursions was a profound secret even to his wife. Some-

times he returned well dressed, and with plenty of money, which he would lavish foolishly, in sudden fits of affection, upon his children. On other occasions he appeared with hardly sufficient clothes to cover him—poor, and suffering bodily and mental misery. Then, when from *her* earnings he was provided and fed, he would again go forth, and neither be seen nor heard of for many months.

When chid by her neighbours for the kindness with which she treated this reckless spendthrift, she would reply calmly, "He is my husband—the father of my children; and, as such, can I see him want?"

From the very day she had parted with her first portion of dress to pay the baker's bill, she had toiled unceasingly with her own hands for the benefit of her family. Mrs. Craddock could no longer say that she was unskilled in woman's craft; to the astonishment of all, in a little time she was the most exquisite needlewoman in the neighbourhood. Nothing came amiss in the way of labour. Long before daylight she was busied with her housewifery—the earliest smoke of the village was from the chimney of her neat though plain and scantily-furnished cottage; and so punctual was she in her engagements, that "As true as Grace Huntley" became a proverb in Craythorpe. Humble yet exalted distinction!—one that all desire—so few deserve! . . .

One evening, after a sad interview with her father, Grace returned to her own cottage. Ere she had crossed the threshold, a voice, whose tones could not be mistaken, thrilled to her heart. It was that of her husband! He was standing before the fire, holding his hands over the flame; his figure seemed more muscular than ever, but its fine proportions were lost in the appearance of increased and (if the term may be used) coarse strength. His hair hung loosely over his brows, so as to convey the idea of habitual carelessness; and his tattered garments bespoke the extreme of poverty. He turned slowly round, as the exclamation of "Mother, dear mother!" burst from the lips of Josephine, who had been gazing from a corner at her father, more than half afraid to approach him.

One look—and one only—was enough to stifle all reproach, and stir up the affection of Grace's heart. Want was palpably stamped upon his countenance; and, as her eye glanced rapidly over his figure, she shuddered at the alteration which a few months had accomplished. For some moments neither spoke; at last he advanced and held out his hand to her: as he walked she perceived that his feet were shoeless and bleeding. All his faults, his cruelties, were forgotten—she only remembered that he suffered, and was her husband; and she fell upon his bosom and wept bitterly.

Whatever were the sins of Joseph Huntley, either before or after this period of his life, it is but justice to him to believe that the tears he that night mingled with his wife's were those of a contrite heart. When she asked him how and where he had spent his time during the past months, he entreated her to forbear such questions for a little while, and that then he would satisfy her: but the period never came; and the dislike he evinced to afford her any information on the subject, together with his speedy relapse into intemperate and dissolute habits, checked her inquiries, and renewed her fears for the future well-doing of her eldest son.

In the vicinity of gentlemen's seats there are always a proportionate number of poachers; and it requires more than magisterial vigilance to restrain their devastations. Although it was impossible to fix a stigma of this kind on any particular person in the village of Craythorpe, there were two men, basket-makers by trade, who were strongly suspected of such practices. John and Sandy Smith lived together in a wretched hut on the skirts of Craythorpe Common. No one knew whence they came. Lonely and reserved in their habits, they seldom mingled with the villagers. Little children loved not their approach; and the large Newfoundland dog at the "Swinging Hen" would never form acquaintance with them or their mongrel lurcher: the latter, to confess the truth, was as reserved as his masters, and made but few friendly overtures towards the nobler animal. The only thing connected with the strangers that made a respectable appearance was a fleet and firm-footed black pony, which they maintained and treated with great care, for the ostensible purpose of hawking their brooms through the country; but people did talk; and, indeed, it was difficult to account for various petty peculations that had occurred; or how the landlord of the same "Swinging Hen" obtained his exquisite French brandy. Grace learned with regret that an acquaintance had commenced, and quickly ripened into intimacy, between her husband and these men. Joseph was no sooner clothed and reinstated in his humble cottage, than his bad habits returned and his evil propensities grew stronger and stronger.

Yet the ill-temper so constantly manifested towards his wife and younger children was never extended to his eldest boy, who, happy

in the removal of all restraint, and heedless of the misery his conduct inflicted on his aged grandfather, flung aside his books, and, careless of his mother's injunctions, appealed to a higher power when he was reproved for his frequently repeated faults. He galloped on the Smiths' pony, and made friends with their dog Covey; began by shooting sparrows and titmice with bow and arrows, and ended by bringing home a hare as a present to his mother, which she resolutely refused to dress, notwithstanding the entreaties of the son and the commands of his father.

"Did you see or take any silver away from hence?" inquired Grace, who had been anxiously occupied in looking over her small chest of drawers.

"How could we get at the drawer, mother?" replied Abel quickly, but reddening at the same time.

"Oh, Abel!" exclaimed Josephine.

"If you have taken the money, tell the truth," enjoined his mother, in her clear, quiet voice.

Abel made a sign of silence to his little sister. "Why should I take it?" he said sullenly at last.

"Abel, Abel!" screamed Josephine, attempting to put her hand on his mouth at the same time, "God will hate you if you lie! I saw you take the money—all mother's white shillings; but I thought she bid you do so."

Grace turned slowly round from the table; her face was of an unearthly paleness; no word, no sound passed from between her parted lips; but she stood, like the cold fixed statue of Despair, gazing upon her children. Josephine rose, and climbing on the table, endeavoured to win her mother's attention. Gerald, the sickly brother, getting up from his chair, clasped and kissed her hand. With Abel, there was a struggle—not of long duration, but nevertheless powerful—the struggle of bad habit with good principle; the latter conquered, and he fell at his mother's feet.

"Forgive me—forgive me! God knows I am sorry. It was not for myself I took it—father told me—"

"Hush!" interrupted Grace, "do not say *that* before *these*"—and she pointed to the children; adding, with great presence of mind, "It was your father's money, if it was mine, Abel; but you were wrong in not telling me of it. There, Josephine and Gerald, go into the lane, if you will; I wish to speak to your brother."

With almost inconceivable agony, this excellent woman learned that her son was far gone in falsehood. His heart was opened by the sight of his mother's distress; and it takes time to make a practised deceiver. With the earnestness of truth, he poured forth the wicked knowledge he had acquired; and Grace shuddered, while she prayed that the Almighty would watch over her son in this sore and dangerous extremity.

And now came one of her bitterest trials. She had guarded Abel from the effect of his father's sin, as an angel watches over the destinies of a beloved object,—unceasingly, but unseen. She had never alluded to her husband's faults, nor even to his unkindness, before her children; yet now the time had arrived when she must rend the veil—she must expose his shame: and to whom?—to his own son! Now it became her duty—her painful but imperative duty—to caution Abel openly against his own father—against his influences and habits; and to show the child that the parent was guiding him in the way that leadeth to destruction.

If anything like justice has been done to the development of Grace Huntley's character, this sacrifice will be appreciated. How many a deed of unostentatious but devoted virtue is performed beneath a peasant's roof—amid the lanes and alleys of humble life, unknown to, or unheeded by, the world!

Huntley soon discovered that his wife had been influencing their child's conduct; indeed, the sacred law of truth formed so completely the basis of her words and actions that she did not attempt for a moment to conceal it.

"Then you mean to set yourself in opposition to me?" he said, all evil passions gathering at his heart and storming on his brow.

"Not to you, but to your sins, Joseph," was her meek but firm reply: whereupon he swore a bitter oath, that he would bring up his own child in the way which best suited him, and dared her interference.

"As sure as you are a living woman," he continued—with that concentrated rage which is a thousand times more dangerous than impetuous fury—"as sure as you are a living woman, you shall repent of this! I see the way to punish your wilfulness: if you oppose me in the management of my children, one by one they shall be taken from you to serve my purposes! You may look for them in vain, until (he added with a fiendish smile) you read their names in the columns of the Newgate Calendar."

That night, as latterly had been his custom, he sallied forth about eight o'clock, leaving his home and family without food or money.

The children crowded round their mother's knee to repeat their simple prayers, and retired, cold and hungry, to bed. It was near midnight ere her task was finished; and then she stole softly into her chamber, having first looked upon and blessed her treasures. Her sleep was of that restless, heavy kind which yields no refreshment; once she was awakened by hearing her husband shut the cottage-door; again she slept, but started from a horrid dream —or was it, indeed, reality—and had her husband and her son Abel quitted the dwelling together? She sprang from her bed, and felt on the pallet—Gerald was there; again she felt—she called—she passed into the next room —"Abel, Abel, my child! as you value your mother's blessing, speak!" There was no reply. A dizzy sickness almost overpowered her senses. Was her husband's horrid threat indeed fulfilled—and had he so soon taken their child as his participator in unequivocal sin! She opened the door and looked out upon the night; it was cold and misty, and her sight could not penetrate the gloom. The chill fog rested upon her face like the damps of the grave. She attempted to call again upon her son, but her powers of utterance were palsied—her tongue quivered—her lips separated, yet there came forth no voice, no sound to break the silence of oppressed nature; her eyes moved mechanically towards the heavens—they were dark as the earth:—had God deserted her?—would he deny one ray, one little ray of light, to lead her to her child? Why did the moon cease to shine, and the stars withhold their brightness? Should she never again behold her boy—her first-born? Her heart swelled and beat within her bosom. She shivered with intense agony, and leaned her throbbing brow against the door-post, to which she had clung for support. Her husband's words rang in her ears—"One by one shall your children be taken from you to serve my purposes!" Through the dense fog she fancied that he glared upon her in bitter hatred—his deep-set eyes flashing with demoniac fire, and his smile, now extending, now contracting, into all the varied expressions of triumphant malignity. She pressed her hand on her eyes to shut out the horrid vision; and a prayer, a simple prayer, rose to her lips: like oil upon the troubled waters, it soothed and composed her spirit. She could not arrange or even remember a form of words; but she repeated again and again the emphatic appeal, "Lord, save me; I perish!" until she felt sufficient strength to enable her to look again into the night. As if hope had set its beacon in the sky, calmly and brightly the moon was now shining upon her cottage. With the sudden change, at once the curse and blessing of our climate, a sharp east wind had set in, and was rolling the mist from the canopy of heaven; numerous stars were visible where, but five minutes before, all had been darkness and gloom. The shadow passed from her soul—she gazed steadily upwards—her mind regained its firmness—her resolve was taken. She returned to her bed-room—dressed —and, wrapping her cloak closely to her bosom, was quickly on her way to the Smiths' dwelling on Craythorpe Common.

The solitary hut was more than two miles from the village; the path leading to it broken and interrupted by fragments of rocks, roots of furze, and stubbed underwood, and at one particular point intersected by a deep and brawling brook. Soon after Grace had crossed this stream she came in view of the cottage, looking like a misshapen mound of earth; and upon peering in at the window, which was only partially lined by a broken shutter, Covey the lurcher uttered, from the inside, a sharp, muttering bark, something between reproof and recognition. There had, certainly, been a good fire, not long before, on the capacious hearth, for the burning ashes cast a lurid light upon an old table and two or three dilapidated chairs; there was also a fowling-piece lying across the table; but it was evident none of the inmates were at home: and Grace walked slowly, yet disappointedly, round the dwelling till she came to the other side, that rested against a huge mass of mingled rock and clay, overgrown with long tangled fern and heather: she climbed to the top, and had not been many minutes on the lookout ere she perceived three men rapidly approaching from the opposite path. As they drew nearer, she saw that one of them was her husband; but where was her son? Silently she lay among the heather, fearing she knew not what—yet knowing she had much to fear. The chimney that rose from the cabin had, she thought, effectually concealed her from their view; but in this she was mistaken—for while Huntley and one of the Smiths entered the abode, the other climbed up the mound. She saw his hat within a foot of where she rested, and fancied she could feel his breath upon her cheek, as she crouched, like a frightened hare, more closely in her form; he surveyed the spot, however, without ascending further, and then retreated, muttering something about corbies and ravens; and, almost instantly, she heard the door of the hut close. Cautiously she crept down from her hiding-place; and, crawling

along the ground with stealth and silence, knelt before the little window, so as to observe, through the broken shutter, the occupation of the inmates. The dog alone was conscious of her approach; but the men were too seriously engaged to heed his intimations of danger.

Merciful powers!—had Grace Huntley suffered so long, so patiently, only to witness such a scene! She almost wished that God in his mercy had stricken her with blindness; she prayed for insensibility—for death—for anything save the knowledge now imparted with such fearful truth. Would that it were a dream! But no—the horrid proofs were before her eyes—in her ears; and the one drop of comfort, the only one, was the information that her son had returned home by a shorter path—that the ruffians feared yet (oh, the import, the dreadful import, that little word carried with it!)—that they feared *yet* to trust him with all their secrets: they feared to bring him *yet* to their den.

"Then there is hope for my poor child," she thought, "and I can—I *will* save him!" With this resolve, she stole away as softly and as quickly as her trembling limbs would permit. The depredators revelled in their fancied security. The old creaking table groaned under the weight of food and ardent spirits; and the chorus of a wild drinking song broke upon her ear as returning strength enabled her to hasten along the rude path leading to Craythorpe.

The first gray uncertain light of morning was visible through the old church-yard trees, as she came within sight of her cottage. She entered quietly, and saw that Abel had not only returned, but was sleeping soundly by his brother's side.

Grace set her house in order—took the work she had finished to her employer—came back, and prepared breakfast, of which her husband, having by this time also returned, partook. Now he was neither the tyrant whose threat still rung in her ears, nor the reckless bravo of the common; he appeared that morning, at least so his wife fancied, more like the being she had loved so fondly and so long.

"I will sleep, Grace," he said, when their meal was finished—"I will sleep for an hour; and to-morrow we shall have a better breakfast." He called his son into the bed-room, where a few words passed between them. Immediately after, Grace went into the little chamber to fetch her bonnet. She would not trust herself to look upon the sleeper; but her lips moved as if in prayer; and even her children still remembered that, as she passed out of the cottage-door, she had a flushed and agitated appearance.

"Good morning, Mrs. Huntley," said her old neighbour, Mrs. Craddock. "Have you heard the news? Ah! bad people going—"

"True, true!" replied poor Grace, as she hurried onwards, "I know—I heard it all—"

Mrs. Craddock looked after her; surprised at her abruptness.

"I was coming down to you, Grace," said her father, standing so as to arrest her progress; "I wished to see if there was any chance of the child Abel's returning to his exercises; as this is a holiday, I thought—"

"Come with me," interrupted Grace, "come with me, father; and we will make a rare holiday."

She hurried the feeble old man along the road leading to the rectory; but returned no answer to his inquiries. The servant told her, when she arrived at her destination, that his master was engaged—particularly engaged—could not be disturbed—Sir Thomas Purcel was with him; and as the man spoke, the study door opened, and Sir Thomas crossed the hall.

"Come back with me, sir!" exclaimed Grace Huntley, eagerly; "I can tell you all you want to know."

The baronet shook off the hand she had laid upon his arm, as if she were a maniac. Grace appeared to read the expression of his countenance. "I am not mad, Sir Thomas Purcel," she continued, in a suppressed, tremulous voice; "not mad, though I may be so soon. Keep back these people and return with me. Mr. Glasscott knows I am not mad."

She passed into the study with a resolute step, and held the door for Sir Thomas to enter; her father followed also, as a child traces its mother's footsteps, and looked around him and at his daughter with weak astonishment. One or two of the servants, who were loitering in the hall, moved as if they would have followed.

"Back, back, I say," she repeated, "I need no witnesses—there will be enough of them soon. Mr. Glasscott," she continued, closing the door, "hear me while I am able to bear testimony, lest weakness—woman's weakness—overcome me, and I falter in the truth. In the broom-sellers' cottage across the common, on the left side of the chimney, concealed by a large flat stone, is a hole—there much of the property taken from Sir Thomas Purcel's last night is concealed."

"I have long suspected these men—Smith, I think they call themselves; yet they are but

two. Now, we have abundant proof that *three* men absolutely entered the house——"

"There *was* a third," murmured Grace, almost inaudibly.

"Who?"

"My—my—my husband!" and, as she uttered the word, she leaned against the chimney-piece for support, and buried her face in her hands.

The clergyman groaned audibly; he had known Grace from her childhood, and felt what the declaration must have cost her. Sir Thomas Purcel was cast in a sterner mould. "We are put clearly upon the track, Mr. Glasscott," he said, "and must follow it forthwith; yet there is something most repugnant to my feelings in finding a woman thus herald her husband to destruction——"

"It was to save my children from sin," exclaimed Grace, starting forward with an energy that appalled them all: "God in heaven, whom I call to witness, knows that though I would sooner starve than taste of the fruits of his wickedness, yet I could not betray the husband of my bosom to—to—I dare not think what! I tried—I laboured to give my offspring honest bread; I neither asked nor received charity; with my hands I laboured, and blessed the Power that enabled me to do so. If we are poor, we will be honest, was my maxim and my boast; but he—my husband, returned; he taught my boy to lie, to steal; and when I remonstrated—when I prayed, with many tears, that he would cease to train our—ay, *our* child for destruction, he mocked—scorned—told me that, one by one, I should be bereaved of my children, if I thwarted his purposes; and that I might seek in vain for them through the world, until I saw their names recorded in the book of shame! Gentlemen, this was no idle threat—last night Abel was taken from me——"

"I knew there must have been a fourth," interrupted Sir Thomas, coldly; "we must have the boy also secured."

The wretched mother, who had not imagined that any harm could result to her son, stood as if a thunderbolt had transfixed her—her hands clenched and extended—her features rigid and blanched—her frame perfectly erect, and motionless as a statue. The schoolmaster, during the whole of this scene, had been completely bewildered, until the idea of his grandchild's danger or disappearance—he knew not which—took possession of his mind; and filled with the single thought his faculties had the power of grasping at a time, he came forward to the table at which Mr. Glasscott was seated; and, respectfully uncovering his gray hairs, his simple countenance presenting a strong contrast to the agonized iron-bound features of his daughter, he addressed himself to the worthy magistrate:—

"I trust you will cause instant search to be made for the child Abel, whom your reverence used kindly to regard with especial favour."

He repeated this sentence at least half-a-dozen times, while the gentlemen were issuing orders to the persons assembled for the apprehension of the burglars, and some of the females of the family were endeavouring to restore Grace to animation. At last Sir Thomas Purcel turned suddenly round upon Abel Darley, and in his stentorian tone bawled out, "And who are you?"

"The schoolmaster of Craythorpe, so please you, sir—that young woman's father—and one whose heart is broken!"

So saying, he burst into tears; and his wail was very sad, like that of an afflicted child. Presently there was a stir among the little crowd—a murmur—and then two officers ushered Joseph Huntley and his son into the apartment.

He walked boldly up to the magistrate's table, and placed his hand upon it, before he perceived his wife, to whom consciousness had not yet returned. The moment he beheld her, he started back, saying, "Whatever charge you may have against me, gentlemen, you can have none against that woman."

"Nor have we," replied Sir Thomas; "she is your accuser!"

The fine features of Joseph Huntley relaxed into an expression of scorn and unbelief. "She appear against me! Not—not if I were to attempt to murder her!" he answered firmly.

"Grace!" exclaimed her father, joyfully, "here is the child Abel—he is found!" and seizing the trembling boy, with evident exultation, he led him to her. The effect of this act of the poor simple-minded man was electrical—the mother instantly revived, but turned her face from her husband; and, entwining her son in her arms, pressed him closely to her side. The clergyman proceeded to interrogate the prisoner; but he answered nothing, keeping his eyes intensely fixed upon his wife and child. In the meantime the officers of justice had been prompt in the execution of their duty: the Smiths were apprehended in the village, and the greater portion of the property stolen from Sir Thomas Purcel was found in the hut where Grace had beheld it concealed.

When the preparations were sufficiently forward to conduct the unfortunate men to prison,

Joseph Huntley advanced to his wife. The scornful, as well as undaunted, expression of his countenance had changed to one of painful intensity; he took her hand within his, and pressed it to his lips without articulating a syllable. Slowly she moved her face, so that their eyes at last encountered in one long mournful look. Ten years of continued suffering could not have exacted a heavier tribute from Grace Huntley's beauty. No language can express the withering effects of the few hours' agony; her husband saw it, and felt, perhaps for the first time, how truly he had once been loved, and how much of happiness he had sacrificed to sin.

"'Twas to save my children!" was the only sentence she uttered, or rather murmured; and it was the last coherent one she spoke for many weeks. Her fine reason seemed overwhelmed. It was a sight few could witness without tears. The old father, tending the couch of his afflicted daughter, would sit for hours by her bedside, clasping the child Abel's hand within his, and every now and then shaking his head when her ravings were loud or violent.

About fifteen years after these distressing events had agitated the little village of Craythorpe, an elderly woman, of mild and cheerful aspect, sat calmly reading a large volume she supported against the railing of a noble vessel that was steering its course from the shores of "Merrie England," to some land far over sea. The ocean was calm and clear—so very calm that it reflected, as if from a solid surface, every vapour that floated along the heavens; it was like sailing into a new world—a creation whose laws and boundaries must remain for ever unknown to us. How exciting to imagination! So many fantastic forms revelled beneath the transparent crystal, huge rocks looking like castles, exaggerated by the watery distance; bleak Alpine landscapes stretching far away; and then the monsters of the deep moving in the solemn majesty of silence!—living things, without one sympathy for the earth about them; without a single feeling that we can comprehend!—it may be, if our eyes do not weary, that, in fancy, we gaze deeper down, and strange unearthly forms are succeeded by deeps on deeps—the very eternity of waters!—where we can see nothing but the blue abyss!—down—down—down! It is a fearful thing to pass over their mysteries—a great lesson—this teaching us how little we really know of what exists around us—of the marvels that "compass us in on every side,"—of the mighty miracles that are working day by day, night by night, in the infinity of space. Many of the passengers on board this vessel laughed and talked, and speculated on the future, as if they already grasped the wealth of the New World, or had altogether forgotten the old: the solitary woman continued to read, and yet there was a sweetness and forbearance in the expression of her countenance which gave assurance that she would close her book and reply, if any choose to question or speak to her. Two gentlemen, who were lounging on the quarter-deck, arm-in-arm, frequently passed her. The elder, in a peculiarly kind tone of voice, said, "You bear the voyage well, dame!"

"Thank God, yes, sir!"

"Ah! you will soon wish yourself back in Old England."

"I did not wish to leave it, sir; but duty compelled me."

The gentlemen walked on.

"Who is she?" inquired the younger.

"A very singular woman. Her information transported for life a husband whom she loved, notwithstanding his crimes. She had, at that time, three children, and the eldest had already become contaminated by his father's example. She saw nothing but destruction for them; her warnings and entreaties being alike unregarded: so she made her election—sacrificed the husband, and saved the children!"

"But what does she here?"

"Her eldest son is now established in a small business, and respected by all who know him; her second boy, and a father whom her misfortunes reduced to a deplorable state of wretchedness, are dead; her daughter, a village belle and beauty, is married to my father's handsome new parish-clerk; and Mrs. Huntley, having seen her children provided for, and by her virtues and industry made respectable in the Old World, is now on her voyage to the New, to see, if I may be permitted to use her own simple language, 'whether she can contribute to render the last days of her husband as happy as the first they passed together.' It is only justice to the criminal to say, that I believe him truly and perfectly reformed."

"And on this chance she leaves her children and her country?"

"She does! She argues that, as the will of Providence prevented her from discharging her duties *together*, she must endeavour to perform them *separately*. He was sentenced to die; but, by my father's exertions, his sentence was commuted to one of transportation for life; and I know she has quitted England without the hope of ever again beholding its white cliffs."

ODE ON MELANCHOLY.

BY JOHN KEATS.

No, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist
  Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;
Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kiss'd
  By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine;
Make not your rosary of yew-berries,
  Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be
    Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl
A partner in your sorrow's mysteries;
  For shade to shade will come too drowsily,
    And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

But when the melancholy fit shall fall
  Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,
That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,
  And hides the green hill in an April shroud;
Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,
  Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,
    Or on the wealth of globed peonies;
Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,
  Imprison her soft hand, and let her rave,
    And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

She dwells with beauty—Beauty that must die;
  And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,
  Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips:
Ay, in the very temple of Delight
  Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
    Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;
  His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,
    And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

LIFE'S CHASE.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHULTZE.)

The chief of the huntsman is Death, whose aim
  Soon levels the brave and the craven;
He crimsons the field with the blood of his game,
  But the booty he leaves to the raven.
Like the stormy tempest that flies so fast,
O'er moor and mountain he gallops fast;
    Man shakes
    And quakes
  At his bugle blast.

But what boots it, my friends, from the hunter to flee;
  Who shoots with the shafts of the grave?
Far better to meet him thus manfully,
  The brave by the side of the brave!
And when against us he shall turn his brand,
With his face to his foe let each hero stand,
    And await
    His fate
  From a hero's hand.

ALTHO' THOU MAUN NEVER BE MINE.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
  Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
  And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!

Altho' thou maun never be mine,
  Altho' even hope is denied;
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
  Than aught in the world beside—Jessy!

I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,
  As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms;
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
  For then I am lockt in thy arms—Jessy!

I guess by the dear angel smile,
  I guess by the love-rolling e'e;
But why urge the tender confession
  'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree—Jessy!
    Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
      Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
    Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
      And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!

BEHAVIOUR.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.[1]

Grace, Beauty, and Caprice
Build this golden portal;
Graceful women, chosen men
Dazzle every mortal:
Their sweet and lofty countenance
His enchanting food;
He need not go to them, their forms
Beset his solitude.
He looketh seldom in their face,
His eyes explore the ground,
The green grass is a looking-glass
Whereon their traits are found.
Little he says to them,
So dances his heart in his breast,
Their tranquil mien bereaveth him
Of wit, of words, of rest.
Too weak to win, too fond to shun
The tyrants of his doom,
The much deceived Endymion
Slips behind a tomb.

The soul which animates Nature is not less significantly published in the figure, movement, and gesture of animated bodies, than in its last vehicle of articulate speech. This silent

[1] See the *Library*, p. 211, vol. i. A reviewer in *Blackwood* says, "A more independent and original thinker can nowhere in this age be found."

and subtile language is Manners; not *what*, but *how*. Life expresses. A statue has no tongue, and needs none. Good tableaux do not need declamation. Nature tells every secret once. Yes, but in man she tells it all the time, by form, attitude, gesture, mien, face, and parts of the face, and by the whole action of the machine. The visible carriage or action of the individual, as resulting from his organization and his will combined, we call manners. What are they but thought entering the hands and feet, controlling the movements of the body, the speech, and behaviour?

There is always a best way of doing everything, if it be to boil an egg. Manners are the happy ways of doing things; each once a stroke of genius or of love—now repeated and hardened into usage. They form at last a rich varnish, with which the routine of life is washed and its details adorned. If they are superficial, so are the dew-drops which give such a depth to the morning meadows. Manners are very communicable; men catch them from each other. Consuelo, in the romance, boasts of the lessons she had given the nobles in manners, on the stage; and, in real life, Talma taught Napoleon the arts of behaviour. Genius invents fine manners, which the baron and the baroness copy very fast, and, by the advantage of a palace, betters the instruction. They stereotype the lesson they have learned into a mode.

The power of manners is incessant—an element as unconcealable as fire. The nobility cannot in any country be disguised, and no more in a republic or a democracy than in a kingdom. No man can resist their influence. There are certain manners which are learned in good society, of that force that, if a person have them, he or she must be considered, and is everywhere welcome, though without beauty, wealth, or genius. Give a boy address and accomplishments, and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes where he goes. He has not the trouble of earning or owning them: they solicit him to enter and possess. We send girls of a timid, retreating disposition to the boarding-school, to the riding-school, to the ballroom, or wheresoever they can come into acquaintance and nearness of leading persons of their own sex; where they might learn address, and see it near at hand. The power of a woman of fashion to lead, and also to daunt and repel, derives from their belief that she knows resources and behaviour not known to them; but when these have mastered her secret, they learn to confront her, and recover their self-possession.

Every day bears witness to their gentle rule. People who would obtrude, now do not obtrude. The mediocre circle learns to demand that which belongs to a high state of nature or of culture. Your manners are always under examination, and by committees little expected —a police in citizen's clothes—but are awarding or denying you very high prizes when you least think of it.

We talk much of utilities—but 'tis our manners that associate us. In hours of business we go to him who knows, or has, or does this or that which we want, and we do not let our taste or feeling stand in the way. But this activity over, we return to the indolent state, and wish for those we can be at ease with: those who will go where we go, whose manners do not offend us, whose social tone chimes with ours. When we reflect on their persuasive and cheering force; how they recommend, prepare, and draw people together; how, in all clubs, manners make the members; how manners make the fortune of the ambitious youth; that, for the most part, his manners marry him, and, for the most part, he marries manners; when we think what keys they are, and to what secrets; what high lessons and inspiring tokens of character they convey; and what divination is required in us, for the reading of this fine telegraph, we see what range the subject has, and what relations to convenience, power, and beauty.

Their first service is very low—when they are the minor morals: but 'tis the beginning of civility—to make us, I mean, endurable to each other. We prize them for their rough-plastic, abstergent force; to get people out of the quadruped state; to get them washed, clothed, and set up on end; to slough their animal husks and habits; compel them to be clean; overawe their spite and meanness, teach them to stifle the base, and choose the generous expression, and make them know how much happier the generous behaviours are.

Bad behaviour the laws cannot reach. Society is infested with rude, cynical, restless, and frivolous persons who prey upon the rest, and whom a public opinion concentrated into good manners, forms accepted by the sense of all, can reach; the contradictors and railers at public and private tables, who are like terriers, who conceive it the duty of a dog of honour to growl at any passer-by, and do the honours of the house by barking him out of sight: I have seen men who neigh like a horse when you contradict them, or say something which they do not understand; then the overbold, who make their own invitation to your hearth; the perse-

vering talker, who gives you his society in large saturating doses; the pitiers of themselves—a perilous class; the frivolous Asmodeus, whorelies on you to find him in ropes of sand to twist; the monotones; in short, every stripe of absurdity; these are social inflictions which the magistrate cannot cure or defend you from, and which must be intrusted to the restraining force of custom, and proverbs, and familiar rules of behaviour impressed on young people in their school-days. . . .

Manners are partly factitious, but, mainly, there must be capacity for culture in the blood. Else all culture is vain. The obstinate prejudice in favour of blood, which lies at the base of the feudal and monarchical fabrics of the Old World, has some reason in common experience. Every man—mathematician, artist, soldier, or merchant—looks with confidence for some traits and talents in his own child, which he would not dare to presume in the child of a stranger. The Orientalists are very orthodox on this point. "Take a thorn-bush," said the Emir Abd-el-Kader, "and sprinkle it for a whole year with water;—it will yield nothing but thorns. Take a date-tree, leave it without culture, and it will always produce dates. Nobility is the date-tree, and the Arab populace is a bush of thorns."

A main fact in the history of manners is the wonderful expressiveness of the human body. If it were made of glass, or of air, and the thoughts were written on steel tablets within, it could not publish more truly its meaning than now. Wise men read very sharply all your private history in your look and gait and behaviour. The whole economy of nature is bent on expression. The tell-tale body is all tongues. Men are like Geneva watches with crystal faces, which expose the whole movement. They carry the liquor of life flowing up and down in these beautiful bottles, and announcing to the curious how it is with them. The face and eyes reveal what the spirit is doing, how old it is, what aims it has. The eyes indicate the antiquity of the soul, or through how many forms it has already ascended. It almost violates the proprieties, if we say above the breath here what the confessing eyes do not hesitate to utter to every street passenger.

Man cannot fix his eye on the sun, and so far seems imperfect. In Siberia a late traveller found men who could see the satellites of Jupiter with their unarmed eye. In some respects the animals excel us. The birds have a longer sight, beside the advantage by their wings of a higher observatory. A cow can bid her calf, by secret signal, probably of the eye, to run away, or to lie down and hide itself. The jockeys say of certain horses, that "they look over the whole ground." The out-door life, and hunting, and labour, give equal vigour to the human eye. A farmer looks out at you as strong as the horse; his eye-beam is like the stroke of a staff. An eye can threaten like a loaded and levelled gun, or can insult like hissing or kicking; or, in its altered mood, by beams of kindness, it can make the heart dance with joy.

The eye obeys exactly the action of the mind. When a thought strikes us, the eyes fix, and remain gazing at a distance; in enumerating the names of persons or of countries, as France, Germany, Spain, Turkey, the eyes wink at each new name. There is no nicety of learning sought by the mind which the eyes do not vie in acquiring. "An artist," said Michel Angelo, "must have his measuring tools not in the hand but in the eye;" and there is no end to the catalogue of its performances, whether in indolent vision (that of health and beauty), or in strained vision (that of art and labour).

Eyes are bold as lions—roving, running, leaping, here and there, far and near. They speak all languages. They wait for no introduction; they are no Englishmen; ask no leave of age or rank; they respect neither poverty nor riches, neither learning nor power, nor virtue, nor sex, but intrude, and come again, and go through and through you, in a moment of time. What inundation of life and thought is discharged from one soul into another, through them! The glance is natural magic. The mysterious communication established across a house between two entire strangers, moves all the springs of wonder. The communication by the glance is in the greatest part not subject to the control of the will. It is the bodily symbol of identity of nature. We look into the eyes to know if this other form is another self, and the eyes will not lie, but make a faithful confession what inhabitant is there. The revelations are sometimes terrific. The confession of a low, usurping devil is there made, and the observer shall seem to feel the stirring of owls, and bats, and horned hoofs, where he looked for innocence and simplicity. 'Tis remarkable, too, that the spirit that appears at the windows of the house does at once invest himself in a new form of his own to the mind of the beholder.

The eyes of men converse as much as their tongues, with the advantage that the ocular dialect needs no dictionary, but is understood all the world over. When the eyes say one

thing, and the tongue another, a practised man relies on the language of the first. If the man is off his centre, the eyes show it. You can read in the eyes of your companion whether your argument hits him, though his tongue will not confess it. There is a look by which a man shows he is going to say a good thing, and a look when he has said it. Vain and forgotten are all the fine offers and offices of hospitality, if there is no holiday in the eye. How many furtive inclinations avowed by the eye, though dissembled by the lips! One comes away from a company in which, it may easily happen, he has said nothing, and no important remark has been addressed to him, and yet, if in sympathy with the society, he shall not have a sense of this fact, such a stream of life has been flowing into him and out from him through the eyes. There are eyes, to be sure, that give no more admission into the man than blueberries. Others are liquid and deep—wells that a man might fall into; others are aggressive and devouring, seem to call out the police, take all too much notice, and require crowded broadways, and the security of millions to protect individuals against them. The military eye I meet, now darkly sparkling under clerical, now under rustic brows. 'Tis the city of Lacedæmon; 'tis a stack of bayonets. There are asking eyes, asserting eyes, prowling eyes, and eyes full of fate—some of good, and some of sinister omen. The alleged power to charm down insanity, or ferocity in beasts is a power behind the eye. It must be a victory achieved in the will before it can be signified in the eye. 'Tis very certain that each man carries in his eye the exact indication of his rank in the immense scale of men, and we are always learning to read it. A complete man should need no auxiliaries to his personal presence. Whoever looked on him would consent to his will, being certified that his aims were generous and universal. The reason why men do not obey us is because they see the mud at the bottom of our eye.

If the organ of sight is such a vehicle of power, the other features have their own. A man finds room in the few square inches of the face for the traits of all his ancestors; for the expression of all his history, and his wants. The sculptor, and Winckelmann, and Lavater will tell you how significant a feature is the nose; how its forms express strength or weakness of will, and good or bad temper. The nose of Julius Cæsar, of Dante, and of Pitt, suggest "the terrors of the beak." What refinement and what limitations the teeth betray! "Beware you don't laugh," said the wise mother, "for then you show all your faults."

Balzac left in manuscript a chapter, which he called "*Théorie de la Démarche*," in which he says, "The look, the voice, the respiration, and the attitude or walk are identical. But, as it has not been given to man, the power to stand guard at once over these four different simultaneous expressions of his thought, watch that one which speaks out the truth, and you will know the whole man."

Palaces interest us mainly in the exhibition of manners, which, in the idle and expensive society dwelling in them, are raised to a high art. The maxim of courts is, that manner is power. A calm and resolute bearing, a polished speech, an embellishment of trifles, and the art of hiding all uncomfortable feeling, are essential to the courtier: and Saint Simon, and Cardinal de Retz, and Rœderer, and an encyclopedia of *Mémoires*, will instruct you, if you wish, in those potent secrets. Thus, it is a point of pride with kings to remember faces and names. It is reported of one prince, that his head had the air of leaning downwards in order not to humble the crowd. There are people who come in ever like a child with a piece of good news. It was said of the late Lord Holland, that he always came down to breakfast with the air of a man who had just met with some signal good fortune. In "*Notre Dame*," the grandee took his place on the dais, with the look of one who is thinking of something else. But we must not peep and eavesdrop at palace-doors. . . .

The theatre in which this science of manners has a formal importance is not with us a court, but dress-circles, wherein, after the close of the day's business, men and women meet at leisure for mutual entertainment in ornamented drawing-rooms. Of course, it has every variety of attraction and merit; but, to earnest persons, to youths or maidens who have great objects at heart, we cannot extol it highly. A well-dressed, talkative company, where each is bent to amuse the other —yet the high-born Turk who came hither fancied that every woman seemed to be suffering for a chair; that all the talkers were brained and exhausted by the deoxygenated air: it spoiled the best persons; it put all on stilts. Yet here are the secret biographies written and read. The aspect of that man is repulsive; I do not wish to deal with him. The other is irritable, shy, and on his guard. The youth looks humble and manly: I choose him. Look on this woman. There is not beauty, nor brilliant sayings, nor distinguished power to

serve you; but all see her gladly; her whole air and impression are healthful. Here comes the sentimentalists and the invalids. Here is Elise, who caught cold in coming into the world, and has always increased it since. Here are creep-mouse manners, and thievish manners. "Look at Northcote," said Fuseli; "he looks like a rat that has seen a cat." In the shallow company, easily excited, easily tired, here is the columnar Bernard: the Alleghanies do not express more repose than his behaviour. Here are the sweet following eyes of Cecile: it seemed always that she demanded the heart. Nothing can be more excellent in kind than the Corinthian grace of Gertrude's manners, and yet Blanche, who has no manners, has better manners than she; for the movements of Blanche are the sallies of a spirit which is sufficient for the moment, and she can afford to express every thought by instant action.

Manners have been somewhat cynically defined to be a contrivance of wise men to keep fools at a distance. Fashion is shrewd to detect those who do not belong to her train, and seldom wastes her attentions. Society is very swift in its instincts, and, if you do not belong to it, resists and sneers at you, or quietly drops you. The first weapon enrages the party attacked; the second is still more effective, but is not to be resisted, as the date of the transaction is not easily found. People grow up and grow old under this infliction, and never suspect the truth, ascribing the solitude which acts on them very injuriously to any cause but the right one.

The basis of good manners is self-reliance. Necessity is the law of all who are not self-possessed. Those who are not self-possessed obtrude and pain us. Some men appear to feel that they belong to a parish caste. They fear to offend, they bend and apologize, and walk through life with a timid step. As we sometimes dream that we are in a well-dressed company without any coat, so Godfrey acts ever as if he suffered from some mortifying circumstance. The hero should find himself at home wherever he is; should impart comfort by his own security and good nature to all beholders. The hero is suffered to be himself. A person of strong mind comes to perceive that for him an immunity is secured so long as he renders to society that service which is native and proper to him—an immunity from all the observances, yea, and duties, which society so tyrannically imposes on the rank and file of its members. "Euripides," says Aspasia, "has not the fine manners of Sophocles; but," she adds good-humouredly, "the movers and masters of our souls have surely a right to throw out their limbs as carelessly as they please on the world that belongs to them, and before the creatures they have animated."[1]

Manners require time, as nothing is more vulgar than haste. Friendship should be surrounded with ceremonies and respects, and not crushed into corners. Friendship requires more time than poor busy men can usually command. Here comes to me Roland, with a delicacy of sentiment leading and inwrapping him like a divine cloud or holy ghost. 'Tis a great destitution to both that this should not be entertained with large leisures, but contrariwise should be balked by importunate affairs.

But through this lustrous varnish, the reality is ever shining. 'Tis hard to keep the *what* from breaking through this pretty painting of the *how*. The core will come to the surface. Strong will and keen perception overpower old manners, and create new; and the thought of the present moment has a greater value than all the past. In persons of character, we do not remark manners, because of their instantaneousness. We are surprised by the thing done, out of all power to watch the way of it. Yet nothing is more charming than to recognize the great style which runs through the actions of such. People masquerade before us in their fortunes, titles, offices, and connections, as academic or civil presidents, or senators, or professors, or great lawyers, and impose on the frivolous, and a good deal on each other, by these fames. At least, it is a point of prudent good manners to treat these reputations tenderly, as if they were merited. But the sad realist knows these fellows at a glance, and they know him; as when in Paris the chief of the police enters a ball-room, so many diamonded pretenders shrink and make themselves as inconspicuous as they can, or give him a supplicating look as they pass. "I had received," said a sibyl, "I had received at birth the fatal gift of penetration"—and these Cassandras are always born.

Manners impress as they indicate real power. A man who is sure of his point carries a broad and contented expression which everybody reads. And you cannot rightly train one to an air and manner, except by making him the kind of man of whom that manner is the natural expression. Nature for ever puts a premium on reality. What is done for effect, is seen to be done for effect; what is done for love is felt to be done for love. A man inspires affection and honour, because he was not lying in wait for these. The things of a man for which we

[1] Landor: *Pericles and Aspasia.*

visit him, were done in the dark and the cold. A little integrity is better than any career. So deep are the sources of this surface-action, that even the size of your companion seems to vary with his freedom of thought. Not only is he larger when at ease and his thoughts generous, but everything around him becomes variable with expression. No carpenter's rule, no rod and chain, will measure the dimensions of any house or house-lot: go into the house: if the proprietor is constrained and deferring, 'tis of no importance how large his house, how beautiful his grounds—you quickly come to the end of all; but if the man is self-possessed, happy, and at home, his house is deep-founded, indefinitely large and interesting, the roof and dome bouyant as the sky. Under the humblest roof, the commonest person in plain clothes sits there massive, cheerful, yet formidable, like the Egyptian colossi. . . .

In all the superior people I have met, I notice directness, truth spoken more truly, as if everything of obstruction, of malformation, had been trained away. What have they to conceal? What have they to exhibit? Between simple and noble persons, there is always a quick intelligence: they recognize at sight, and meet on a better ground than the talents and skills they may chance to possess, namely, on sincerity and uprightness. For it is not what talents or genius a man has, but how he is to his talents, that constitutes friendship and character. The man that stands by himself, the universe stands by him also. It is related of the monk Basle, that, being excommunicated by the pope, he was, at his death, sent in charge of an angel to find a fit place of suffering in hell; but such was the eloquence and good humour of the monk, that wherever he went he was received gladly, and civilly treated, even by the most uncivil angels; and when he came to discourse with them, instead of contradicting or forcing him, they took his part, and adopted his manners; and even good angels came from far to see him, and take up their abode with him. The angel that was sent to find a place of torment for him, attempted to remove him to a worse pit, but with no better success; for such was the contented spirit of the monk, that he found something to praise in every place and company, though in hell, and made a kind of heaven of it. At last the escorting angel returned with his prisoner to them that sent him, saying, that no phlegethon could be found that would burn him; for that, in whatever condition, Basle remained incorrigibly Basle. The legend says, his sentence was remitted, and he was allowed to go into heaven, and was canonized as a saint.

There is a stroke of magnanimity in the correspondence of Bonaparte with his brother Joseph, when the latter was King of Spain, and complained that he missed in Napoleon's letters the affectionate tone which had marked their childish correspondence. "I am sorry," replies Napoleon, "you think you shall find your brother again only in the Elysian fields. It is natural that at forty, he should not feel towards you as he did at twelve. But his feelings towards you have greater truth and strength. His friendship has the features of his mind."

How much we forgive to those who yield us the rare spectacle of heroic manners! We will pardon them the want of books, of arts, and even of the gentler virtues. How tenaciously we remember them! Here is a lesson which I brought along with me in boyhood from the Latin school, and which ranks with the best of Roman anecdotes. Marcus Scaurus was accused by Quintus Varius Hispanus that he had excited the allies to take arms against the republic. But he, full of firmness and gravity, defended himself in this manner: "Quintus Varius Hispanus alleges that Marcus Scaurus, president of the senate, excited the allies to arms: Marcus Scaurus, president of the senate, denies it. There is no witness. Which do you believe, Romans?" *"Utri creditis, Quirites?"* When he had said these words, he was absolved by the assembly of the people.

I have seen manners that make a similar impression with personal beauty; that give the like exhilaration, and refine us like that; and in memorable experiences they are suddenly better than beauty, and make that superfluous and ugly. But they must be marked by fine perception, the acquaintance with real beauty.

They must always show self-control: you shall not be facile, apologetic, or leaky, but king over your word; and every gesture and action shall indicate power at rest. Then they must be inspired by the good heart. There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behaviour, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us. 'Tis good to give a stranger a meal, or a night's lodging. 'Tis better to be hospitable to his good meaning and thought, and give courage to a companion. We must be as courteous to a man as we are to a picture, which we are willing to give the advantage of a good light. Special precepts are not to be thought of: the talent of well-doing contains them all. Every hour will show a duty as paramount as that of my whim just now; and

yet I will write it—that there is one topic peremptorily forbidden to all well-bred, to all rational mortals, namely, their distempers. If you have not slept, or if you have slept, or if you have headache, or sciatica, or leprosy, or thunder-stroke, I beseech you by all angels to hold your peace and not pollute the morning, to which all the housemates bring serene and pleasant thoughts, by corruption and groans. Come out of the azure. Love the day. Do not leave the sky out of your landscape. The oldest and the most deserving person should come very modestly into any newly-awakened company, respecting the divine communications, out of which all must be presumed to have newly come. An old man who added an elevating culture to a large experience of life, said to me, "When you come into the room, I think I will study how to make humanity beautiful to you."

As respects the delicate question of culture, I do not think that any other than negative rules can be laid down. For positive rules, for suggestion, nature alone inspires it. Who dare assume to guide a youth, a maid, to perfect manners?—the golden mean is so delicate, difficult—say frankly, unattainable. What finest hands would not be clumsy to sketch the genial precepts of the young girl's demeanour? The chances seem infinite against success; and yet success is continually attained. There must not be secondariness, and 'tis a thousand to one that her air and manner will at once betray that she is not primary, but that there is some other one or many of her class, to whom she habitually postpones herself. But nature lifts her easily, and without knowing it, over these impossibilities, and we are continually surprised with graces and felicities not only unteachable, but undescribable.

LOVE.

In thine April eyes
The watery pearls are set:
For Love?—Oh! sigh no more,
Beautiful Amoret.

For Love?—so cruel-kind
That never will he flee,
So long as he can nurse
In the soul jealousy;

Self-scorn that comes and goes
Doubt which ever flies;
Pale Hope, and radiant tears,
Sad yet pleasant sighs:—

For Love?—so cruel-kind
That seldom will he stay,
While he can leave behind
Remorse and heart decay.

If he cometh not,
The simple joys will rain
Unharming mirth on us:—
But desires vain,

And hot trancing pleasures,
And entangled dreams,
Which the day discovers
Like all idle themes,

Fill his path, and fling—
As the morn-bright hours
In Aurora's path
Flung the rose-leaf flowers.

These were fresh and fair;
But his upas-leaves
Shed a sweet despair,
Till the wrung heart heaves,

With unmingled pain,
Doubt that never flies,
And desires vain:—
So the lover dies.

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THE FLOATING BEACON.

BY JOHN HOWISON.

One dark and stormy night we were on a voyage from Bergen to Christiansand in a small sloop. Our captain suspected that he had approached too near the Norwegian coast, though he could not discern any land, and the wind blew with such violence that we were in momentary dread of being driven upon a lee-shore. We had endeavoured for more than an hour to keep our vessel away; but our efforts proved unavailing, and we soon found that we could scarcely hold our own. A clouded sky, a hazy atmosphere, and irregular showers of sleety rain, combined to deepen the obscurity of night, and nothing whatever was visible, except the sparkling of the distant waves when their tops happened to break into a wreath of foam. The sea ran very high, and sometimes broke over the deck so furiously that the men were obliged to hold by the rigging lest they should be carried away. Our captain was a person of timid and irresolute character, and the dangers that environed us made him gradually lose confidence in himself. He often gave orders and countermanded them in the same moment, all the while taking small quan-

tities of ardent spirits at intervals. Fear and intoxication soon stupified him completely, and the crew ceased to consult him, or to pay any respect to his authority, in so far as regarded the management of the vessel.

About midnight our mainsail was split, and shortly after we found that the sloop had sprung a leak. We had before shipped a good deal of water through the hatches, and the quantity that now entered from below was so great, that we thought she would go down every moment. Our only chance of escape lay in our boat, which was immediately lowered. After we had all got on board of her except the captain, who stood leaning against the mast, we called to him, requesting that he would follow us without delay.

"How dare you quit the sloop without my permission?" cried he, staggering forwards. "This is not fit weather to go a-fishing. Come back—back with you all!"

"No, no," returned one of the crew, "we don't want to be sent to the bottom for your obstinacy. Bear a hand there, or we'll leave you behind."

"Captain, you are drunk," said another; "you cannot take care of yourself. You must obey *us* now."

"Silence! mutinous villain," answered the captain. "What are you all afraid of? This is a fine breeze: up mainsail, and steer her right in the wind's eye."

The sea knocked the boat so violently and constantly against the side of the sloop, that we feared the former would be injured or upset if we did not immediately row away; but anxious as we were to preserve our lives, we could not reconcile ourselves to the idea of abandoning the captain, who grew more obstinate the more we attempted to persuade him to accompany us. At length one of the crew leaped on board the sloop, and having seized hold of him, tried to drag him along by force; but he struggled resolutely, and soon freed himself from the grasp of the seaman, who immediately resumed his place among us, and urged that we should not any longer risk our lives for the sake of a drunkard and a madman. Most of the party declared they were of the same opinion, and began to push off the boat; but I entreated them to make one effort more to induce their infatuated commander to accompany us. At that moment he came up from the cabin, to which he had descended a little time before, and we immediately perceived that he was more under the influence of ardent spirits than ever. He abused us all in the grossest terms, and threatened his crew with severe punishment if they did not come on board and return to their duty. His manner was so violent that no one seemed willing to attempt to constrain him to come on board the boat; and after vainly representing the absurdity of his conduct, and the danger of his situation, we bid him farewell, and rowed away.

The sea ran so high, and had such a terrific appearance, that I almost wished myself in the sloop again. The crew plied the oars in silence, and we heard nothing but the hissing of the enormous billows as they gently rose up and slowly subsided again without breaking. At intervals our boat was elevated far above the surface of the ocean, and remained for a few moments trembling upon the pinnacle of a surge, from which it would quietly descend into a gulf, so deep and awful that we often thought the dense black mass of waters which formed its sides were on the point of overarching us, and bursting upon our heads. We glided with regular undulations from one billow to another; but every time we sunk into the trough of the sea my heart died within me, for I felt as if we were going lower down than we had ever done before, and clung instinctively to the board on which I sat.

Notwithstanding my terrors I frequently looked towards the sloop. The fragments of her mainsail, which remained attached to the yard and fluttered in the wind, enabled us to discern exactly where she lay, and showed by their motion that she pitched about in a terrible manner. We occasionally heard the voice of her unfortunate commander, calling to us in tones of frantic derision, and by turns vociferating curses and blasphemous oaths, and singing sea-songs with a wild and frightful energy. I sometimes almost wished that the crew would make another effort to save him; but next moment the principle of self-preservation repressed all feelings of humanity, and I endeavoured, by closing my ears, to banish the idea of his sufferings from my mind.

After a little time the shivering canvas disappeared, and we heard a tumultuous roaring and bursting of billows, and saw an unusual sparkling of the sea about a quarter of a mile from us. One of the sailors cried out that the sloop was now on her beam-ends, and that the noise to which we listened was that of the waves breaking over her. We could sometimes perceive a large black mass heaving itself up irregularly among the flashing surges, and then disappearing for a few moments, and knew but too well that it was the hull of the vessel. At intervals a shrill and agonized voice uttered

some exclamations, but we could not distinguish what they were; and then a long-drawn shriek came across the ocean, which suddenly grew more furiously agitated near the spot where the sloop lay, and in a few moments she sunk down, and a black wave formed itself out of the waters that had engulfed her, and swelled gloomily into a magnitude greater than that of the surrounding billows.

The seamen dropped their oars, as if by one impulse, and looked expressively at each other without speaking a word. Awful forebodings of a fate similar to that of the captain appeared to chill every heart, and to repress the energy that had hitherto excited us to make unremitting exertions for our common safety. While we were in this state of hopeless inaction, the man at the helm called out that he saw a light a-head. We all strained our eyes to discern it, but at the moment the boat was sinking down between two immense waves, one of which closed the prospect, and we remained in breathless anxiety till a rising surge elevated us above the level of the surrounding ocean. A light like a dazzling star then suddenly flashed upon our view, and joyful exclamations burst from every mouth.

"That," cried one of the crew, "must be the floating beacon which our captain was looking out for this afternoon. If we can but gain it we'll be safe enough yet."

This intelligence cheered us all, and the men began to ply the oars with redoubled vigour, while I employed myself in baling out the water that sometimes rushed over the gunnel of the boat when a sea happened to strike her.

An hour's hard rowing brought us so near the light-house that we almost ceased to apprehend any further danger; but it was suddenly obscured from our view, and at the same time a confused roaring and dashing commenced at a little distance, and rapidly increased in loudness. We soon perceived a tremendous billow rolling towards us. Its top, part of which had already broke, overhung the base, as if unwilling to burst until we were within the reach of its violence. The man who steered the boat brought her head to the sea, but all to no purpose, for the water rushed furiously over us, and we were completely immersed. I felt the boat swept from under me, and was left struggling and groping about in hopeless desperation for something to catch hold of. When nearly exhausted, I received a severe blow on the side from a small cask of water which the sea had forced against me. I immediately twined my arms round it, and, after recovering myself a little, began to look for the boat, and to call to my companions; but I could not discover any vestige of them or of their vessel. However, I still had a faint hope that they were in existence, and that the intervention of the billows concealed them from my view. I continued to shout as loud as possible, for the sound of my own voice in some measure relieved me from the feeling of awful and heart-chilling loneliness which my situation inspired; but not even an echo responded to my cries, and, convinced that my comrades had all perished, I ceased looking for them, and pushed towards the beacon in the best manner I could. A long series of fatiguing exertions brought me close to the side of the vessel which contained it, and I called out loudly, in hopes that those on board might hear me and come to my assistance; but no one appearing, I waited patiently till a wave raised me on a level with the chains, and then caught hold of them, and succeeded in getting on board.

As I did not see any person on deck, I went forwards to the sky-light and looked down. Two men were seated below at a table, and a lamp which was suspended above them, being swung backwards and forwards by the rolling of the vessel, threw its light upon their faces alternately. One seemed agitated with passion, and the other surveyed him with a scornful look. They both talked very loudly, and used threatening gestures, but the sea made so much noise that I could not distinguish what was said. After a little time they started up, and seemed to be on the point of closing and wrestling together, when a woman rushed through a small door and prevented them. I beat upon deck with my feet at the same time, and the attention of the whole party was soon transferred to the noise. One of the men immediately came up the cabin-stairs, but stopped short on seeing me, as if irresolute whether to advance or hasten below again. I approached him, and told my story in a few words; but instead of making any reply, he went down to the cabin, and began to relate to the others what he had seen. I soon followed him, and easily found my way into the apartment where they all were. They appeared to feel mingled sensations of fear and astonishment at my presence, and it was some time before any of them entered into conversation with me, or afforded those comforts which I stood so much in need of.

After I had refreshed myself with food, and been provided with a change of clothing, I went upon deck, and surveyed the singular asylum in which Providence had enabled me

to take refuge from the fury of the storm. It did not exceed thirty feet long, and was very strongly built, and completely decked over, except at the entrance to the cabin. It had a thick mast at midships, with a large lantern, containing several burners and reflectors, on the top of it; and this could be lowered and hoisted up again as often as required by means of ropes and pulleys. The vessel was firmly moored upon an extensive sand-bank, the beacon being intended to warn seamen to avoid a part of the ocean where many lives and vessels had been lost in consequence of the latter running aground. The accommodations below decks were narrow, and of an inferior description; however I gladly retired to the berth that was allotted me by my entertainers, and fatigue and the rocking of billows combined to lull me into a quiet and dreamless sleep.

Next morning one of the men, whose name was Angerstoff, came to my bedside, and called me to breakfast in a surly and imperious manner. The others looked coldly and distrustfully when I joined them, and I saw that they regarded me as an intruder and an unwelcome guest. The meal passed without almost any conversation, and I went upon deck whenever it was over. The tempest of the preceding night had in a great measure abated, but the sea still raged, and a black mist hovered over it, through which the Norway coast, lying at eleven miles distance, might be dimly seen. Not a bird enlivened the wide expanse of waters, and I turned pondering from the dreary scene and asked Morvalden, the younger of the two men, when he thought there was a chance of getting ashore.

"Not very soon, I'm afraid," returned he. "We are visited once a month by people from yonder land, who are appointed to bring us a supply of provisions and other necessaries. They were here only six days ago, so you may count how long it will be before they return. Fishing-boats sometimes pass us during fine weather, but we won't have much of that this moon at least."

No intelligence could have been more depressing to me than this. The idea of spending perhaps three weeks in such a place was almost insupportable, and the more so as I could not hasten my deliverance by any exertions of my own, but would be obliged to remain in a state of inactive suspense till good fortune, or the regular course of events, afforded me the means of getting ashore. Neither Angerstoff nor Morvalden seemed to sympathize with my distress, or even to care that I should have it in my power to leave the vessel, except in so far as my departure would free them from the expense of supporting me. They returned indistinct and repulsive answers to all the questions I asked, and appeared anxious to avoid having the least communication with me. During the greater part of the forenoon they employed themselves in trimming the lamps and cleaning the reflectors, but never conversed any. I easily perceived that a mutual animosity existed between them, but was unable to discover the cause of it. Morvalden seemed to fear Angerstoff, and, at the same time, to feel a deep resentment towards him, which he did not dare express. Angerstoff apparently was aware of this, for he behaved to his companion with the undisguised fierceness of determined hate, and openly thwarted him in everything.

Marietta, the female on board, was the wife of Morvalden. She remained chiefly below decks, and attended to the domestic concerns of the vessel. She was rather good-looking, but so sullen and forbidding in her manner that she formed no desirable accession to our party, already so heartless and unsociable in its character.

As night approached, after the long, wearisome, and monotonous day, I went on deck to see the beacon lighted, and continued walking backwards and forwards till a late hour. As the light of the lantern flashed along the sea, I fancied I saw men struggling among the billows, and at other times I imagined I could discern the white sail of an approaching vessel. Human voices seemed to mingle with the noise of the bursting waves, and I often listened intently, almost in the expectation of hearing articulate sounds. My mind grew sombre as the scene itself, and strange and fearful ideas obtruded themselves in rapid succession. It was dreadful to be chained in the middle of the deep—to be the continual sport of the quietless billows—to be shunned as a fatal thing by those who traversed the solitary ocean. Though within sight of the shore, our situation was more dreary than if we had been sailing a thousand miles from it. We felt not the pleasure of moving forwards, nor the hope of reaching port, nor the delights arising from favourable breezes and genial weather. When a billow drove us to one side, we were tossed back again by another; our imprisonment had no variety or definite termination; and the calm and the tempest were alike uninteresting to us. I felt as if my fate had already become linked with that of those who were on board the vessel. My hopes of being again permitted to mingle with mankind died away,

and I anticipated long years of gloom and despair, in the company of these repulsive persons into whose hands fate had unexpectedly consigned me.

Angerstoff and Morvalden tended the beacon alternately during the night. The latter had the watch while I remained upon deck. His appearance and manner indicated much perturbation of mind, and he paced hurriedly from side to side, sometimes muttering to himself, and sometimes stopping suddenly to look through the sky-light, as if anxious to discover what was going on below. He would then gaze intently upon the heavens, and next moment take out his watch, and contemplate the motions of its hands. I did not offer to disturb these reveries, and thought myself altogether unobserved by him, till he suddenly advanced to the spot where I stood, and said, in a loud whisper,—

"There's a villain below—a desperate villain —this is true—he is capable of anything—and the woman is as bad as him."

I asked what proof he had of all this.

"Oh, I know it," returned he; "that wretch Angerstoff, whom I once thought my friend, has gained my wife's affections. She has been faithless to me—yes, she has. They both wish I were out of the way. Perhaps they are now planning my destruction. What can I do? It is very terrible to be shut up in such narrow limits with those who hate me, and to have no means of escaping, or defending myself from their infernal machinations."

"Why do you not leave the beacon," inquired I, "and abandon your companion and guilty wife?"

"Ah, that is impossible," answered Morvalden; "if I went on shore I would forfeit my liberty. I live here that I may escape the vengeance of the law, which I once outraged for the sake of her who has now withdrawn her love from me. What ingratitude! Mine is indeed a terrible fate, but I must bear it. And shall I never again wander through the green fields, and climb the rocks that encircle my native place? Are the weary dashings of the sea and the moanings of the wind to fill my ears continually, all the while telling me that I am an exile!—a hopeless, despairing exile. But it won't last long," cried he, catching hold of my arm; "they will murder me!—I am sure of it—I never go to sleep without dreaming that Angerstoff has pushed me overboard."

"Your lonely situation and inactive life dispose you to give way to these chimeras," said I; "you must endeavour to resist them. Perhaps things aren't so bad as you suppose."

"This is not a lonely situation," replied Morvalden, in a solemn tone. "Perhaps you will have proof of what I say before you leave us. Many vessels used to be lost here, and a few are wrecked still; and the skeletons and corpses of those who have perished lie all over the sand-bank. Sometimes, at midnight, I have seen crowds of human figures moving backwards and forwards upon the surface of the ocean, almost as far as the eye could reach. I neither knew who they were nor what they did there. When watching the lantern alone, I often hear a number of voices talking together, as it were, under the waves; and I twice caught the very words they uttered, but I cannot repeat them—they dwell incessantly in my memory, but my tongue refuses to pronounce them, or to explain to others what they meant."

"Do not let your senses be imposed upon by a distempered imagination," said I; "there is no reality in the things you have told me."

"Perhaps my mind occasionally wanders a little, for it has a heavy burden upon it," returned Morvalden. "I have been guilty of a dreadful crime. Many that now lie in the deep below us might start up and accuse me of what I am just going to reveal to you. One stormy night shortly after I began to take charge of this beacon, while watching on deck, I fell into a profound sleep; I know not how long it continued, but I was awakened by horrible shouts and cries—I started up, and instantly perceived that all the lamps in the lantern were extinguished. It was very dark, and the sea raged furiously; but notwithstanding all this, I observed a ship aground on the bank, a little way from me, her sails fluttering in the wind, and the waves breaking over her with violence. Half frantic with horror, I ran down to the cabin for a taper, and lighted the lamps as fast as possible. The lantern, when hoisted to the top of the mast, threw a vivid glare on the surrounding ocean, and showed me the vessel disappearing among the billows. Hundreds of people lay gasping in the water near her. Men, women, and children writhed together in agonizing struggles, and uttered soul-harrowing cries; and their countenances, as they gradually stiffened under the hand of death, were all turned towards me with glassy stare, while the lurid expression of their glistening eyes upbraided me with having been the cause of their untimely end. Never shall I forget these looks. They haunt me wherever I am—asleep and awake—night and day. I have kept this tale of horror secret till now, and do not know if I shall ever have

courage to relate it again. The masts of the vessel projected above the surface of the sea for several months after she was lost, as if to keep me in recollection of the night on which so many human creatures perished in consequence of my neglect and carelessness. Would that I had no memory! I sometimes think I am going mad. The past and present are equally dreadful to me; and I dare not anticipate the future."

I felt a sort of superstitious dread steal over me while Morvalden related his story, and we continued walking the deck in silence till the period of his watch expired. I then went below and took refuge in my berth, though I was but little inclined for sleep. The gloomy ideas and dark forebodings expressed by Morvalden weighed heavily upon my mind, without my knowing why; and my situation, which had at first seemed only dreary and depressing, began to have something indefinitely terrible in its aspect.

[Next day, when Morvalden proceeded as usual to put the beacon in order, he called upon Angerstoff to come and assist him, which the latter peremptorily refused to do. There was a quarrel: Morvalden struck Angerstoff, and Marietta interfered. Thereupon her husband went on deck, without speaking a word, and hurriedly resumed the work he had been engaged in previous to the quarrel.]

Neither of the two men seemed at all disposed for a reconciliation, and they had no intercourse during the whole day, except angry and revengeful looks. I frequently observed Marietta in deep consultation with Angerstoff, and easily perceived that the subject of debate had some relation to her injured husband, whose manner evinced much alarm and anxiety, although he endeavoured to look calm and cheerful. He did not make his appearance at meals, but spent all his time upon deck. Whenever Angerstoff accidentally passed him, he shrunk back with an expression of dread, and intuitively, as it were, caught hold of a rope, or any other object to which he could cling. The day proved a wretched and fearful one to me, for I momentarily expected that some terrible affray would occur on board, and that I would be implicated in it. I gazed upon the surrounding sea almost without intermission, ardently hoping that some boat might approach near enough to afford me an opportunity of quitting the horrid and dangerous abode to which I was imprisoned.

It was Angerstoff's watch on deck till midnight; and as I did not wish to have any communication with him, I remained below. At twelve o'clock Morvalden got up and relieved him, and he came down to the cabin, and soon after retired to his berth. Believing, from this arrangement, that they had no hostile intentions, I lay down in bed with composure, and fell asleep. It was not long before a noise overhead awakened me. I started up, and listened intently. The sound appeared to be that of two persons scuffling together, for a succession of irregular footsteps beat the deck, and I could hear violent blows given at intervals. I got out of my berth and entered the cabin, where I found Marietta standing alone, with a lamp in her hand.

"Do you hear that?" cried I.

"Hear what?" returned she; "I have had a dreadful dream—I am all trembling."

"Is Angerstoff below?" demanded I.

"No—Yes, I mean," said Marietta. "Why do you ask that? He went up stairs."

"Your husband and he are fighting. We must part them instantly."

"How can that be?" answered Marietta; "Angerstoff is asleep."

"Asleep! Didn't you say he went up stairs."

"I don't know," returned she; "I am hardly awake yet. Let us listen a moment."

Everything was still for a few seconds; then a voice shrieked out, "Ah! that knife! You are murdering me! Draw it out! No help! Are you done? Now—now—now!"

A heavy body fell suddenly along the deck, and some words were spoken in a faint tone, but the roaring of the sea prevented me from hearing what they were.

I rushed up the cabin stairs and tried to push open the folding doors at the head of them, but they resisted my utmost efforts. I knocked violently and repeatedly to no purpose.

"Some one is killed," cried I. "The person who barred these doors on the outside is guilty.

"I know nothing of that," returned Marietta. "We can't be of any use now. Come here again!—How dreadfully quiet it is.—What's that?—A drop of blood has fallen through the sky-light.—What faces are yon looking down upon us?—But this lamp is going out.—We must be going through the water at a terrible rate.—How it rushes past us!—I am getting dizzy.—Do you hear these bells ringing? and strange voices—"

The cabin doors were suddenly burst open, and Angerstoff next moment appeared before us, crying out, "Morvalden has fallen overboard. Throw a rope to him!—He will be drowned."

His hands and dress were marked with blood,

and he had a frightful look of horror and confusion.

"You are a murderer!" exclaimed I, almost involuntarily.

"How do you know that?" said he, staggering back; "I'm sure you never saw—"

"Hush, hush," cried Marietta to him; "are you mad?—Speak again!—What frightens you?—Why don't you run and help Morvalden?"

"Has anything happened to him?" inquired Angerstoff, with a gaze of consternation.

"You told us he had fallen overboard," returned Marietta. "Must my husband perish?"

"Give me some water to wash my hands," said Angerstoff, growing deadly pale, and catching hold of the table for support.

I now hastened upon deck, but Morvalden was not there. I then went to the side of the vessel and put my hands on the gunwale, while I leaned over and looked downwards. On taking them off, I found them marked with blood. I grew sick at heart, and began to identify myself with Angerstoff the murderer. The sea, the beacon, and the sky appeared of a sanguine hue; and I thought I heard the dying exclamations of Morvalden sounding a hundred fathom below me, and echoing through the caverns of the deep. I advanced to the cabin door, intending to descend the stairs, but found that some one had fastened it firmly on the inside. I felt convinced that I was intentionally shut out, and a cold shuddering pervaded my frame. I covered my face with my hands, not daring to look around; for it seemed as if I was excluded from the company of the living, and doomed to be the associate of the spirits of drowned and murdered men. After a little time I began to walk hastily backwards and forwards; but the light of the lantern happened to flash on a stream of blood that ran along the deck, and I could not summon up resolution to pass the spot where it was a second time. The sky looked black and threatening—the sea had a fierceness in its sound and motions—and the wind swept over its bosom with melancholy sighs. Everything was sombre and ominous; and I looked in vain for some object that would, by its soothing aspect, remove the dark impressions which crowded upon my mind.

While standing near the bows of the vessel, I saw a hand and arm rise slowly behind the stern, and wave from side to side. I started back as far as I could go in horrible affright, and looked again, expecting to behold the entire spectral figure of which I supposed they formed a part. But nothing more was visible. I struck my eyes till the light flashed from them, in hopes that my senses had been imposed upon by distempered vision—however, it was in vain, for the hand still motioned me to advance, and I rushed forwards with wild desperation and caught hold of it. I was pulled along a little way notwithstanding the resistance I made, and soon discovered a man stretched along the stern-cable, and clinging to it in a convulsive manner. It was Morvalden. He raised his head feebly and said something, but I could only distinguish the words "murdered—overboard—reached this rope—terrible death."

I stretched out my arms to support him, but at that moment the vessel plunged violently, and he was shaken off the cable, and dropped among the waves. He floated for an instant, and then disappeared under the keel.

I seized the first rope I could find, and threw one end of it over the stern, and likewise flung some planks into the sea thinking that the unfortunate Morvalden might still retain strength enough to catch hold of them if they came within his reach. I continued on the watch for a considerable time, but at last abandoned all hopes of saving him, and made another attempt to get down to the cabin—the doors were now unfastened, and I opened them without any difficulty. The first thing I saw on going below, was Angerstoff stretched along the floor, and fast asleep. His torpid look, flushed countenance, and uneasy respiration convinced me that he had taken a large quantity of ardent spirits. Marietta was in her own apartment. Even the presence of a murderer appeared less terrible than the frightful solitariness of the deck, and I lay down upon a bench, determining to spend the remainder of the night there. The lamp that hung from the roof soon went out, and left me in total darkness. Imagination began to conjure up a thousand appalling forms, and the voice of Angerstoff speaking in his sleep filled my ears at intervals—"Hoist up the beacon!—the lamps won't burn—horrible!—they contain blood instead of oil.—Is that a boat coming?—Yes, yes, I hear the oars.—Curses!—why is that corpse so long of sinking?—If it doesn't go down soon, they'll find me out—How terribly the wind blows!—We are driving ashore—See! see! Morvalden is swimming after us—How he writhes in the water!"

Marietta now rushed from her room with a light in her hand, and seizing Angerstoff by the arm, tried to awake him. He soon rose

up with chattering teeth and shivering limbs, and was on the point of speaking, but she prevented him, and he staggered away to his berth, and lay down in it.

Next morning when I went upon deck, after a short and perturbed sleep, I found Marietta dashing water over it, that she might efface all vestige of the transactions of the preceding night. Angerstoff did not make his appearance till noon, and his looks were ghastly and agonized. He seemed stupified with horror, and sometimes entirely lost all perception of the things around him for a considerable time. He suddenly came close up to me, and demanded, with a bold air but quivering voice, what I had meant by calling him a murderer?

"Why, that you are one," replied I, after a pause.

"Beware what you say," returned he fiercely, —"you cannot escape my power now—I tell you, sir, Morvalden fell overboard."

"Whence, then, came that blood that covered the deck?" inquired I.

He grew pale, and then cried, "You lie—you lie infernally—there was none!"

"I saw it," said I. "I saw Morvalden himself—long after midnight. He was clinging to the stern-cable, and said—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" exclaimed Angerstoff. "Did you hear me dreaming?—I was mad last night—Come, come, come!—We shall tend the beacon together—Let us make friends, and don't be afraid, for you'll find me a good fellow in the end."

He now forcibly shook hands with me, and then hurried down to the cabin.

In the afternoon, while sitting on deck, I discerned a boat far off, but I determined to conceal this from Angerstoff and Marietta, lest they should use some means to prevent its approach. I walked carelessly about, casting a glance upon the sea occasionally, and meditating how I could best take advantage of the means of deliverance which I had in prospect. After the lapse of an hour the boat was not more than half a mile distant from us, but she suddenly changed her course, and bore away towards the shore. I immediately shouted and waved a handkerchief over my head, as signals for her to return. Angerstoff rushed from the cabin, and seized my arm, threatening at the same time to push me overboard if I attempted to hail her again. I disengaged myself from his grasp, and dashed him violently from me.

The noise brought Marietta upon deck, who immediately perceived the cause of the affray, and cried, "Does the wretch mean to make his escape? See you prevent the possibility of that."

"Yes, yes," returned Angerstoff; "he never shall leave the vessel—He had as well take care lest I do to him what I did to—"

"To Morvalden, I suppose you mean," said I.

"Well, well, speak it out," replied he ferociously; "there is no one here to listen to your lies, and I'll not be fool enough to give you an opportunity of uttering them elsewhere. I'll strangle you the next time you tell these lies about—"

"Come," interrupted Marietta, "don't be uneasy—the boat will soon be far enough away—if he wants to give you the slip, he must leap overboard."

I was irritated and disappointed beyond measure at the failure of the plan of escape I had formed, but thought it most prudent to conceal my feelings. I now perceived the rashness and bad consequences of my bold assertions respecting the murder of Morvalden; for Angerstoff evidently thought that his personal safety, and even his life would be endangered, if I ever found an opportunity of accusing and giving evidence against him. All my motions were now watched with double vigilance. Marietta and her paramour kept upon deck by turns during the whole day, and the latter looked over the surrounding ocean, through a glass at intervals, to discover if any boat or vessel was approaching us. He often muttered threats as he walked past me, and more than once seemed waiting for an opportunity to push me overboard. Marietta and he frequently whispered together, and I always imagined I heard my name mentioned in the course of these conversations.

I now felt completely miserable, being satisfied that Angerstoff was bent upon my destruction. I wandered in a state of fearful circumspection from one part of the vessel to the other, not knowing how to secure myself from his designs. Every time he approached me my heart palpitated dreadfully; and when night came on I was agonized with terror, and could not remain in one spot, but hurried backwards and forwards between the cabin and the deck, looking wildly from side to side, and momentarily expecting to feel a cold knife entering my vitals. My forehead began to burn, and my eyes dazzled; I became acutely sensitive, and the slightest murmur, or the faintest breath of wind, set my whole frame in a state of uncontrollable vibration. At first I sometimes thought of throwing myself into the sea; but I soon acquired such an intense feeling of existence, that the mere idea of death was horrible to me.

Shortly after midnight I lay down in my berth, almost exhausted by the harrowing emotions that had careered through my mind during the past day. I felt a strong desire to sleep, yet dared not indulge myself; soul and body seemed at war. Every noise excited my imagination, and scarcely a minute passed in the course of which I did not start up and look around. Angerstoff paced the deck overhead, and when the sound of his footsteps accidentally ceased at any time, I grew deadly sick at heart, expecting that he was silently coming to murder me. At length I thought I heard some one near my bed—I sprung from it, and, having seized a bar of iron that lay on the floor, rushed into the cabin. I found Angerstoff there, who started back when he saw me, and said,

"What is the matter? Did you think that —I want you to watch the beacon, that I may have some rest. Follow me upon deck, and I will give you directions about it."

I hesitated a moment, and then went up the gangway stairs behind him. We walked forward to the mast together, and he showed how I was to lower the lantern when any of the lamps happened to go out, and bidding me beware of sleep, returned to the cabin. Most of my fears forsook me the moment he disappeared. I felt nearly as happy as if I had been set at liberty, and for a time forgot that my situation had anything painful or alarming connected with it. Angerstoff resumed his station in about three hours, and I again took refuge in my berth, where I enjoyed a short but undisturbed slumber.

Next day while I was walking the deck, and anxiously surveying the expanse of ocean around, Angerstoff requested me to come down to the cabin. I obeyed his summons, and found him there. He gave me a book, saying it was very entertaining and would serve to amuse me during my idle hours; and then went above, shutting the doors carefully behind him. I was struck with his behaviour, but felt no alarm, for Marietta sat at work near me, apparently unconscious of what had passed. I began to peruse the volume I held in my hand, and found it so interesting that I paid little attention to anything else, till the dashing of oars struck my ear. I sprung from my chair, with the intention of hastening upon deck, but Marietta stopped me, saying,

"It is of no use. The gangway doors are fastened."

Notwithstanding this information, I made an attempt to open them, but could not succeed. I was now convinced, by the percussion against the vessel, that a boat lay alongside, and I heard a strange voice addressing Angerstoff. Fired with the idea of deliverance, I leaped upon a table which stood in the middle of the cabin, and tried to push off the sky-light, but was suddenly stunned by a violent blow on the back of my head. I staggered back and looked round. Marietta stood close behind me brandishing an axe, as if in the act of repeating the stroke. Her face was flushed with rage, and, having seized my arm, she cried,

"Come down instantly, accursed villain! I know you want to betray us, but may we all go to the bottom if you find a chance of doing so."

I struggled to free myself from her grasp, but being in a state of dizziness and confusion, I was unable to effect this, and she soon pulled me to the ground. At that moment Angerstoff hurriedly entered the cabin, exclaiming,

"What noise is this? Oh, just as I expected! Has that devil—that spy—been trying to get above boards? Why haven't I the heart to despatch him at once? But there's no time now. The people are waiting—Marietta, come and lend a hand."

They now forced me down upon the floor, and bound me to an iron ring that was fixed in it. This being done, Angerstoff directed his female accomplice to prevent me from speaking, and went upon deck again.

While in this state of bondage, I heard distinctly all that passed without. Some one asked Angerstoff how Morvalden did.

"Well, quite well," replied the former; but he's below, and so sick that he can't see any person."

"Strange enough," said the first speaker, laughing. "Is he ill and in good health at the same time? he had as well be overboard as in that condition."

"Overboard!" repeated Angerstoff; "what! —how do you mean?—all false!—but listen to me.—Are there any news stirring ashore!"

"Why," said the stranger, "the chief talk there just now is about a curious thing that happened this morning. A dead man was found upon the beach, and they suspect from the wounds on his body that he hasn't got fair play. They are making a great noise about it, and government means to send out a boat, with an officer on board who is to visit all the shipping round this, that he may ascertain if any of them has lost a man lately. 'Tis a dark business; but they'll get to the bottom of it, I warrant ye—Why, you look as pale as if you knew more about this matter than you choose to tell."

"No, no, no," returned Angerstoff; "I never heard of a murder, but I think of a friend of mine who—but I won't detain you, for the sea is getting up—We'll have a blowy night, I'm afraid."

"So you don't want any fish to-day?" cried the stranger. "Then I'll be off—Good morning, good morning. I suppose you'll have the government boat alongside by-and-by."

I now heard the sound of oars, and supposed, from the conversation having ceased, that the fishermen had departed. Angerstoff came down to the cabin soon after, and released me without speaking a word.

Marietta then approached him, and, taking hold of his arm, said,

"Do you believe what that man has told you?"

"Yes," cried he vehemently; "I suspect I will find the truth of it soon enough."

"Oh!" exclaimed she, "what is to become of us?—How dreadful!—We are chained here, and cannot escape."

"Escape what?" interrupted Angerstoff; "girl, you have lost your senses. Why should we fear the officers of justice? Keep a guard over your tongue."

"Yes," returned Marietta, "I talk without thinking, or understanding my own words; but come upon deck, and let me speak with you there."

They now went up the gangway stairs together, and continued in deep conversation for some time.

Angerstoff gradually became more agitated as the day advanced. He watched upon deck almost without intermission, and seemed irresolute what to do, sometimes sitting down composedly, and at other times hurrying backwards and forwards, with clenched hands and bloodless cheeks. The wind blew pretty fresh from the shore, and there was a heavy swell; and I supposed, from the anxious looks with which he contemplated the sky, that he hoped the threatening aspect of the weather would prevent the government boat from putting out to sea. He kept his glass constantly in his hand, and surveyed the ocean through it in all directions.

At length he suddenly dashed the instrument away, and exclaimed,

"They are coming now!"

Marietta, on hearing this, ran wildly towards him, and put her hands in his, but he pushed her to one side and began to pace the deck, apparently in deep thought. After a little time he started, and cried,

"I have it now!—It's the only plan—I'll manage the business—yes, yes—I'll cut the cables, and off we'll go—that's settled!"

He then seized an axe, and first divided the hawser at the bows, and afterwards the one attached to the stern.

The vessel immediately began to drift away, and having no sails or helm to steady her, rolled with such violence that I was dashed from side to side several times. She often swung over so much that I thought she would not regain the upright position, and Angerstoff all the while unconsciously strengthened this belief, by exclaiming,

"She will capsize; shift the ballast, or we must go to the bottom!"

In the midst of this I kept my station upon deck, intently watching the boat, which was still several miles distant. I waited in fearful expectation, thinking that every new wave against which we were impelled would burst upon our vessel and overwhelm us, while our pursuers were too far off to afford any assistance. The idea of perishing when on the point of being saved was inexpressibly agonizing.

As the day advanced, the hopes I had entertained of the boat making up with us gradually diminished. The wind blew violently, and we drifted along at a rapid rate, and the weather grew so hazy that our pursuers soon became quite undistinguishable. Marietta and Angerstoff appeared to be stupified with terror. They stood motionless, holding firmly by the bulwarks of the vessel; and though the waves frequently broke over the deck and rushed down the gangway, they did not offer to shut the companion door, which would have remained open had not I closed it. The tempest, gloom, and danger that thickened around us neither elicited from them any expressions of mutual regard, nor seemed to produce the slightest sympathetic emotion in their bosoms. They gazed sternly at each other and at me, and every time the vessel rolled, clung with convulsive eagerness to whatever lay within their reach.

About sunset our attention was attracted by a dreadful roaring, which evidently did not proceed from the waves around us; but the atmosphere being very hazy, we were unable to ascertain the cause of it for a long time. At length we distinguished a range of high cliffs, against which the sea beat with terrible fury. Whenever the surge broke upon them, large jets of foam started up to a great height, and flashed angrily over their black and rugged surfaces, while the wind moaned and whistled with fearful caprice among the projecting points of rock. A dense mist covered the upper part

of the cliffs, and prevented us from seeing if there were any houses upon their summits, though this point appeared of little importance, for we drifted towards the shore so fast that immediate death seemed inevitable.

We soon felt our vessel bound twice against the sand, and, in a little time after, a heavy sea carried her up the beach, where she remained imbedded and hard aground. During the ebb of the waves there was not more than two feet of water round her bows. I immediately perceived this, and watching a favourable opportunity, swung myself down to the beach, by means of part of the cable that projected through the hawse-hole. I began to run towards the cliffs the moment my feet touched the ground, and Angerstoff attempted to follow me, that he might prevent my escape; but, while in the act of descending from the vessel, the sea flowed in with such violence, that he was obliged to spring on board again to save himself from being overwhelmed by its waters.

I hurried on and began to climb up the rocks, which were very steep and slippery; but I soon grew breathless from fatigue, and found it necessary to stop. It was now almost dark, and when I looked around I neither saw anything distinctly, nor could form the least idea how far I had still to ascend before I reached the top of the cliffs. I knew not which way to turn my steps, and remained irresolute till the barking of a dog faintly struck my ear. I joyfully followed the sound, and, after an hour of perilous exertion, discovered a light at some distance, which I soon found to proceed from the window of a small hut.

After I had knocked repeatedly, the door was opened by an old man, with a lamp in his hand. He started back on seeing me, for my dress was wet and disordered, my face and hands had been wounded while scrambling among the rocks, and fatigue and terror had given me a wan and agitated look. I entered the house, the inmates of which were a woman and a boy, and having seated myself near the fire, related to my host all that had occurred on board the floating beacon, and then requested him to accompany me down to the beach, that we might search for Angerstoff and Marietta.

"No, no," cried he, "that is impossible. Hear how the storm rages! Worlds would not induce me to have any communication with murderers. It would be impious to attempt it on such a night as this. The Almighty is surely punishing them now! Come here and look out."

I followed him to the door, but the moment he opened it the wind extinguished the lamp. Total darkness prevailed without, and a chaos of rushing, bursting, and moaning sounds swelled upon the ear with irregular loudness. The blast swept round the hut in violent eddyings, and we felt the chilly spray of the sea driving upon our faces at intervals. I shuddered, and the old man closed the door, and then resumed his seat near the fire.

My entertainer made a bed for me upon the floor, but the noise of the tempest, and the anxiety I felt about the fate of Angerstoff and Marietta, kept me awake the greater part of the night. Soon after dawn my host accompanied me down to the beach. We found the wreck of the floating beacon, but were unable to discover any traces of the guilty pair whom I had left on board of it.

"WILL SAIL TO-MORROW."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."[1]

The good ship lies in the crowded dock,
Fair as a statue, firm as a rock:
Her tall masts piercing the still blue air,
Her funnel glittering white and bare,
Whence the long soft line of vapoury smoke
Betwixt sky and sea like a vision broke,
Or slowly o'er the horizon curled
Like a lost hope fled to the other world:
    She sails to-morrow—
    Sails to-morrow.

Out steps the captain, busy and grave,
With his sailor's footfall, quick and brave,
His hundred thoughts and his thousand cares,
And his steady eye that all things dares:
Though a little smile o'er the kind face dawns
On the loving brute that leaps and fawns,
And a little shadow comes and goes,
As if heart or fancy fled—where, who knows?
    He sails to-morrow—
    Sails to-morrow.

To-morrow the serried line of ships
Will quick close after her as she slips
Into the unknown deep once more:
To-morrow, to-morrow, some on shore
With straining eyes shall desperate yearn—
"This is not parting? return—return!"
Peace, wild-wrung hands! hush, sobbing breath!
Love keepeth its own through life and death;
    Though she sails to-morrow—
    Sails to-morrow.

[1] *Poems.* London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.

Sail, stately ship; down Southampton Water
Gliding fair as old Nereus' daughter:
Christian ship that for burthen bears
Christians, speeded by Christian prayers;
All kind angels follow her track!
Pitiful God, bring the good ship back!
All the souls in her for ever keep
Thine, living or dying, awake or asleep:
Then sail to-morrow!
Ship, sail to-morrow!

THE DEVIL'S LADDER.

BY ALOISE SCHREIBER.

Not far from Lorrich, upon the extreme frontiers of the Rhine province, are still to be seen the ruins of an ancient castle which was formerly inhabited by Sibo of Lorrich, a knight of great courage, but of a character anything rather than gentle. It happened once in a stormy eve that a little old man knocked at his castle-gate, and besought his hospitality—a request which was not a little enforced by the shrill voice of the wind, as it whistled through his streaming locks, almost as white as the snows that fell fast about him. The knight, however, was not in one of his mildest moods, nor did the wild dwarfish figure of the stranger plead much for him with one who was by no means an admirer of poverty, whatever shape it might assume. His repulse, therefore, was not couched in the gentlest language; and, indeed, deserved praise rather for its energetic conciseness than for any other quality. The little old man was equally sparing of words on his part, and simply saying, "I will requite your kindness," passed on his way with a most provoking serenity of temper.

At the time Sibo did not take this threat very much to heart, but it soon appeared to be something more than an empty menace; for the next day he missed his daughter, a lovely girl in her tenth year, who was already celebrated for her beauty through the whole province. People were immediately sent out to seek her in every direction, and at last the knight, finding none of his messengers return, set out himself for the same purpose. For a long time he was no more successful in the search than his vassals; nobody had seen her, nobody could give him any information, till he met with an old shepherd who said, "that early in the day he had seen a young girl gathering flowers at the foot of the Redrich Mountain; that, in a little time after, several dwarfs had approached the child, and having seized her in their arms, tripped up to the summit of the rock with as much facility as if they had been walking on a plain. God forbid!" added the shepherd, making the sign of the cross, "God forbid that they were of those evil spirits who dwell in the hidden centre of the mountain; they are easily excited to anger, which is too often fatal to its victims." The knight, alarmed at this recital, cast his eyes towards the summit of the Redrich, and there, indeed, was Garlinda, who seemed to stretch forth her arms for his assistance. Stung with all the impotence of passion, he instantly assembled his vassals to see if there was not one among the number who could climb the precipice; but, though several made the effort, none succeeded. He then ordered them to provide instruments for cutting a pathway in the rock; this attempt, however, was not a jot more successful than the first, for no sooner had the workmen begun to use their axes, than such a shower of stones was poured upon their heads from the mountain-top that they were compelled to fly for safety. At the same time a voice was heard which seemed to proceed from the depths of the Redrich, and which distinctly uttered these words:—"It is thus that we requite the hospitality of the knight of Lorrich."

Sibo, finding earthly arms of no avail against the gnomes, had now recourse to heaven; and as he had certain private reasons for distrusting the efficacy of his own prayers, he bribed the monks and nuns of the neighbourhood to employ their intercession. But these holy folks prospered no better with their beads than the peasants had done with their pick-axes; the gnomes continued as immovable as their own mountain, and nothing was left to console the poor Sibo except the certainty of his daughter's living. His first looks at daybreak and his last at nightfall were given to the Redrich, and each time he could see Garlinda on its summit, stretching out her little arms in mournful greeting to her father.

But, to do justice to the gnomes, they took all possible care of their little foundling, and suffered her to want for nothing; they built for her a beautiful little cottage, the walls of which were covered with shells and crystals, and stones of a thousand colours. Their wives, too, made her necklaces of pearl and emerald wreaths, and found every hour some fresh amusements for her youth, which grew up in a continual round of delight, like a snow-drop in the first gentle visitings of the spring. Indeed, she seemed to be a general favourite, and more particularly so with one old gnome, the sister of him who had tempted her by the

flowers on the Redrich. Often would she say to her pupil, when her young eyes were for a moment dimmed with a transient recollection of past times, "Be of good heart, my dear child; I am preparing for you a dowry, such as was never yet given to the daughter of a king."

Thus rolled away four years, and Sibo had nearly renounced all hope of again seeing his Garlinda, when Ruthelm, a young and valiant knight, returned from Hungary, where he had acquired a glorious name by his deeds against the infidels. His castle being only half a league distant from Lorrich, he was not long in hearing of Sibo's loss, upon which he determined to recover the fair fugitive, or perish in the attempt. With this design he sought the old knight, who was still buried in grief for his daughter's absence, and made him acquainted with his purpose. Sibo grasped the young warrior's hand, and a smile, the first he had known for many years, passed over his hard features as he replied, "Look out from this window, my gallant stranger; as far as the eye can reach it looks upon the lands of Sibo; below, too, in the castle vaults, where others keep their prisoners, I lock up my gold, enough to purchase another such a province. Bring me back my daughter, and all this shall be yours,—and a prize beyond all this—my daughter's hand. Go forth, my young knight, and Heaven's blessing go with you."

Ruthelm immediately betook himself to the foot of the Redrich to explore his ground; but he soon saw that it would be impossible to climb the mountain without aid from some quarter, for the sides were absolutely perpendicular. Still he was unwilling to give up his purpose; he walked round and round the rock, exploring every cleft and cranny, wishing that he had wings, and cursing the shrubs that nodded their heads most triumphantly near the summit, as if in defiance of his efforts. Almost ready to burst with vexation, he was about to desist, when the mountain-gnome stood before him on a sudden, and thus accosted him:—

"Ho, ho! my spruce knight; you have heard, it seems, of the beautiful Garlinda, whose abode is on the summit of these rocks. Is it not so, my mighty man of arms? Well, I'll be your friend in this business; she is my pupil, and I promise you she is yours, as soon as you can get her."

"Be it so," replied the knight, holding out his hand in token that the offer was accepted.

"I am but a dwarf in comparison with you," replied the little man, "but my word is as good as yours notwithstanding. If you can manage to climb the precipice, I shall give you up the maiden; and though the road is somewhat rough, the prize will more than recompense your labour. About it, therefore, and good luck attend you on your journey."

Having uttered these words, the dwarf disappeared, with loud bursts of laughter, to the great indignation of Ruthelm, whose wit was altogether in his elbows. He measured the cliff with angry eyes, and at last exclaimed, "Climb it, quotha! yes, indeed, if I had wings."

"It may happen without wings," said a voice close beside him; and the knight, looking round, perceived a little old woman, who gently tapped him on the shoulder: "I have heard all that passed just now between you and my brother. He was once offended by Sibo, but the knight has long since paid the penalty of that offence; and besides, the maiden has none of her father's harshness; she is beautiful, good, and compassionate to the wants of others; I am certain that she would never refuse hospitality, even though it were to a beggar. For my part, I love her as if she were my own child, and have long wished that some noble knight would choose her as his bride. It seems that you have done so; and my brother has given you his word, a pledge that with us is sacred. Take, therefore, this silver bell; go with it to the Wisper Valley, where you will find a mine which has long ceased to be worked, and which you will easily recognize by the beech-tree and the fir that twine their boughs together at its entrance. Go in without fear, and ring the bell thrice, for within lives my younger brother, who will come to you the moment he hears its sound. At the same time the bell will be a token to him that you are sent from me. Request him to make a ladder for you up to the summit of the Redrich; he will easily accomplish this task before the break of day, and, when done, you may trust to it without the slightest fear of danger."

Ruthelm did as the old woman had directed; he set out instantly for the Wisper Valley, where he soon found the mine in question, with the two trees twined together at its opening. Here he paused in something like terror; it was one of those still nights when the mind has leisure for apprehension. The moon shone sadly on the wet grass, and not a star was visible. For a moment his cheek was pale, but in the next instant it was red with shame, and he rang the bell with a most defying vehemence, as if to atone for his momentary alarm. At the third sound a little man arose from the depths of the mine, habited in gray, and carry

ing a lamp, in which burned a pale blue meteor. To the gnome's question of what did he want, the knight boldly replied by a plain story of his adventure; and the friendly dwarf, bidding him be of good cheer, desired that he would visit the Redrich by the break of day; at the same time he took from his pocket a whistle, which he blew thrice, when the whole valley swarmed with little gnomes, carrying saws and axes, and other instruments of labour. A sign from their leader was enough; they set off in the direction of the Redrich, when, in a few moments only, it was evident their task had begun by the horrible din that might be heard even in the Wisper Valley. Highly delighted with this result, the knight bent his way homewards, his heart beating as fast as the hammers of the gnomes, the noise of which accompanied him in his journey and entertained him in his castle. Nor indeed did Ruthelm desire better music, for besides that the knights of those warlike times were more celebrated for hard blows than for fine ears, every sound of the axe was a step in the ladder, and every step in the ladder was a step nearer to Garlinda, with whom he had contrived to be desperately in love, without the superfluity of seeing her.

No sooner had the morning begun to dawn than he set out for the Redrich, where he found that the gnomes had not made all that nightly clatter to no purpose; a ladder was firmly planted against the rock, and reached to the very top of the mountain. There was a slight throb of fear at his heart as he mounted the lower steps, but his courage increased in proportion to his advance. In a short time he arrived happily at the summit, precisely as the light of day was breaking in the east, when the first object presented to his eyes was Garlinda, who sweetly slumbered on a bank of flowers. The knight was rivetted to the spot, and his heart beat high with pleasure as he gazed on the sleeping beauty; but when she opened her bright blue eyes, and turned their mild lustre upon him, he almost sank beneath the gush of ecstasy that thrilled through every vein. In an instant he was at her feet, and poured forth the story of his love with a vehemence that at once confounded and pleased the object of it. She blushed and wept, and smiled as she wept, her eyes sparkling through her tears, like the sunbeams shooting through a spring shower.

At this moment they were interrupted by the unexpected appearance of the gnome who had carried off Garlinda; behind him was his sister, testifying by her smiles how much pleased she was by the happy meeting of the lovers. At first the dwarf frowned angrily at the sight of Ruthelm; but, when he perceived the ladder, he readily guessed how all had happened, and burst into a sudden fit of laughter, exclaiming, "Another trick played me by my good old sister! I have promised though, and will keep my word. Take that which you have come so far to seek, and be more hospitable than your father. That you may not, however, gain your prize too easily, you shall return by the same way that you came; for our pupil we have a more convenient road, and Heaven grant it may prove the road to her happiness.

Ruthelm willingly descended the ladder, though not without some little peril to his own neck, while the gnome and his sister led the maiden by a path that traversed the interior of the mountain, and opened at its foot by a secret outlet. Here they were to part, and the old woman, presenting her with a box formed of petrified palm-wood, and filled with jewels, thus addressed her:—"Take this, my dear child; it is the dowry that I have so long and often promised you. And do not forget your mountain friends, for in the various evils of the world you are going to visit, a day perhaps may come when you will need their power. You'll think of this, my child." Garlinda thanked the dwarf, and wept in thanking her.

And now Ruthelm conducted the fair one to her father, though not without many a lingering look cast back upon the mountain she had quitted. To describe the old man's joy would be impossible; mindful of the past, he immediately gave orders that all who sought the hospitality of his castle should be feasted there with the utmost kindness for the space of eight days; and Ruthelm received the hand of Garlinda in recompense of his knightly service. Both lived to the evening of a long and happy life, blest in themselves and no less blest in their posterity.

For many years the ladder still remained attached to the mountain, and was looked upon by the neighbouring peasants as the work of a demon. Hence it is that the Redrich is yet known by the name of *The Devil's Ladder.*

POLITICS.

In politics if thou would'st mix,
And mean thy fortunes be;
Bear this in mind, Be deaf and blind,
Let great folks hear and see.

ROBERT BURNS.

GO, LOVELY ROSE.

BY WALLER.

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired,
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

[Yet, though thou fade,
From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise;
And teach the maid
That Goodness Time's rude hand defies,
That Virtue lives when Beauty dies.

H. K. WHITE.][1]

THE PRODIGAL.

To heroism and holiness
How hard it is for man to soar,
But how much harder to be less
Than what his mistress loves him for!
There is no man so full of pride,
And none so intimate with shame,
And none to manhood so denied,
As not to mend if women blame.
He does with ease what do he must,
Or merit this, and nought's debarr'd
From man, when woman shall be just
In yielding her desired regard.
Ah, wasteful woman, she who may
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing he cannot choose but pay,
How has she cheapen'd paradise;
How given for nought her priceless gift,
How spoil'd the bread and spill'd the wine,
Which, spent with due respective thrift,
Had made brutes men, and men divine!

COVENTRY PATMORE.

[1] "The additional stanza to Waller's song is a happy specimen of imitation. It conveys, in such language as Waller would have used, a better and wiser feeling than often visited him."—SOUTHEY.

THE OYSTER.[2]

There lived in one of the beautiful valleys of Travancore a respectable man named Chunda Gopal, who possessed a small estate in pepper plantations, cocoa-nut groves, and plantain gardens. His house was delightfully situated on a fine river; and in it you would have been charmed to see his affectionate wife Luxana and her children, looking like flowers in a green-house, or pictures in gilt frames. It is impossible for me, if I had a thousand tongues, to exaggerate their happiness. They were all the world to each other. Their pepper brought in plenty of money—their fields yielded them nourishing crops of rice—their fruit-trees were productive to superabundance—and their tempers were sweet and contented. Every morning was spent in superintending the operations of their vegetable gold mines; and in the evening you beheld them seated in the vine bowers with their children, or dancing and singing under the trees on the green, or amusing themselves with hearing stories respecting the achievements of the Hindoo gods, and the innumerable heroes of romance who figure in Indian tales. In short, their children were as good as they were handsome; and you are not more happy among yourselves than they were in every respect.

But no one in this uncertain world is sure of the continuance of fortune's breeze till to-morrow. It will be well, therefore, if you make up your minds to meet everything that *can* happen, as an event that *may* happen; and this, believe me, is very needful in a state where we have reason not only to fear the loss of somewhat every moment, but of our own life the instant Providence may deem it good to stop our breath. It pleased that bountiful source of all we enjoy to shut up the flood-gates of heaven in most parts of India for two years in succession. You may easily conceive what misery this produced in a country where scarcely any kind of grain will grow without frequent and careful irrigation. Severe scarcity soon made its appearance, and all the horrors of want assailed the poor. The fine river on which the house of Chunda Gopal stood became quite dry; his pepper vines drooped and withered under the sun; all his cocoa-nut trees pined with thirst, and yielded not a single fruit; nor would his plantains produce a banana. His rice-fields were equally barren.

[2] From *Forty Years in the World.* By the author of *Fifteen Years in India.* London.

Indeed he had soon to send out for everything his large family required; and long before the famine ceased he saw himself and those he loved reduced to the sore necessity of selling their furniture, their gold ornaments, and every movable they had, to purchase bread. As all the necessaries of life were brought from Bengal, and some other provinces which had not been deprived of the usual monsoon, the price charged for rice was so enormous that it required vast funds to support a family. The roads were strewed with dead bodies, and wretches sinking from starvation; and Chunda Gopal had the melancholy prospect of seeing himself, as he advanced in life, not only deprived of every movable, but forced to put up one part of his estate after another to auction, till he began to fear that the whole would not outlast the famine; for at such a melancholy time, of course, very little would be given for land.

During this mournful period the good and kind-hearted Luxana felt all the emotions of sorrow that can possess the breast of a fond wife and a happy mother. She prayed to all the gods—she shed floods of tears—she made vows of pilgrimages, and offerings—and most earnestly implored favour from Brahma. When in deep distress to whom can we fly for succour with hope, but to God? Even if we receive no direct assistance, the act of entreating it is salutary, because we should not ask a power to help us without believing he had the ability to do so; and therefore, hope being necessarily generated by prayer, something is always gained by it.

It happened that Luxana retired late to rest one night, after fervent devotion and a pouring out of her grief in secret, for fear of increasing the sorrow of her husband. She had implored Indra to instruct her in a dream how she should act to relieve the dear objects of her solicitude. "Great power," said she, "if thou wilt accept the sacrifice of myself to secure the safety of those I love, make but a sign to thy servant, and I shall instantly become ashes." With this heroic resolution she laid herself down, kissed her sleeping husband, and sank into the embraces of sleep.

But her soul, that astonishing never-dying lamp, never-slumbering somewhat, continued to pour its light on her internal orbs of sight. She seemed all faculty; ear, eye, smell, taste, feeling, were as busy as they had been during the day. "I am wide awake," thought she. "Yes—I am in the temple of Indra. I see his benign aspect beaming. He is all fire."—Seated on his huge recumbent elephant, with two attendants fanning him, and numerous peacocks sporting in the fruit-tree which grew out of his head, the god appeared to Luxana. His wife, Indranee, on a huge tiger, fanned by four choury, or yak[1] tail bearers, with her child on her knee, sat near him. They were resplendent as the rainbow. She saw through them as though she had been looking at sunbeams. Indranee waved her hand. Luxana prostrated herself. The gods shook their heads; and golden mangoes fell from the trees. The peacocks in their branches screamed, and spread their celestial plumage in all the gorgeous pageantry of pride. Luxana gathered up the mangoes; and Indra and Indranee smiled and nodded their assent. Soon after, a large ape came forward from among the branches over Indra's head. It was Hunnymaun. Luxana was not sure, it might be the monkey son of the god; for he has one, who is a kind, good-natured creature. But she saw him twist his long tail round a branch, and let himself down on Indra's[2] mighty shoulders, where he perched most respectfully; and applying his mouth to the idol's ear, he asked: "Shall I answer Luxana, O mighty father?" She felt no fear; for when we are ready to die, what can have terror? But a thrill passed through her frame when she heard these words in a deep sullen tone, like the voice of St. Paul's—"It is my will."

"Look at this oyster," said Hunnymaun; holding one up in his great paw, which appeared all light, except a black spot in the centre of the shell, surrounded by an orange rim. "Go to the next auction, and buy the heap in which you shall see this."

The whole vanished into darkness, the deep black hue of which startled Luxana to consciousness that what she had seen was a dream; but her astonishment next morning was inexpressible, when she discovered her sauri[3] full of fine ripe mangoes. She of course imparted her dream to her husband, and showed him the beautiful golden fruit, of which they had not eaten for many a day.

You must know that there is, between the island of Ceylon and the peninsula of Hindoostan, a very valuable pearl fishery, in which some of the most valuable ornaments of diadems have been found. You will be able to conceive what a prize one of these must be, when I tell you that the pearl which caps the crown of England was pledged to the Dutch, by Charles II., for £18,000. Its real value can-

[1] The huge tailed cow of Thibet.

[2] See a representation of this wonderful Hindoo idol in Capt. Seley's *Elora*, page 241.

[3] The piece of cloth which forms the general female dress.

not be estimated till there shall be a market of such; at present there are very few in the whole world like it. Julius Cæsar gave Servilia a Ceylon pearl worth £48,457; and Cleopatra's Ceylon pearl ear-rings were valued at £161,458.

This fishery is farmed out by the government. It yields a very large item of revenue. Sometimes in a hundred oysters one will not be found that has a pearl; so that, as it is such a lottery, they are made up into heaps, or lots, and sold by auction to the highest bidder. Superstition is blended with everything in India. The divers think that the Brahmans, or idols, can save them from being devoured by ground sharks; and the purchasers believe that by making offerings and prayers to the temples, they will get repaid in pearls, purchased with their fortunate lots. Such a place as the oyster auction market you never saw. To describe it is impossible. There are as deep speculators—as ardent a thirst for profit —as mad a risk of certainty on chance—as haggard-looking faces—as great a degree of bustle—as much noise and seeming confusion —and as much distraction, disappointment, and anguish in this trade, as you will behold on the Stock Exchange in London, if ever you stare into the private room, as I have done with amazement. At the pearl auction you would hear fifty voices at once cry *this!*—a hundred roar *that!* You would see sharp, lean-faced, hollow-eyed, pale, shrivelled-up Hindoos, like roguish-looking stock-brokers, running about, seemingly wild with anxiety, and not only at war with the world, but at daggers-drawing with themselves. Such is the torture arising from the spirit of gaming, when it once takes possession of the human heart! The flames kindle there and spread over the whole man, till he appears one fearful volume of perturbation; crackling, and fretting, and wasting him, till at length he becomes a vapour of smoke, and deposits the grain of dust into which all his gold has changed under that great alkahest—that more certain destroyer than fire—Time.

We easily believe what we wish; and readily think ourselves favoured by the gods, because we are inclined to credit the flattery that we deserve special marks of protection and grace. Chunda Gopal, therefore, eagerly drank the tale of his Luxana's vision—ate a mango with uncommon satisfaction—expressed his conviction that somewhat of extraordinary good was about to happen to them; he felt so full of life, of hope, of joy, that he knew there was meaning in his wife's dream. How could the mangoes come into his apartment? No Brahman had been there. It was clear that they had been shaken out of Indranee's head, and gathered by Luxana in her sleep! Indra was smiling on his family. He would not now have to sell his beautiful daughters for dancing-girls, or his sons for slaves. No; he would part with his last cocoa-nut grove—go to the oyster auction, and purchase that lot in which Luxana should see the one with a black spot surrounded by an orange rim.

Well, we need not describe the journey of Chunda Gopal and Luxana, with all their children, to Condatchy Bay. I shall leave you to conceive how they journeyed along, with their little ones riding on bullocks, or carried by father and mother. It is sufficient for me to state that they arrived at the pearl auction mart in perfect safety; and that Luxana of course saw there, in a heap, the very oyster that Indra, or rather Hunnymaun, had shown her, which Chunda Gopal bought, after bidding up to his last rupee against a Brahman, who seemed to know that it was worth a Jew's eye.

When the black-spotted, orange-rimmed oyster was opened, to be sure, out dropped one of the largest, purest, roundest pearls that had ever been seen. It was a gem of light. You could see through it as Luxana saw the transparency of Indra's air-fabricated form. A shout of astonishment was raised. Wonder stood gaping on every face. Thousands of thousands were instantly offered for the pearl; but the agent or pearl merchant of the King of Candy bought it for two lacs of rupees, or about £25,000 of our money. Chunda Gopal and Luxana travelled back to their home, mounted on a pair of elephants in shining howdahs. Their sons all became great men, and their daughters were happy. At length they died, full of years; and I tell you this latter particular, because the philosophers say that no one is blessed till dead.—Thus ends the story of the Oyster.

SUN OF THE SLEEPLESS.

Sun of the sleepless! melancholy star!
Whose tearful beam glows tremulously far,
That showest the darkness thou canst not dispel,
How like art thou to joy remembered well!
So gleams the past, the light of other days,
Which shines, but warms not with its powerless rays:
A night beam Sorrow watcheth to behold,
Distinct, but distant; clear, but, oh, how cold!

BYRON.

TWO-FOLD.

[Mrs. Adeline D. Train Whitney, born in Boston, U.S., 1824, has won reputation as a novelist and poet. Her principal works are: *Footsteps on the Seas*, a Poem; *Faith Gartney's Girlhood; The Gayworthys; Hitherto*, a Story of Yesterday; and *Panzies*, a volume of poems from which we quote.]

A double life is this of ours;
A two-fold form wherein we dwell;
And heaven itself is not so strange,
Nor half so far, as teachers tell.

With weary feet we daily tread
The circle of a self-same round;
Yet the strong soul may not be held
A prisoner in the petty bound.

The body walketh as in sleep,
A shadow among things that seem;
While held in leash yet far away,
The spirit moveth in a dream.

A living dream of good or ill,
In caves of gloom or fields of light;
Where purpose doth itself fulfil,
And longing love is instant sight.

Where time, nor space, nor blood, nor bond
May love and life divide in twain;
But they whom truth hath inly joined
Meet inly on their common plane.

We need not die to go to God;
See how the daily prayer is given!
'Tis not across a gulf we cry,
"Our Father, who dost dwell in heaven!"

And, "Let thy will on earth be done,
As in thy heaven;" by this, thy child!
What is it but all prayers in one,
That soul and sense be reconciled?

That inner sight and outer scene
No more in thwarting conflict strive;
But doing blossom from the dream,
And the whole nature rise, alive?

There's beauty waiting to be born,
And harmony that makes no sound;
And bear we ever, unaware,
A glory that hath not been crowned.

And so we yearn, and so we sigh,
And reach for more than we can see;
And, witless of our folded wings,
Walk Paradise unconsciously;

And dimly feel the day divine
With vision half redeemed from night,
Till death shall fuse the double life,
And God himself shall give us light!

THE BAGPIPER.

BY W. BARRY.

One day in the leafy month of June an angler wandered by a brook-side in a deep glen. Tall rocks and trees rose at either side, and tinkling silver threads of water ran down to the bigger stream in many places. The spot was lonely but not savage. It was full noon, and so warm that after a while the fisherman left off work and found a moss patch to rest on. And as he rested he heard that native concert which is ever going on in due season and weather amongst birds, and bees, and grasshoppers, and other creatures that rejoice in the summer for the sun in their own language. But of a sudden, in the midst of the soft croon of pigeons, the occasional flute-call of that wonderful musician with the golden bill, the deep and always as it were distant bassoon of the flower-robber, there came the queerest, quaintest tangle of sounds, scarcely more rhythmical or measured than the performances of doves, honey-gatherers, gnats, or river. It mingled with them quite naturally. And when a wind swept for a moment down the glen, and the trees whispered to each other the singular tune, or as it seemed the odds and ends of a hundred tunes, combined also with *that* effect as if the breeze-sigh and leaf-flutter were part of the symphony. And the fisherman gets up to go in search of the accomplished elf who has come out of the hollow hills to practise the airs he must play for his gay companions under the stars by the haunted rath. And he follows the brook path, and the music becoming louder he knows he is approaching the source of it. And this he observed, that as the tune (and it now began to have a distinct or half-distinct outline) was less dispersed by distance, it was not altogether so magical in character, though yet strangely and sweetly becoming the scene over which it was rambling. And finally the angler is drawn by the ear to the very feet of his Orpheus. Think you he saw the ghost of an ancient harper in white, seated like a gray friar on a gray stone, or the fairy fiddler above mentioned, or beheld a figure blowing into a sheaf of reeds with the power of the great god Pan, or any other beautiful dæmon or sprite born of a poet's fancy, or of an artist's dream, or say of any ink-bottle (talk of your ocean being kind to us for casting up *one* Venus, how many as beautiful divinities have emerged from our oceans of ink?)—think you he saw—but this reads like a passage of the *Critic*—what he did see was an old man playing the Irish

pipes, with a dog for an audience, unless a goat is to be counted who has stopped munching bush-tops for a moment on the other side of the brook. An old man, obviously blind, dressed poorly but not raggedly. His hat, to be sure, has seen better days; but considered as a ruin, it has a picturesque appearance. And the angler quietly intended to listen to the music without announcing himself, but the dog would not permit such a liberty to be taken with his master's property, and so he barked a sentence of barks as who would say, Master, here is a scurvy fellow who has his ear cocked for the purpose of stealing our tunes; whereupon the pipes left off with a kind of snarl that had nothing at all pastoral or idyllic about it. The piper was on his way to a wedding and a christening in the neighbouring village. He was rehearsing for his performances. It was not difficult to set him going again. Well, he was not Pan, Orpheus, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, or Virorum. He was a common piper, and yet the music he made amongst the rocks and trees sounded still far more sympathetically than I imagine the music of the best trained orchestra would. I, for I was the eavesdropping angler, dislodged the goat and sat thus some distance from the player. The tunes are all supposed to be cheerful. "The Foxhunter's Jig," listen to that for merriment! The tallyho, tallyho! quite plain on the tenor notes, the hound-music and its echoes, the call of the horn, the death of the *modereen ruadh*, and through it always the dance itself, to which these mimetic references are only asides, garnish. I encore the "The Foxhunter's Jig," and my ancient bard pumps away at it again with such renewed spirit that if he doesn't move the rocks he makes them speak, for they repeat many of the wild cadences, the dog gives an awakened bark of approval, and from behind a doomed shrub peers the big astonished eyes of the goat with his beard and horns, the very picture of a faun! And so again we join the chase, and do double shuffle in the jig besides, and then an end of the Foxhunter business, and we start with "Nora Creina." Nora Creina is not as successful a hit. The musician employs his chanter with bad effect. "Oh my Nora Creina, dear," and similar affectionate passages, are not well translated into orchestral form when the phrase is expressed in hoarse asthmatic tones. You perceive I am candid as to the bagpipes, and no enthusiast about them when the measure of their function and capacity has been exceeded. And now we shall take our leave of the type of piper we have been describing, and sight one from another point of view.

There be pipers and pipers. There are fellows who could give the vagrant armed with the hurdy-gurdy or the leader of a street German band lessons on discord. These offensive pipers —Scotch, or Irish, or Italian—disgrace their craft, which is so ancient that, according to a Celtic legend, one of the fraternity had the honour of playing before Moses. The tradition is embodied to this day in a current form of Irish imprecation. A medal has been found of the Nero period with a representation of a bagpipe in the obverse, from whence it has been reasonably enough conjectured, that when the amiable Roman monarch desired to express his delight at the burning of his city and the roasting of his subjects, he did not employ the violin for that purpose, but poured out the joy of his soul through the *cornamusa*. The instrument, in some shape or other, turns up in every quarter of the globe. It was known in Greece as the *askaulos*, in Germany it is to be recognized as the *sacpfeiff*, in Norway *jockpipe*, in Italy *cornamusa pira* and *zampogua*, in France as the *musette*, in Wales the *piban*, in Lapland the *walpipe*, in Finland the *pilai*, in Persia the *nei aubana*, and in Arab-Egypt the *zoughara*. Sir Robert Stewart of Dublin, in a most interesting course of lectures on the "Bagpipes of Scotland and Ireland," gives these details and much more. He claimed superiority for the latter on account of superior sweetness of tone and its more extensive range. The Irish pipe, he said, possessed a perfect chromatic scale of twenty-five notes (C to C) upon the chanter. It also had three drone basses, violincello C, tenor C, and C below the treble clef. The Scotch pipe had but two drones, A and A, no tenor, and an odd scale of nine notes only consisting of G flat (the G clef note) and above, the eight notes of the scale of A major rather imperfect. Sir Robert was so far unfair to the Scotch instrument that he did not remind his hearers that, while it remains almost in its primitive form, the Irish bagpipe, which he compared with it, is almost a modern instrument. In its original form it had nothing like the range of capabilities which now enables Mr. Bohun to perform on it not only the "Humours of Ballynahinch," "Shaun Dheerig Lanagh," "Paddy Carroll," the "Foxhunter's Jig," and the "Blackbird," but such serious productions as Corentino's song from Dinorah, and Bach's Pastorale in F major. Look for instance at the piper whose picture Sir David Wilkie painted. He certainly is not provided with an instrument which would enable him to attack such a piece as the Pastorale. And yet, I warrant, in his time he made hearts now at

rest beat the quicker for his skill, and faces of old and young light up with harmless pleasure and enjoyment. For he is none of your common street performers. His head has a splendid intellectual contour, and his countenance, rugged though it is, is full of a calm settled spirit of humour, with just that *over*much expression of sensibility, a readiness to quiver and to kindle, which the representative face of a musician ought to have. He is just as ready to play you as sad a tune as "Silence O Moyle" as he is to strike up "Garry Owen," or that fantastic "Rory O'More," which always *sounds* to me like the tossing of the heads of wild flowers in the wind on the side of a particular hill in Munster. Wilkie's piper would scorn to drive you into frenzy like his degenerate imitator of the kerbstone. He was asked, in the good old time, to the house of his honour the squire, where, if he did not sit down with the family, he was respectfully cared for and cheerfully welcomed by the host himself after dinner, and furnished with a jorum of punch, in the consumption of which the squire bore him company. And when the mild potation was over a servant brought in the pipes, and the children were silent; and without any hint as to the exact thing wanted our piper, rambling over the keys a little, brings into the room at his will a dear plaintive air, wandering and wild, and low and loud and irregular, and yet full of meaning; and the squire and his good dame look at each other and remember when this same piper played the same tune how many many years ago, when they were younger than they are! It is all there, the romance of youth and love, in the piper's performance. And his honour when the tune closes takes a moment to clear his throat before he thanks the piper, who has, however, to amuse the youngsters, suddenly dashed into the "Cows amongst the Barley," or some other piece of imitative musical whim for which he is famous. Later on in the evening a dance will be got up—not amongst the servants mind you, *our* piper plays for the gentle folk; and what band of Tinney, Strauss, or Godfrey could equal for heel-powder the rapid rattling articulations of our instrument? Pipers of this quality have disappeared. The Irish gentry who encouraged them and welcomed them have gone also. But in Wilkie's picture we have fixed for ever something more than the likeness of an individual of the class; the portrait, without being idealized to a point of improbability, has still a typical expression, thoroughly Celtic and Irish, in its readiness to respond to the most diverse moods of emotion and sentiment.

CHILDREN AT PLAY.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

"*Open your mouth and shut your eyes*"—
Three little Maidens were saying—
"*And see what God sends you!*" little they thought
He listened while they were playing!
So little we guess that a light light word
At times may be more than praying.

"I," said Kate with the merry blue eyes,
"*Would have lots of frolic and folly;*"
"I," said Ciss with the bonny brown hair,
"*Would have life always smiling and jolly;*"
"*And I would have just what our Father may send,*"
Said lovable little pale Polly.

Life came for the two, with sweetnesses new
Each morning in gloss and in glister.
But our Father above, in a gush of great love,
Caught up little Polly and kissed her.
And the churchyard nestled another wee grave;
The angels another wee sister.

THE PIPER OF MUCKLEBROWST.

[Richard Thomson, born 1795; died 2d January, 1865. He was for more than thirty years librarian of the London Institute. His chief works are: *The Book of Life*, a Bibliographical Melody; *Chronicles of London Bridge; Illustrations of British History; Tales of an Antiquary*, chiefly illustrative of London, &c. He also wrote various sketches and tales for the annuals and magazines.]

——"He was a stout carle for the nones,
Full big he was of brawn, and eke of bones;
A baggepipe well could he blow and sowne."
CHAUCER.

About a century since, in the last "rugging and riving days" of Scotland, before the modern march of intellect had so completely routed the wonderful arts of magic and witchcraft as to leave neither witch nor conjuror in all the broad lands of Britain, there lived a noted fellow called RORY BLARE, who filled the office of town-piper to the prosperous fishing port of Mucklebrowst. He always affirmed his family to be of high antiquity, and as he was disclaimed by the Blairs of that Ilk, and the Blairs of Balthayock, and the Blairs of Lethendie, and the Blairs of Overdurdy, and, in short, by all the other Blairs, he set up at once to be the head of the Blares of Bletherit and Skirlawa', which have furnished Scotland with pipers ever since it was a country. In the course of his life Rory had performed the

various parts of fisherman, sailor, soldier, and pedlar, none of which professions are peculiarly likely to teach a man temperance; and having procured his discharge in consequence of a wound in his head, which carried away a small fraction of his brain-pan, about the sober age of fifty-seven he settled down into a roistering and carousing town-piper. As he had a good deal of those rambling, mischief-loving, satirical characters, called in Scotland *hallen-shakers* and *blether-skytes*, and his strangest tricks were played, and his fun was ever the most furious when the malt was over the meal, all who knew him declared that "he certainly had a bee in his bonnet, puir man! ever sin' he gat that sair paik on his pow in the wars." Rory himself, however, was wont to assert that "he was as gude a man as ever;" which, perhaps, might be true in one sense, as he never was very celebrated for either his prudence or his sobriety.

So much for his person and character; and for his talents as a piper, he could most merrily "blaw up the chanter," as the old song says, with some skill and "richt gude will," untired, even through a long night of active dancing and loud carousal; which, with his mirth and bold demeanour, made him a special favourite throughout Mucklebrowst and its vicinity. Without at all underrating his own knowledge of music, he was fond of attributing some part of his popularity to his instrument, which, he was accustomed to relate, had been found in one of the holy wells of St. Fillan, in Perthshire; thereby inheriting a finer tone and easier breath than any mere mortal pipes could ever boast of, beside the power of resisting all kinds of glamour or witchcraft. The truth of this was never rightly known, though it was whispered that, if the pipes had belonged even to St. Fillan himself, Rory Blare had employed them so differently, that if they ever possessed any virtue it had long since departed.

As the worthy town-piper was always ready to be foremost in any kind of sport, or to bestow his counsel in any case of courtship, marriage, or witchcraft, which occupied the gossips,—that is to say, all the inhabitants of Mucklebrowst—he was everywhere welcome. But, though he distributed his patronage pretty equally, he appeared to be most merry, and to make himself most at home at the Maggie Lauder's Head, a little *public* kept by one Bauldie Quech, whose jovial and careless disposition matched exactly with his own. They would frequently sit till "the sma' hours," driving away time by glass after glass, rant after rant, and song after song, until the decease of Katie Quech, Bauldie's contentious spouse; when, though all expected to see him take a younger and more agreeable partner, and had even settled who it was to be, he suddenly sank into a dismal and melancholy mood, under the influence of which he drank twice as much as before, though he never laughed at all. Rory Blare, however, did not desert his old companion; for indeed the warmth of his friendship very frequently led him to sit piping and drinking with him throughout the whole night; and one dark and windy evening in autumn they were thus engaged, with a single sedate-looking stranger habited in pale gray, who had come in about night-fall.

"Hout, tout, man!" exclaimed Rory, finding that even St. Fillan's blessed pipes had no effect upon his host, "ye're unco hard to please, I trow; and yet yere lugs used to ken whan they heard gude music: but I daur say the deil's cussen his cloak owre ye, as King Jamie said o' his bairn. Ye'll no think now, honest frien'" continued he, addressing himself to the guest, "that the gudeman was ance ane o' the merriest men o' Mucklebrowst, though ever sin' Luckie Quech died he's no had a word for a dog, let alone a blythe lad or a bonnie lassie."

"Let him look for another Luckie, then, and the sooner the better," answered the stranger, "take heart, man, there's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it."

"And that's true too, though the deil himsel' spak it," rejoined the piper, "I'm thinkin', Bauldie, that I'll hae to play 'Fy, let us a' to the bridal,' before ye yet. And wha shall it be, gudeman? wha shall it be? for ye ken there's a hantle o' bonnie lassies in Mucklebrowst, to speak naething o' them o' Leven, or the limmers o' Largo. But ye'll look to the tocher, billie, and see that the lass has a quick lug for the music, and a light fit for the dance."

"They may hae what they will for me," at length answered the host, with a deep sigh, "and they may be as bonnie as they will for me; but they can nane o' them be either less or mair to me."

"Think again, friend," said the guest, "and you will think better of it, for I've often known as broken a ship come to land. What say ye now to Sibbie Carloups, of Gouks-haven, with golden hair on her head, and gold coin in her pouch; I promise you now, that she'd be the girl for me."

"She was no that unsonsie a lassie, but she was nae muckle better than wud, or a witch, when she leevet there," returned the piper,

"but that's fu' twenty years agone, for she suddenly gaed awa' and no ane kenned where, though folk said she went mad, or was carried awa' to be the deil's jo, some gate about Forfar or Glammis."

"It's a' true!" exclaimed Bauldie Quech, in voice of great distress, "it's an ower true tale, as I ken fu' weel, and fu' sadly, though I didna think to hae tauld what I ken o't to ony ane but the minister: but Rory, ye're a fearless and lang-headed chiel at a hard pass, and as ever ye did gude to a puir body at their wits' ends, ye maun e'en help me now."

"Say awa' then wi' yere story, neebor," returned the piper, "and if it be in the skeel o' man, and I dinna stand by you, may the deil burst the bag o' my pipes, and split the drone and chanter!"

"Weel, weel," answered the host, with more composure, "I'm no misdoubting ye, though I trow it's past your art; but at ony rate it will gie some ease to my mind; so I'll e'en mak a clean breast, and tell ye a' about it. About twenty years back, as ye said, Sibbie Carloups was the wale o' the lassies o' this coast, though a wild tawpie, and I was no then a bad looking lad mysel'; and as we foregathered thegither mair than ance, I e'en tell'd her my mind, and she listened to me, and sae at last we brak a saxpence in twa for a true-love token; but frae that hour I saw her nae mair, for the vera next time I went to Gouks-haven, she was departed."

"And did you no follow her, man?" demanded Rory Blare, "ye suld hae followed her ower land and lea till ye met again; I'se warrant she wadna hae 'scaped me like the blink o' a sunbeam."

"I did follow her," said Bauldie Quech, "and that for mony a lang and weary mile, and speir'd at every ane that I cam nigh, but I ne'er saw her again; and sae, when I heard some auld carlines say that belike the witches had carried her awa', I e'en gied her up; for naebody can find out what they dinna like to show. Weel, I cam back to Mucklebrowst, and years passed awa', and I thought nae mair o' the matter; and at last I weddit Luckie Links, o' St. Monan's; and then, as ye ken, she went to a better warl', and left me to get through this as I could. Weel, man, wad ye think it, she hadna been gane a week or mair, when an auld, ill-fa'ard, grewsome, gyre-carline cam up to the door ae muckle dark and windy even, when I was my lane, and called me her ain gudeman, and said she was Sibbie Carloups, come to claim my promise o' marriage! 'And where hae ye been a' this time, Sibbie?' says I, when I could speak for wonder, and some little o' fear; 'Troth, lad,' said she, 'I canna just tell ye where I hae been; a frien' o' mine has taken me to see the warl', and made me gay rich, but ye see I dinna forget auld acquaintance; here's the half o' the saxpence we brak, and as yere first jo's dead, we'll e'en be marryit when ye will.' 'Marry thee!' thought I, 'I'll suner see thee linkit to a tar-barrel!' But I was fain to speak her fairly, and so I askit her to come ben; but she tauld me that there was sic a bush at my door that there was nae getting by it. 'Oh, ho! Luckie!' thought I again, 'it's the rowan-tree branch, is it? there it shall hing then for me:' so I drew me back a wee, and then said bauldly, 'I'll e'en tell ye the truth, cummer; folk say ye've been made a witch of, and I'm judging it's true; but for byganes' sake ye'll get nae harm frae me, only tak up yere pipes and begone; but first gie me back my siller, for I'll hae naething mair to do wi' you.'—'Aha, billie,' then said the auld carline, 'there are twa words to that; if ye're fause and ungratefu', that's yere ain fault; but while I've the broken saxpence I can weel hinder yere marrying ony body without my leave, and may be do a little mair; sae think o' that, and be wiser in yere passion.' To mak the least o' a lang story, at last she sae put up my bluid that I rushed out o' the house to lay haud on her,—when, fizz! she was gane like the whup o' a whirlwin', and the night was too dark to see whilk way the deil had carried her! And after a' I haena done wi' the auld jaud, for in the darkest and wildest nights she comes rattling at the window-bole, and crying out that she's my ain jo, and has our broken saxpence; but when I gae out I can tak haud o' nought, and see naething but a flisk o' her fiery eyes as she mounts up owre the house-rigging into the clouds on the nightmare. And now ye hae heard my story, I hae nae mair to say, than that I wad gae half my gudes to onybody wha wad get me back the half saxpence, and send Sibbie Carloups to be brunt at the Witches' Howe at Forfar."

"Baith o' whilk I wad do blithely," said the piper, "gin ye could tell me where I could find the witch-carline; for I wadna think muckle o' meeting her and her haill clanjamfray wi' St. Fillan's pipes; I trow I'd gae them sic music as they ne'er dancit to before."

"Waes me! then," exclaimed Bauldie Quech in reply, "for there's nae finding a witch against her will; sae there's nae help for me in this warld."

"But there may be some in another," said the stranger-guest, "and I think I can show

it, if your piper-friend be only as stout and fearless as he seems; I promise you that his success is certain, and that the only danger will be in shrinking back when the work is begun."

"Deil doubt me then," said Rory, "there's my thumb on't: and ye ken I'm no vera sune daunted."

"Then," answered the stranger, "the sooner you set out the better, since you may have a long journey before you; so mount my horse, for he knows the way you're going; ride out of the town towards Glammis, and you will meet a number of persons, with whom Sibbie Carloups will certainly be. Ask them for Gossip Paddock; and say to her, that you come from Melchior the comptroller, who commands her to give up Bauldie Quech's token; but take heed that you have no other intercouse with them, and, above all, that you bring nothing else away with you."

With these instructions and his blessed pipes Rory Blare departed, followed by the anxious hopes and good wishes of the host. He was nothing dismayed at the cheerless appearance of the night, which was overclouded; whilst a violent storm of wind roared round him, seeming as if it raged purposely to impede his progress. He rode on at a rapid pace; but the way looked wilder and more lonely than usual, no person appearing of whom he might make his mystic inquiries. The features, too, of that well-known road seemed altogether altered, since the piper missed the little towns and change-houses with which he knew it to be studded; though he failed not to recognize, with increased terror, the spots which had been rendered famous by any fearful circumstances. At length, however, he entered a deep and spacious glen, covered with dark heather, which was wholly unknown to him; so that he was now assured that he had missed his way altogether.

As the wind still continued to blow furiously, and the rain to fall with violence between the gusts, Rory Blare was rejoiced to see the dim outline of a building appear in the glen before him, one part of which was glowing with lights, and resounding with the loudest notes of merriment. He made up to it, if it were only in the hope of getting some information of his way and a temporary shelter; and arriving at a little stone portal, which was half open, beneath the lighted chambers, he rang, and knocked, and shouted for some time, without procuring any reply. Alighting from the stranger's horse, therefore, and fastening him to the door, he went in and ascended a flight of narrow winding stairs, which terminated in a suite of state-chambers, decorated in the style, however, of three centuries before. The room which he first entered was richly illuminated, and in the centre appeared a table, round which several tall powerful men were seated, playing at cards. They were all habited in the most costly and antique dresses; for there were pall and velvet, steel armour and two-handed swords, and robes of ermine and minever. They swore and stamped at each other, raged and shouted in the most fearful manner, as they won or lost the broad gold pieces which lay on the table before them; but the most furious of all was one old hard-featured baron who sat at the head of the chamber, distinguished from the rest by an immensely long beard. He lost much and repeatedly, tore the cards and dashed his clenched hands passionately on the board, then called for wine, and again engaged in the game, swearing in the wildest manner that he would play on till doomsday.

The terrific features of this scene made even the piper desirous of exchanging it for the stormy night and dark glen without; but upon looking round for the door by which he entered, he found that it had closed, and was covered by hangings similar to the rest of the room, so that it could nowhere be seen. Whilst he was gazing about him for some other passage, he was accosted by the long-bearded nobleman, who demanded of him in a thundering tone "what he wanted, and who sent him there?" Rory felt his blood rather chilled whilst he answered that he had missed his way to Glammis, on the road to which one Master Melchior the comptroller had sent him to inquire for Gossip Paddock, to recover a token from her.

"The fiend take Melchior the comptroller!" exclaimed the ancient baron, "he'll ruin the trade of us a', if he gae on at this rate. And what base carle are ye, whom he has sent on sic a fule's errand?"

"I'm Rory Blare, the town-piper o' Mucklebrowst, if it like your honour," was the reply; "I hae the blessed pipes o' St. Fillan wi' me, and I'll gie ye ane of the Saunt's ain sangs by which he drave awa' the deil on the chanter, an ye wad like to listen till it."

There was something in this proposal not very pleasing to the long-bearded baron, since he ground his teeth and grinned fearfully upon the piper, and roared out fiercely to Nickie Deilstyke to take the canting dog down to the revel in the court-yard, and show him where Cummer Paddock hung her curch whilst she danced. Rory Blare followed the servitor through several winding passages, into what

seemed to him a churchyard, surrounded by a ruined cloister, and part of an ancient chapel, with a running stream forming the lower boundary. Both the building itself, which appeared to be illuminated, and the grassy cemetery, were crowded with a host of females, young and old, fair and foul, dancing furiously to the sound of the deepest and shrillest pipes Rory had ever heard. The tune in general was a loud and continued rant, held on in the same clamorous key, though it often swelled suddenly into a positive howl of wild merriment, increased by the shouts and shrieks of enraptured dancers; which, however, sounded in the piper's ears more like cries of pain than those hearty halloos of pleasure which distinguish the native dances of Scotland.

Rory's guide stopped at a whin-bush beside a fallen column, and pointing to a dark-coloured hood hanging upon it, directed the piper to seize it, and when the owner came up to make his own terms for its restoration, since she would never be able to quit that place without it. He had scarcely laid hold of it, and thrust it into his bosom under the Saint's pipes, when a woman, bent almost double, and with features nearly resembling those of a toad, came up to him, and in a whining flattering voice entreated him to give it back; adding, that she would give him many gifts, and specially teach him to play as never piper played before. All her entreaties, however, availing nothing until she produced Bauldie Quech's troth-pledge, the witch in a rage flung the broken coin upon the ground, exclaiming, "There, you suspicious tyke, will ye no gie me my curch now?"

"Let's see if a' be right first, Luckie," answered the invincible piper, "all's not gowd that glitters, ye ken;" and having taken the pledge from the ground, and satisfied himself that there was no deception, he thrust it into his breast, and approaching the running stream, drew out the witch's hood and hurled it in, saying, "There, cummer, as the gudeman at Mucklebrowst wants nae mair o' yere visits, we'll e'en tak awa' yere power o' making them!"

The witch gave a wild shriek as she saw her magic curch sink down, with a dark flash of fire, in a place where she had no power to follow it; knowing also that the loss of it involved her own instant destruction. A loud shout of exultation immediately arose from the wizard crowd, which came pouring down and whirled away the unfortunate Sibbie Carloups, after which she was never more seen on earth.

The music then changed to a brisk and sprightly tune, still frequently played in Scotland, though formerly condemned as an unhallowed spring—called "Whistle o'er the lave o't." This was a strain in which Rory was considered to have extraordinary skill; and being animated by the well-known notes, and elated by his recent victory, he at once forgot his hazardous situation and the saintly character of his pipes; and leaping up on the broken pillar he cried out, "Lilt awa'! cummers, lilt awa'! yon birkie blaws the chanter unco weel; but I'd play that spring wi' Auld Clootie himsel, sae here goes till ye;" but with the very first notes the bag of his instrument suddenly burst, and the pipes split from top to bottom! "Deil's in't!" exclaimed the alarmed Rory Blare, "if there's no an end o' the blessed pipes o' St. Fillan! God hae us in his keeping! what are we to do now?"—but scarcely had he uttered the holy name when the whole scene was swept off in a howling whirlwind, and he saw no more till he found himself, at daybreak, lying with the broken pipes and the love-token, under the ancient walls of Glammis Castle, upwards of thirty miles distant from Mucklebrowst.

Having made the best of his way back to Bauldie Quech, he found him quite another man, and joyfully preparing for his marriage with Janet Blythegilpie, of the East Green, it being already known that Sibbie Carloups had been carried away in a fearful storm of wind, on Hallowe'en, at midnight; which the piper's story and the production of the broken sixpence were supposed entirely to confirm. It was never very clearly made out how long Rory Blare had been gone, where he had been, or who was the stranger by whose advice he went; for, whilst the piper affirmed that he was absent but a single night, all Mucklebrowst declared that his office had been vacant for a week; and that he was certainly away at the fearful season of Hallowe'en. As to the second point, it was agreed that he had wandered to Forfar, or Glammis Castle, or perhaps had a drunken vision in the ruins of Restennet Priory. The howling of the wind through the arches, and his imagination, familiar with the superstitions of those places, might have supplied the witches, music, and revelry; together with the revelation of that secret chamber, wherein Alexander, surnamed Beardie, third Earl of Crawford, is supposed to be playing at cards until the day of judgment. And lastly, the person by whose counsel he went on the journey was very generally considered to be a famous white wizard, or benevolent magician, who used his art to counteract the powers of darkness.

Bauldie Quech became a person of consequence in Mucklebrowst, being made treasurer; and his name yet lives in its traditions for having kept the municipal moneys in a manner worthy of the most primitive ages of the world. His depositories were nothing less than two large jack-boots, which hung beside his fireplace; into one of which he threw all sums received, and into the other all his vouchers for payments. At the end of the year both were emptied and a balance struck, though it is reported that, as there was some deficiency in the debtor-boot, it was thought more prudent to transfer the trust to other hands; notwithstanding which, the ex-treasurer always asserted that it was the best way possible of keeping the accounts, since every one in his dwelling was of indubitable honesty, and "it saved a wheen hantle o' perplexing buiks and skarts o' writing." The good town also gave Rory Blare a new stand of pipes, by the first maker of his time, but they were never thought to be equal to those of St. Fillan; and to his dying hour he could never be prevailed upon to play the 'witching tune of "Whistle o'er the lave o't."

POWER AND GENTLENESS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.[1]

I've thought, at gentle and ungentle hour,
Of many an act and giant shape of power;
Of the old kings with high exacting looks,
Sceptred and globed; of eagles on their rocks
With straining feet, and that fierce mouth and drear
Answering the strain with downward drag austere;
Of the rich-headed lion, whose huge frown,
All his great nature gathering, seems to crown;
Then of cathedral, with its priestly height,
Seen from below, at superstitious night;
Of ghastly castle, that eternally
Holds its blind visage out to the lone sea;
And of all sunless, subterraneous deeps
The creature makes, who listens while he sleeps,
Avarice; and then of those old earthly cones,
That stride, they say, over heroic bones;
And those stone heaps Egyptian, whose small doors
Look like low dens under precipitous shores;
And him, great Memnon, that long sitting by
In seeming idleness, with stony eye,
Sang at the morning's touch, like poetry;
And then of all the fierce and bitter fruit
Of the proud planting of a tyrannous foot—
Of bruised rights, and flourishing bad men;
And virtue wasting heavenwards from a den;
Brute force and fury; and the devilish drouth
Of the fool cannon's ever-gaping mouth;
And the bride-widowing sword; and the harsh bray
The sneering trumpet sends across the fray;
And all which lights the people-thinning star
That selfishness invokes,—the horsed war,
Panting along with many a bloody mane.—

I've thought of all this pride and all this pain,
And all the insolent plenitudes of power,
And I declare by this most quiet hour,
Which holds in different tasks, by the fire-light,
Me and my friends here this delightful night,
That Power itself has not one half the might
Of Gentleness. 'Tis want to all true wealth;
The uneasy madman's force, to the wise health;
Blind downward beating, to the eyes that see;
Noise to persuasion, doubt to certainty;
The consciousness of strength in enemies,
Who must be strain'd upon, or else they rise;
The battle, to the moon, who all the while,
High out of hearing, passes with her smile;
The tempest, trampling in his scanty run,
To the whole globe, that basks about the sun,
Or as all shrieks and clangs, with which a sphere,
Undone and fired, could rake the midnight ear,
Compared with that vast dumbness nature keeps
Throughout her many million-starred deeps;
Most old, and mild, and awful, and unbroken,
Which tells a tale of peace, beyond whate'er was spoken.

[1] See *Library*, vol. i. page 341. In his *Sketches of Poetical Literature*, D. M. Moir said: "With acute powers of conception, a sparkling and lively fancy, and a quaintly-curious felicity of diction, the grand characteristic of Leigh Hunt's poetry is word-painting; and in this he is probably without a rival save in the last and best productions of Keats." An American critic, H. T. Tuckerman, says: "In the outset of his career his ambition was to excel as a bard. His principal success, however, seems to be in a certain vein of essay-writing, in which fancy and familiarity are delightfully combined. Still he has woven many rhymes that are not only sweet and cheerful, but possess a peculiar grace and merit of their own, besides illustrating some capital ideas relative to poetical diction and influence."

PETER KLAUS.

A GERMAN LEGEND.[1]

Peter Klaus was a goatherd of Sittendorf, and tended his flocks in the Kyffhausen Mountains; here he was accustomed to let them rest every evening in a mead surrounded by an old wall, while he made his muster of them; but for some days he had remarked that one of his finest goats always disappeared some time after coming to this spot, and did not join the flock till late: watching her more attentively, he observed that she slipped

[1] This legend will be interesting to the admirers of Washington Irving, as the source of his amusing story Rip Van Winkle.—*See Library*, vol i. page 69.

through an opening in the wall, upon which he crept after the animal, and found her in a sort of cave, busily employed in gleaning the oat-grains that dropped down singly from the roof. He looked up, and shook his ears amidst the shower of corn that now fell down upon him, but with all his inquiry could discover nothing. At last he heard above the stamp and neighing of horses, from whose mangers it was probable the oats had fallen.

Peter was yet standing in astonishment at the sound of horses in so unusual a place, when a boy appeared, who by signs, without speaking a word, desired him to follow. Accordingly he ascended a few steps and passed over a walled court into a hollow, closed in on all sides by lofty rocks, where a partial twilight shot through the over-spreading foliage of the shrubs. Here, upon a smooth, fresh lawn, he found twelve knights playing gravely at nine-pins, and not one spoke a syllable; with equal silence Peter was installed in the office of setting up the nine-pins.

At first he performed this duty with knees that knocked against each other, as he now and then stole a partial look at the long beards and slashed doublets of the noble knights. By degrees, however, custom gave him courage; he gazed on everything with firmer look, and at last even ventured to drink out of a bowl that stood near him, from which the wine exhaled a most delicious odour. The glowing juice made him feel as if re-animated, and whenever he found the least weariness he again drew fresh vigour from the inexhaustible goblet. Sleep at last overcame him.

Upon waking, Peter found himself in the very same inclosed mead where he was wont to tell his herds. He rubbed his eyes, but could see no sign either of dog or goats, and was, besides, not a little astonished at the high grass, and shrubs, and trees which he had never before observed there. Not well knowing what to think, he continued his way over all the places that he had been accustomed to frequent with his goats, but nowhere could he find any traces of them; below him he saw Sittendorf, and at length, with hasty steps, he descended.

The people whom he met before the village were all strangers to him; they had not the dress of his acquaintance, nor yet did they exactly speak their language, and, when he asked after his goats, all stared and touched their chins. At last he did the same almost involuntarily, and found his beard lengthened by a foot at least, upon which he began to conclude that himself and those about him were equally under the influence of enchantment; still he recognized the mountain he had descended, for the Kyffhausen; the houses too, with their yards and gardens, were all familiar to him; and to the passing questions of a traveller, several boys replied by the name of Sittendorf.

With increasing doubt he now walked through the village to his house: it was much decayed, and before it lay a strange goatherd's boy in a ragged frock, by whose side was a dog worn lank by age, that growled and snarled when he spoke to him. He then entered the cottage through an opening which had once been closed by a door; here too he found all so void and waste that he tottered out again at the back door as if intoxicated, and called his wife and children by their names; but none heard, none answered.

In a short time women and children thronged around the stranger with the long hoary beard, and all, as if for a wager, joined in inquiring what he wanted. Before his own house to ask others after his wife, or children, or even of himself, seemed so strange that, to get rid of these querists, he mentioned the first name that occurred to him; "Kurt Steffen?" The by-standers looked at each other in silence, till at last an old woman said, "He has been in the churchyard these twelve years, and you'll not go there to-day." "Velten Meier?"—"Heaven rest his soul!" replied an ancient dame, leaning upon her crutch; "Heaven rest his soul! He has lain these fifteen years in the house that he will never leave."

The goatherd shuddered, as in the last speaker he recognized his neighbour, who seemed to have suddenly grown old; but he had lost all desire for farther question. At this moment a brisk young woman pressed through the anxious gapers, carrying an infant in her arms, and leading by the hand a girl of about fourteen years old, all three the very image of his wife. With increasing surprise he asked her name: "Maria!" "And your father's?"—"Peter Klaus! Heaven rest his soul! It is now twenty years since we sought him day and night on the Kyffhausen Mountains, when his flock returned without him; I was then but seven years old."

The goatherd could contain himself no longer; "I am Peter Klaus," he cried, "I am Peter Klaus, and none else," and he snatched the child from his daughter's arms. All for a moment stood as if petrified, till at length one voice, and another, and another, exclaimed, "Yes, this is Peter Klaus! Welcome, neighbour!—welcome after twenty years!"

THE LUPRACAUN, OR FAIRY SHOEMAKER.

(A RHYME FOR THE CHILDREN.)

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

Little Cowboy, what have you heard,
  Up on the lonely rath's[1] green mound?
Only the plaintive yellow bird[2]
  Sighing in sultry fields around,
Chary, chary, chary, chee-ee!
Only the grasshopper and the bee?
  "Tip-tap, rip-rap,
    Tick-a-tack-too!
  Scarlet leather sewn together,
    This will make a shoe.
  Left, right, pull it tight;
    Summer days are warm;
  Underground in winter,
    Laughing at the storm!"
Lay your ear close to the hill.
Do you not catch the tiny clamour—
Busy click of an elfin hammer,
Voice of the Lupracaun singing shrill
  As he merrily plies his trade?
    He's a span
    And a quarter in height.
Get him in sight, hold him tight,
    And you're a made
      Man!

You watch your cattle the summer day,
Sup on potatoes, sleep in the hay;
  How would you like to roll in your carriage,
  Look for a duchess's daughter in marriage?
Seize the Shoemaker—then you may!
  "Big boots a-hunting,
    Sandals in the hall,
  White for a wedding-feast,
    Pink for a ball.
  This way, that way,
    So we make a shoe;
  Getting rich every stich,
    Tick-tack-too!"
Nine-and-ninety treasure crocks
This keen miser-fairy hath,
Hid in mountains, woods, and rocks,
Ruin and round-tow'r, cave and rath,
  And where the cormorants build;
    From times of old
    Guarded by him;
    Each of them fill'd
    Full to the brim
      With gold!

I caught him at work one day, myself,
  In the castle-ditch where foxglove grows,—
A wrinkled, wizen'd, and bearded elf,
  Spectacles stuck on his pointed nose,
  Silver buckles to his hose,
  Leather apron—shoe in his lap—
    "Rip-rap, tip-tap,
      Tack-tack-too!
    (A grig skipp'd upon my cap,
      Away the moth flew)
    Buskins for a fairy prince,
      Brogues for his son,—
    Pay me well, pay me well,
      When the job is done!"
The rogue was mine, beyond a doubt;
I stared at him; he stared at me;
"Servant, Sir!" "Humph," says he,
  And pull'd a snuff-box out.
He took a long pinch, look'd better pleased,
  The queer little Lupracaun;
Offer'd the box with a whimsical grace,—
Pouf! he flung the dust in my face,
    And, while I sneezed,
      Was gone!

—From *Fifty Modern Poems.*

[1] "Rath," ancient earthen fort.

[2] "Yellow bird," the yellow-bunting or *yorlin.*

THE WAY TO WEALTH.

[Benjamin Franklin, LL.D., born in Boston, 17th January, 1706; died in Philadelphia, 17th April, 1790. Statesman, philosopher, and miscellaneous writer. Lord Brougham said that Franklin's name, "in one point of view, must be considered as standing higher than any of the others which illustrated the eighteenth century." In statesmanship and philosophy he was equally distinguished, "and his efforts in each were sufficient to have made him greatly famous had he done nothing in the other." He was the youngest but two of seventeen children. He began his active career as a printer; he became President of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and in 1787 sat with Washington in the Federal Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States. His experiments proved that lightning and electricity are the same; he wrote numerous political, historical, scientific, and moral essays; he founded the institution which subsequently became the University of Pennsylvania, and he established various useful periodicals—amongst which was *Poor Richard's Almanac.* The following was one of his most successful popular essays; it was read by everybody, but of late it has been somewhat overlooked.]

Courteous reader, I have heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse lately where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants' goods. The hour of the sale not being

come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean, old man, with white locks, "Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to?" Father Abraham stood up and replied, "If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short; for 'A word to the wise is enough,' as Poor Richard says." They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and gathering round him, he proceeded as follows.

"Friends," said he, "the taxes are indeed very heavy, and, if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us, by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us; 'God helps them that help themselves,' as Poor Richard says.

"I. It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. 'Sloth like rust, consumes faster than labour wears; while the used key is always bright' as Poor Richard says. 'But dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of,' as Poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep, forgetting that 'The sleeping fox catches no poultry,' and that 'There will be sleeping enough in the grave,' as Poor Richard says.

"'If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be' as Poor Richard says, 'the greatest prodigality;' since, as he elsewhere tells us, 'Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough, always proves little enough.' Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. 'Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy;' and 'He that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night;' while 'Laziness travels so slowly, that Poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business, let not that drive thee;' and 'Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,' as Poor Richard says.

"So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better if we bestir ourselves. 'Industry need not wish, and he that lives upon hopes will die fasting. There are no gains without pains; then help, hands, for I have no lands;' or, 'if I have, they are smartly taxed. 'He that hath a trade hath an estate; and he that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honour,' as Poor Richard says; but then the trade must be worked at and the calling followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious, we shall never starve; for 'At the working-man's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter.' Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter, for 'Industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them.' What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy, 'Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry. Then plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep.' Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. 'One to-day is worth two to-morrows,' as Poor Richard says; and further, 'Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day.' If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you then your own master? Be ashamed to catch yourself idle, when there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your country, and your king. Handle your tools without mittens; remember that 'The cat in gloves catches no mice,' as Poor Richard says. It is true there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily and you will see great effects; for 'Constant dropping wears away stones;' and 'By diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable;' and 'Little strokes fell great oaks.'

"Methinks I hear some of you say, 'Must a man afford himself no leisure?' I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard says: 'Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and, since thou are not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour.' Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; for 'A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things. Many, without labour, would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock;' whereas industry gives comfort, and plenty, and respect. 'Fly pleasures, and they will follow you. The diligent spinner has a large shift; and now I have a sheep and a cow, everybody bids me good morrow.'

"II. But with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs, with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for, as Poor Richard says,

"'I never saw an oft-removed tree,
Nor yet an oft-removed family,
That throve so well as those that settled be.'

And again, 'Three removes are as bad as a fire;' and again, 'Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee;' and again, 'If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.' And again,

"'He that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.'

And again, 'The eye of a master will do more work than both his hands;' and again, 'Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge;' and again, 'Not to oversee workmen is to leave them your purse open.' Trusting too much to others' care is the ruin of many; for 'In the affairs of this world men are saved, not by faith, but by the want of it;' but a man's own care is profitable; for, 'If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself. A little neglect may breed great mischief; for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by the enemy; all for want of a little care about a horse-shoe nail.'

"III. So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose all his life to the grindstone and die not worth a groat at last. 'A fat kitchen makes a lean will;' and

"'Many estates are spent in the getting,
Since women for tea forsook spinning and knitting,
And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting.'

'If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are greater than her incomes.'

"Away then with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for

"'Women and wine, game and deceit,
Make the wealth small and the want great.'

And further, 'What maintains one vice would bring up two children.' You may think, perhaps, that a little tea, or a little punch now and then, diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember, 'Many a little makes a mickle.' Beware of little expenses; 'A small leak will sink a great ship,' as Poor Richard says; and again, 'Who dainties love, shall beggars prove;' and moreover, 'Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.'

"Here you are all got together at this sale of fineries and knick-knacks. You call them *goods;* but, if you do not take care, they will prove *evils* to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may for less than they cost; but if you have no occasion for them, they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says: 'Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries.' And again, 'At a great pennyworth pause a while.' He means, that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only and not real; or the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, 'Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths.' Again, 'It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance;' and yet this folly is practised every day at auctions, for want of minding the *Almanac.* Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, have gone with a hungry belly and half-starved their families. 'Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen fire,' as Poor Richard says.

"These are not the necessaries of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences; and yet, only because they look pretty, how many want to have them! By these, and other extravagances, the genteel are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing; in which case it appears plainly, that 'A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees,' as Poor Richard says. Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of; they think, 'It is day and will never be night;' that a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding; but 'Always taking out of the meal-tub and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom,' as Poor Richard says; and then, 'When the well is dry, they know the worth of water.' But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice. 'If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing,' as Poor Richard says; and indeed

so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it in again. Poor Dick further advises and says,

"'Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse;
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse.'

And again, 'Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy.' When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Dick says, 'It is easier to suppress the first desire, than to satisfy all that follow it.' And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.

"'Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore.'

It is, however, a folly soon punished; for as Poor Richard says, 'Pride that dines on vanity, sups on contempt. Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy.' And, after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It cannot promote health nor ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person; it creates envy; it hastens misfortune.

"But what madness must it be to *run in debt* for these superfluities? We are offered, by the terms of this sale, six months' credit; and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But, ah! think what you do when you run in debt; you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses, and, by degrees, come to lose your veracity, and sink into base, downright lying; for 'The second vice is lying, the first is running in debt,' as Poor Richard says; and again, to the same purpose, 'Lying rides upon Debt's back;' whereas a free-born Englishman ought not to be ashamed nor afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. 'It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.'

"What would you think of that prince, or of that government, who should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say that you were free, have a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and such a government tyrannical? And yet you are about to put yourself under such tyranny, when you run in debt for such dress! Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty, by confining you in jail till you shall be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of payment; but, as poor Richard says, 'Creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times.' The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term, which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short. Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as his shoulders. 'Those have a short Lent who owe money to be paid at Easter.' At present, perhaps, you may think yourselves in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but

"'For age and want save while you may;
No morning sun lasts a whole day.'

Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but ever while you live, expense is constant and certain; and 'It is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel,' as Poor Richard says; so, 'Rather go to bed supperless, than rise in debt.'

"'Get what you can, and what you get hold;
'Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold.'

And, when you have got the Philosopher's Stone, sure you will no longer complain of bad times or the difficulty of paying taxes.

"IV. This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom; but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry, and frugality, and prudence, though excellent things; for they may all be blasted, without the blessing of Heaven; and, therefore, ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember, Job suffered and was afterwards prosperous.

"And now, to conclude, 'Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other,' as Poor Richard says, and scarce in that; for, it is true, 'We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct.' However, remember this, 'They that will not be counselled, cannot be helped;' and further, that, 'If you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles,' as Poor Richard says."

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it and approved the doctrine; and immediately practised the contrary, just

as if it had been a common sermon; for the auction opened and they began to buy extravagantly. I found the good man had thoroughly studied my Almanacs, and digested all I had dropped on these topics during the course of twenty-five years. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired any one else; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own, which he had ascribed to me, but rather the gleanings that I had made of the sense of all ages and nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it; and, though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine. I am, as ever, thine to serve thee,—RICHARD SAUNDERS.

A GRECIAN EDEN.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

It is an isle under Ionian skies,
Beautiful as a wreck of paradise;
And, for the harbours are not safe and good,
This land would have remained a solitude,
But for some pastoral people native there,
Who from the elysian, clear, and golden air
Draw the last spirit of the age of gold;
Simple and spirited, innocent and bold.
The blue Ægean girds this chosen home,
With ever-changing sound, and light, and foam,
Kissing the sifted sands and caverns hoar;
And all the winds, wandering along the shore,
Undulate with the undulating tide.
There are thick woods where sylvan forms abide;
And many a fountain, rivulet, and pond,
As clear as elemental diamond;
And all the place is peopled with sweet airs.
The light clear element which the isle wears
Is heavy with the scent of lemon-flowers,
Which floats like mist laden with unseen showers,
And falls upon the eyelids like faint sleep;
And from the moss violets and jonquils peep,
And dart their arrowy odour through the brain,
Till you might faint with that delicious pain.
And every motion, odour, beam, and tone,
With that deep music is in unison
Which is a soul within the soul:—they seem
Like echoes of an antenatal dream.
It is a favour'd place. Famine or blight,
Pestilence, war, and earthquake never light
Upon its mountain-peaks; blind vultures, they
Sail onward far upon their fatal way.
The winged storms, chanting their thunder-psalm
To other lands, leave azure chasms of calm
Over this isle, or weep themselves in dew,
From which its fields and woods ever renew
Their green and golden immortality.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

No cloud, no relique of the sunken day
Distinguishes the west, no long thin slip
Of sullen light, no obscure trembling hues.
Come, we will rest on this old mossy bridge!
You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,
But hear no murmuring: it flows silently
O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still;
A balmy night! and though the stars be dim,
Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
That gladden the green earth, and we shall find
A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
And hark! the Nightingale begins its song,
"Most musical, most melancholy" bird!
A melancholy bird? Oh! idle thought!
In nature there is nothing melancholy.
But some night-wandering man, whose heart was pierced
With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
Or slow distemper, or neglected love
(And so, poor wretch! filled all things with himself,
And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
Of his own sorrow)—he, and such as he,
First named these notes a melancholy strain.
And many a poet echoes the conceit;
Poet who hath been building up the rhyme
When he had better far have stretched his limbs
Beside a brook in mossy forest-dell,
By sun or moon-light, to the influxes
Of shapes and sounds and shifting elements
Surrendering his whole spirit, of his song
And of his fame forgetful! So his fame
Should share in Nature's immortality,
A venerable thing! and so his song
Should make all Nature lovelier, and itself
Be loved like Nature! But 'twill not be so;
And youths and maidens most poetical,
Who lose the deepening twilights of the spring
In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still,
Full of meek sympathy, must heave their sighs
O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.

My Friend, and thou, our Sister! we have learned
A different lore: we may not thus profane
Nature's sweet voices, always full of love
And joyance! 'Tis the merry nightingale
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburden his full soul
Of all its music!

And I know a grove
Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,
Which the great lord inhabits not; and so
This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,
Thin grass and king-cups, grow within the paths;
But never elsewhere in one place I knew
So many nightingales; and far and near,
In wood and thicket, over the wide grove,
They answer and provoke each other's songs,
With skirmish and capricious passagings,
And murmurs musical, and swift jug jug,
And one, low piping, sounds more sweet than all,
Stirring the air with such an harmony,
That should you close your eyes, you might almost
Forget it was not day! On moonlight bushes,
Whose dewy leafits are but half-disclosed,
You may perchance behold them on the twigs,
Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and full,
Glistening, while many a glow-worm in the shade
Lights up her love-torch.

A most gentle maid,
Who dwelleth in her hospitable home
Hard by the castle, and at latest eve
(Even like a lady vowed and dedicate
To something more than Nature in the grove)
Glides through the pathways; she knows all their notes,
That gentle maid! and oft a moment's space,
What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,
Hath heard a pause of silence; till the moon
Emerging, hath awakened earth and sky
With one sensation, and these wakeful birds
Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,
As if one quick and sudden gale had swept
An hundred airy harps! And she hath watched
Many a nightingale perch giddily,
On bloss'my twig still swinging from the breeze,
And to that motion tune his wanton song
Like tipsy joy that reels with tossing head.

Farewell, O warbler! till to-morrow eve,
And you, my friends! farewell, a short farewell!
We have been loitering long and pleasantly,
And now for our dear homes.—That strain again?
Full fain it would delay me! My dear babe,
Who, capable of no articulate sound,
Mars all things with his imitative lisp,
How he would place his hand beside his ear,
His little hand, the small forefinger up,
And bid us listen! And I deem it wise
To make him Nature's playmate. He knows well
The evening-star; and once, when he awoke
In most distressful mood (some inward pain
Had made up that strange thing, an infant's dream),
I hurried with him to our orchard-plot,
And he beheld the moon, and, hushed at once,
Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently,
While his fair eyes, that swam with undropp'd tears,
Did glitter in the yellow moonbeam! Well!—
It is a father's tale: but if that Heaven
Should give me life, his childhood shall grow up
Familiar with these songs, that with the night
He may associate joy! Once more farewell,
Sweet Nightingale! Once more, my friends, farewell!

TO A SENSITIVE YOUNG LADY.

FROM AN OLD WOMAN.

[**Justus Möser**, born at Osnabrück, 1720; died 8th January, 1794. He studied law at Jena and Göttingen, and held various important appointments under government. His short essays upon social subjects, and his zeal for the improvement of the condition of the poor, obtained for him the title of the Franklin of Germany.]

You do your husband injustice, dear child, if you think he loves you less than formerly. He is a man of an ardent, active temper, who loves labour and exertion, and finds his pleasure in them; and as long as his love for you furnished him with labour and exertion he was completely absorbed in it. But this has, of course, ceased; your reciprocal position—but by no means his love, as you imagine—has changed.

A love which seeks to conquer, and a love which has conquered, are two totally different passions. The one puts on the stretch all the virtues of the hero; it excites in him fear, hope, desire; it leads him from triumph to triumph, and makes him think every foot of ground that he gains a kingdom. Hence it keeps alive and fosters all the active powers of the man who abandons himself to it. The happy husband cannot appear like the lover; he has not like him to fear, to hope, and to desire; he has no longer that charming toil, with all its triumphs, which he had before, nor can that which he has already won be a conquest.

You have only, my dear child, to attend to this most natural and inevitable difference, and you will see in the whole conduct of your husband, who now finds more pleasure in business than in your smiles, nothing to offend you. You wish—do you not?—that he would still sit with you alone on the mossy bank in front of the grotto, as he used to do, look in your blue eyes, and kneel to kiss your pretty hand. You wish that he would paint to you, in livelier colours than ever, those delights of love which lovers know how to describe with so much art and passion; that he would lead your imagination from one rapture to another. My wishes, at least for the first year after I married my husband, went to nothing short of this. But it will not do; the best husband is also the

most useful and active member of society; and when love no longer demands toil and trouble, when every triumph is a mere repetition of the last, when success has lost something of its value, along with its novelty, the taste for activity no longer finds its appropriate food, and turns to fresh objects of pursuit. The necessity for occupation and for progress is of the very essence of our souls; and if our husbands are guided by reason in the choice of occupation, we ought not to pout because they do not sit with us so often as formerly, by the silver brook or under the beech-tree. At first I too found it hard to endure the change. But my husband talked to me about it with perfect frankness and sincerity. "The joy with which you receive me," said he, "does not conceal your vexation, and your saddened eye tries in vain to assume a cheerful look; I see what you want—that I would sit as I used to do on the mossy bank, hang on all your steps, and live on your breath; but this is impossible. I would bring you down from the top of the church-steeple on a rope-ladder, at the peril of my life, if I could obtain you in no other way; but now, as I have you fast in my arms, as all dangers are passed and all obstacles overcome, my passion can no longer find satisfaction in that way. What has once been sacrificed to my self-love ceases to be a sacrifice. The spirit of invention, discovery, and conquest, inherent in man, demands a new career. Before I obtained you I used all the virtues I possessed as steps by which to reach you; but now, as I have you, I place you at the top of them, and you are the highest step from which I now hope to ascend higher."

Little as I relished the notion of the church-tower, or the honour of serving as the highest step under my husband's feet, time and reflection on the course of human affairs convinced me that the thing could not be otherwise. I therefore turned my active mind, which would perhaps in time have been tired of the mossy bank, to the domestic business which came within my department; and when we had both been busy and bustling in our several ways, and could tell each other in the evening what we had been doing, he in the fields, and I in the house or the garden, we were often more happy and contented than the most loving couple in the world.

And, what is best of all, this pleasure has not left us after thirty years of marriage. We talk with as much animation as ever of our domestic affairs; I have learned to know all my husband's tastes, and I relate to him whatever I think likely to please him out of journals, whether political or literary; I recommend books to him, and lay them before him; I carry on the correspondence with our married children, and often delight him with good news of them and our little grandchildren. As to his accounts, I understand them as well as he, and make them easier to him by having mind of all the yearly outlay which passes through my hands, ready and in order; if necessary, I can send in a statement to the treasury chamber, and my hand makes as good a figure in our cash-book as his; we are accustomed to the same order, we know the spirit of all our affairs and duties, and we have one aim and one rule in all our undertakings.

This would never have been the case if we had played the part of tender lovers after marriage as well as before, and had exhausted our energies in asseverations of mutual love. We should perhaps have regarded each other with ennui, and have soon found the grotto too damp, the evening air too cool, the noontide too hot, the morning fatiguing. We should have longed for visitors, who when they came would not have been amused, and would have impatiently awaited the hour of departure, or, if we went to them, would have wished us away. Spoiled by effeminate trifling, we should have wanted to continue to trifle, and to share in pleasures we could not enjoy; or have been compelled to find refuge at the card-table—the last place at which the old can figure with the young.

Do you wish not to fall into this state, my dear child? Follow my example, and do not torment yourself and your excellent husband with unreasonable exactions. Don't think, however, that I have entirely renounced the pleasure of seeing mine at my feet. Opportunities for this present themselves far more frequently to those who do not seek, but seem to avoid them, than to those who allow themselves to be found on the mossy bank at all times, and as often as it pleases their lord and master.

I still sometimes sing to my little grandchildren, when they come to see me, a song which, in the days when his love had still to contend with all sorts of obstacles, used to throw him into raptures; and when the little ones cry, "Ancora! ancora! grandmamma," his eyes fill with tears of joy. I asked him once whether he would not now think it too dangerous to bring me down a rope-ladder from the top of the church-steeple, upon which he called out as vehemently as the children, "O, ancora! grandmamma, ancora!"

P.S.—One thing, my dear child, I forgot. It seems to me that you trust too entirely to

your good cause and your good heart (perhaps, too, a little to your blue eyes), and do not deign to try to attract your husband anew.

I fancy you are at home, just as you were a week ago, in society, at our excellent G——'s, where I found you as stiff and silent as if you had met only to tire each other to death. Did you not observe how soon I set the whole company in motion? This was merely by a few words addressed to each on the subject I thought most agreeable or most flattering to him. After a time the others began to feel more happy and at their ease, and we parted in high spirits and good humour.

What I did there I do daily at home. I try to make myself and all around me agreeable. It will not do to leave a man to himself till he comes to you, to take no pains to attract him, or to appear before him with a long face. But it is not so difficult as you think, dear child, to behave to a husband so that he shall remain for ever in some measure a lover. I am an old woman, but you can still do what you like; a word from you at the right time will not fail of its effect. What need have you to play the suffering virtue? The tear of a loving girl, says an old book, is like a dew-drop on the rose; but that on the cheek of a wife is a drop of poison to her husband. Try to appear cheerful and contented, and your husband will be so; and when you have made him happy, you will become so, not in appearance, but in reality.

The skill required is not so great. Nothing flatters a man so much as the happiness of his wife; he is always proud of himself as the source of it. As soon as you are cheerful you will be lively and alert, and every moment will afford you an opportunity of letting fall an agreeable word. Your education, which gives you an immense advantage, will greatly assist you; and your sensibility will become the noblest gift that nature has bestowed on you, when it shows itself in affectionate assiduity, and stamps on every action a soft, kind, and tender character, instead of wasting itself in secret repinings.

PLEASURE AND PAIN.

Venomous thorns that are so sharp and keen,
Bear flowers we see, full fresh and fair of hue;
Poison is also put in medicine,
And unto man his health doth oft renew;
The fire that all things eke consumeth clean,
May hurt and heal: then if that this be true,
I trust sometime my harm may be my health,
Since every woe is joined with some wealth.

SIR THOMAS WYAT (1503–1541).

OH, OPEN THE DOOR.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

Oh, open the door, some pity to show,
Oh, open the door to me, Oh!
Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
Oh, open the door to me, Oh!

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
But caulder thy love for me, Oh!
The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
Is nought to my pains frae thee, Oh!

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
And time is setting with me, Oh!
False friends, false love, farewell! for mair
I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, Oh!

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide;
She sees his pale corse on the plain, Oh!
My true love! she cried, and sank down by his side,
Never to rise again, Oh!

LORD GREGORY.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

O mirk, mirk is the midnight hour,
And loud the tempest's roar;
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tow'r,
Lord Gregory, ope thy door!

An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for loving thee;
At least some pity on me shaw,
If love it may not be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove
By bonnie Irwine side,
Where first I own'd that virgin-love
I lang, lang had denied?

How aften didst thou pledge and vow
Thou wad for aye be mine;
And my fond heart, itsel' sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast—
Thou dart of heav'n that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest!

Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see!
But spare, and pardon my false love,
His wrangs to Heaven and me!

CHILDREN.

[**Jean Paul Friedrich Richter**, born 21st March, 1763, at Wonsiedel, Baireuth; died 14th November, 1825. Carlyle says of him, that with "his hundred real and ten thousand seeming faults," he possessed the "spirit of a true poet and philosopher A poet, and among the highest of his time we must reckon him, though he wrote no verses; a philosopher, though he promulgated no systems; for, on the whole, that 'divine idea of the world' stood in clear ethereal light before his mind; he recognized the Invisible, even under the mean forms of these days, and with a high strong not uninspired heart, strove to represent it in the Visible, and publish tidings of it to his fellow-man." He wrote numerous miscellaneous papers, and many novels which would be more appropriately designated studies of life. His chief works are: *Gre nl nd Law-suits*—"a collection of satirical sketches full of wild gay wit and keen insight"—*Selections from the Papers of the Devil; Invisible Lodge; Hesperus; Titan; Wild Oats* (Flegeljahre); *Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces; Life of Quintus Fixlein; Parson in Jubilee; Biographical Recreations under the Cranium of a Giantess; Fibel's Life; Katzenberger's Journey to the Bath; Schmelzles' Journey to Flätz; The Comet*, or *Nicholaus Margraf; Autobiography*, &c.]

The inner man, like the negro, is born white, but is coloured black by life. In advanced age the grandest moral examples pass by us, and our life-course is no more altered by them than the earth is by a flitting comet; but in childhood the first object that excites the sentiment of love or of injustice flings broad and deep its light or shadow over the coming years; and as, according to ancient theologians, it was only the first sin of Adam, not his subsequent ones, which descended to us by inheritance, so that since the One Fall we make the rest for ourselves, in like manner the first fall and the first ascent influence the whole life.

HOW CHILDREN LEARN TO WORSHIP.

Sublimity is the staircase to the temple of religion, as the stars are to immensity. When the vast is manifested in nature, as in a storm, thunder, the starry firmament, death, then utter the name of God before your child. Signal calamity, rare success, a great crime, a noble action, are the spots upon which to erect the child's tabernacle of worship.

Always exhibit before children, even upon the borders of the holy land of religion, solemn and devout emotions. These will extend to them, unveiling at length the object by which they are excited, though at the beginning they are awe-struck with you, not knowing wherefore. Newton, who uncovered his head when the greatest name was pronounced, thus became, without words, a teacher of religion to children.

Instead of carrying children frequently to public worship, I should prefer simply to conduct them upon great days in nature or in human life into the empty church, and there show them the holy place of adults. To this I might add twilight, night, the organ, the hymn, the priest, exhortation; and so by a mere walk through the building, a more serious impression might remain in their young hearts than after a whole year of common church routine. Let every hour in which their hearts are consecrated to religion, be to them as absorbing as that in which they partake for the first time of the Lord's Supper.

Let the Protestant child show reverence to the Catholic images of saints by the road-side —the same as to the ancient Druidical oak of his ancestors. Let him as lovingly accept different forms of religion among men, as different languages, wherein there is still but one human mind expressed. Every genius has most power in his own tongue, and every heart in its own religion.

SUSCEPTIBILITY OF THE SENSES.

Who has not felt with me, that frequently a rural nosegay, which was our delight when we were children in the village, through its old fragrance produces for us in cities, in the advanced years of manhood, an indescribably rapturous return to godlike childhood, and like a flowery divinity wafts us upward to the first encircling aurora-cloud of our earliest obscure sensations. But could such a remembrance so forcibly surprise us, were not the child's perception of flowers most powerful and interior?

JOYOUSNESS.

How should it be otherwise? I can bear a melancholy man, but never a melancholy child. Into whatever quagmire the former sinks, he may raise his eyes either to the realm of reason or to that of hope; but the little child sinks and perishes in a single black poison-drop of the present time. Only imagine a child conducted to the scaffold—Cupid in a German coffin—or fancy a butterfly crawling like a caterpillar with his four wings pulled off, and you will feel what I mean.

TOYS.

You need not surround your children, like those of the nobility, with a little world of turner's toys. Let their eggs be white, not

figured and painted; they can dress them out of their own imaginations. On the contrary, the older man grows, the larger reality appears. The fields which glisten for the young with the morning dew of love's brightness, chill the gray half-blind old man with heavy evening damps, and at last he requires an entire world, even the second, barely to live in.

TRUTH.

Truthfulness is not so much a branch as a blossom of moral, manly strength. The weak, whether they will or not, must lie. As respects children, for the first five years they utter neither truth nor falsehood—they only speak. Their talk is thinking aloud; and as one half of their thought is often an affirmative, and the other a negative, and, unlike us, both escape from them, they seem to lie, while they are only talking with themselves. Besides, at first they love to sport with their new art of speech; and so talk nonsense merely to hear themselves. Often they do not understand your question, and give an erroneous, rather than a false reply. We may ask, besides, whether, when children seem to imagine and falsify, they are not often relating their remembered dreams, which necessarily blend in them with actual experience.

Children everywhere fly on the warm, sunny side of hope. They say, when the bird or the dog has escaped from them, without any reason for the expectation—"he will come back again soon." And since they are incapable of distinguishing hope, that is, imagination, from reflection or truth, their self-delusion consequently assumes the appearance of falsehood. For instance, a truthful little girl described to me various appearances of a Christ-child, telling what it had said and done. In all those cases in which we do not desire to mirror before the child the black image of a lie, it is sufficient to say, "Be sober, have done with play."

Finally, we must distinguish between untruths relating to the future and the past. We do not attribute to a grown man who breaks his word in reference to some future performance, that blackness of perjury which we charge on him who falsifies what has been already done; so with children, before whose brief vision time, like space, is immeasurable, and who are as unable to look through a day, as we through a year, we should widely separate untruthfulness of promise from untruthfulness of assertion. Truth is a divine blossom upon an earthly root; of course, it is in time not the earliest, but the latest virtue.

REVERENCE FOR LIFE.

Only place all life before the child as within the realm of humanity, and thus the greater reveals to him the less. Put life and soul into everything; describe to him even the lily, which he would pull up as an unorganized thing, as the daughter of a slender mother, standing in her garden-bed, from whom her little white offspring derives nutriment and moisture. And let not this be done to excite an empty enervated habit of pity, a sort of inoculation-hospital for foreign pains, but from the religious cultivation of reverence for life, the God all-moving in the tree top and the human brain. The love of animals, like maternal affections, has this advantage, that it is disinterested and claims no return, and can also at every moment find an object and an opportunity for its exercise.

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS.[1]

AN INGOLDSBY LEGEND.

[Rev. Richard Harris Barham, born at Canterbury 6th December, 1788; died 17th June, 1845. As Thomas Ingoldsby, author of the *Ingoldsby Legends*, he is recognized as one of the greatest humorists of our century. In his *Life and Letters*, edited by his son (published by Bentley, 1870), appears the following criticism, which is perfectly just, notwithstanding the relationship of the writer to the subject of his biography: "As respects the poems, remarkable as they have been pronounced for the wit and humour which they display, their distinguishing attraction lies in the almost unparalleled flow and facility of the versification. Popular phrases, sentences the most prosaic, even the cramped technicalities of legal diction, and snatches from various languages, are wrought in with an apparent absence of all art and effort that surprises, pleases, and convulses the reader at every turn; the author triumphs with a master's hand over every sort of stanza, however complicated or exacting; not a word seems out of place, not an expression forced; syllables the most exacting find the only partners fitted for them throughout the range of language, and couple together as naturally as those kindred spirits which poets tell us were created pairs, and dispersed in space to seek out their particular mates." The Rev. Mr. Barham was rector of St. Augustine and St. Faith, and a minor canon of St. Paul's, London. Besides the *Legends* he wrote a novel entitled *My Cousin Nicholas*, and contributed largely to the principal magazines.]

The Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair!
Bishop and abbot, and prior were there;
Many a monk, and many a friar,
Many a knight, and many a squire,

[1] Inserted by special permission of Messrs. R. Bentley & Son, London.

With a great many more of lesser degree,—
In sooth a goodly company;
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.
Never, I ween,
Was a prouder seen,
Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!

In and out
Through the motley rout,
That little Jackdaw kept hopping about;
Here and there
Like a dog in a fair,
Over comfits and cates,
And dishes and plates,
Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
Mitre and crosier! he hopp'd upon all!
With saucy air,
He perch'd on the chair
Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat,
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat;
And he peer'd in the face
Of his Lordship's Grace,
With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
"We two are the greatest folks here to day!"
And the priests, with awe,
As such freaks they saw,
Said, "The Devil must be in that little Jackdaw!"

The feast was over, the board was clear'd,
The flawns and the custards had all disappear'd,
And six little Singing-boys,—dear little souls!
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,
Came, in order due,
Two by two,
Marching that grand refectory through!
A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
Emboss'd and fill'd with water, as pure
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
Carried lavender-water, and eau de Cologne;
And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.
One little boy more
A napkin bore,
Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
And a Cardinal's Hat mark'd in "permanent ink."

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
Of these nice little boys dress'd all in white:
From his finger he draws
His costly turquoise;
And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,
Deposits it straight
By the side of his plate,
While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait;
Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring!

. . . . . .

There's a cry and a shout,
And a deuce of a rout,
And nobody seems to know what they're about,
But the monks have their pockets all turned inside out.
The friars are kneeling,
And hunting, and feeling
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.
The Cardinal drew
Off each plum-coloured shoe,
And left his red stockings exposed to the view;
He peeps, and he feels
In the toes and the heels;
They turn up the dishes,—they turn up the plates,—
They take up the poker and poke out the grates,
—They turn up the rugs,
They examine the mugs:—
But, no!—no such thing;—
They can't find THE RING!
And the Abbot declared that, "when nobody twigg'd it,
Some rascal or other had popp'd in and prigg'd it!"

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He call'd for his candle, his bell, and his book!
In holy anger, and pious grief,
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed;
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head;
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright;
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking,
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying,
He cursed him in living, he cursed him dying!—
Never was heard such a terrible curse!!
But what gave rise
To no little surprise,
Nobody seem'd one penny the worse!

The day was gone,
The night came on,
The Monks and the Friars they search'd till dawn;
When the Sacristan saw,
On crumpled claw,
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw!
No longer gay,
As on yesterday;
His feathers all seem'd to be turned the wrong way;—
His pinions droop'd—he could hardly stand,—
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand;
His eyes so dim,
So wasted each limb,
That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, "THAT'S HIM!—
That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing!
That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's Ring!
The poor little Jackdaw,
When the monks he saw,
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw;
And turn'd his bald head, as much as to say,
"Pray, be so good as to walk this way!"

Slower and slower
He limp'd on before,
Till they came to the back of the belfry door,
Where the first thing they saw,
Midst the sticks and the straw,
Was the RING in the nest of that little Jackdaw!

Then the great Lord Cardinal call'd for his book,
And off that terrible curse he took;
The mute expression
Served in lieu of confession,
And being thus coupled with full restitution,
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!
—When those words were heard,
That poor little bird
Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd,
He grew sleek and fat;
In addition to that,
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat!
His tail waggled more
Even than before;
But no longer it wagg'd with an impudent air,
No longer he perch'd on the Cardinal's chair.
He hopp'd now about,
With a gait devout;
At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out;
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
He always seem'd telling the Confessor's beads,
If any one lied,—or if any any one swore,—
Or slumber'd in pray'r-time and happen'd to snore,
That good Jackdaw
Would give a great "Caw!"
As much as to say, "Don't do so any more!"
While many remarked, as his manners they saw,
That they "never had known such a pious Jackdaw!"
He long lived the pride
Of that country side,
And at last in the odour of sanctity died;
When, as words were too faint
His merits to paint,
The Conclave determined to make him a Saint;
And on newly-made Saints and Popes, as you know,
It's the custom at Rome, new names to bestow,
So they canonized him by the name of Jim Crow!

ARNE.

A TALE OF PEASANT LIFE IN NORWAY.

[Björnstjerne Björnson, born at Quikne, Oesterdal, 8th December, 1832. He is the most prominent of living Norwegian novelists, and his sketches of the lives and habits of the peasants of Norway are marked by idyllic pathos and humour. His chief works are: *Thrond*, *Arne*, *Synnøve Solbakken*, *Ovind*, *The Fisher Maiden*, *The Happy Boy*, *The Newly Married Couple*, and *Love and Life in Norway*—all tales of the peasantry. They have been translated into English chiefly by A. Plesner. The following extracts from *Arne* are taken from a translation made by a Norwegian, and published in English at Bergen by H. J. Geelmuydens.]

[Arne is the son of Margit Kampen, the owner of a small farm; his father Nils, the tailor and fiddler, a drunken ne'er-do-well, who had been the idol of the lasses at all rural gatherings, is dead. Arne has grown up an industrious lad, but a maker of songs, and possessed with strange longings to see other lands beyond the hills of snow. Besides managing his mother's land he works at seasons at neighbours' farms, and he falls in love with Eli, the daughter of Birgit Boen, who had been one of his father's many admirers, and had hoped to be his wife.]

As Arne with his hand-saw on his shoulder walked over the ice and approached the farm of Boen, it seemed to him a very nice one. The house looked as if it were newly painted. He felt somewhat cold, and perhaps that was why the house looked so comfortable. He did not go straight in, but went first to the cow-house. There a flock of thick-haired goats were standing in the snow, gnawing the bark of some sprigs. A chained dog was running to and fro by its kennel barking as if the fiend himself had been coming, but wagged his tail as soon as Arne stopped, and then allowed himself to be patted. The kitchen door on the upper side of the house was often opened, and, every time, Arne looked that way; but it was either the dairy-maid who came with her milk-pans, or the cook-maid who emptied some vessels for the goats. In the barn they were threshing; to the left before the wood-house a boy was standing cutting wood, and behind him there was a great quantity of wood piled together. Arne put down his hand-saw and went into the kitchen; there was white sand on the floor and juniper cut in very small pieces strewn over. Copper kettles were shining on the walls, and jugs and plates standing in long rows. They were preparing dinner, and he asked to speak to Bard. "Go in to the room," said somebody, pointing to the door. He went. There was no latch to the door, but the handle was of brass. Inside it was light and painted, the ceiling ornamented with many roses; the cupboards red, with the name of the proprietor in black; the bedstead red likewise, but with blue stripes on all the edges. Near the stove there was a broad-shouldered man sitting with a mild face and long yellow hair. He was putting some hoops round some little tubs. At the long table a tall and slender woman was sitting with a handkerchief on her head and with a tight-sleeved gown. She was dividing some corn into two heaps. There was no one else in the room.

"Good day, and blessing to your work!" said Arne, taking off his cap. Both looked up, the man smiling, and asked who he was.

"He who is to cut with a hand-saw." The man then smiled more and said, whilst bending his head down and again beginning his work, "Oh! Arne Kampen?"

"Arne Kampen!" cried out the woman, staring with all her eyes.

Her husband looked up, smiling anew. "Son of Nils the tailor;" and he set to work again.

Some while afterwards the woman rose, went up to a shelf, turned round, went to the cupboard, turned again, and whilst at last standing and looking at something in the drawer of the table she asked without looking up, "Is he going to work here?"

"Yes, he is," replied the man, also without looking up. "I am afraid nobody has asked you to sit down," continued he, turning towards Arne. He went to take a seat; the woman went out, the man went on working, so Arne asked if he should also begin. "We must dine first."

The woman did not come in any more, but the next time the kitchen door was opened it was Eli who entered. She pretended at first not to see him; when he rose to go to her she stopped, half turning to offer him her hand, but she did not look at him. They then spoke a couple of words to each other, the father going on working. She had her hair plaited, was dressed in a high-bodied gown with narrow sleeves; she was slender and straight, round about the waist, and had very small hands. She laid the table, as the working men dined in the other room, but Arne with the family in this room. "Will not your mother come?" asked the man.

"No, she is upstairs weighing some wool."

"Have you asked her?"

"Yes, but she says she wants nothing." There was some silence.

"But it is cold upstairs."

"She did not wish that I should light a fire."

After dinner Arne worked; in the evening he was again in the room with the family. Then Eli's mother was also there. The women were sewing, the husband doing some little jobs, Arne assisting him, and there was a silence of some hours, for Eli, who always seemed to be the spokeswoman, was also silent now. It pained Arne to think that so it was also often in his home, but he did not seem to think of it before now. At length Eli once drew a deep breath as if she had kept silence long enough, and then she began to laugh. Then her father also laughed, and Arne also thought it very ridiculous, and began to laugh too. From this time they talked a little, especially Eli and Arne, the father occasionally joining in with a word. But once, as Arne had happened to talk a long time, he looked up. He then saw that the mother had let her work fall and sat looking eagerly at him. She now began to work again, but at the first words he happened to say she looked up.

It was now bedtime, and every one went to rest. Arne would try to remember the dream he had the first night he slept in a new place, but there was no sense in it. The whole day he had spoken little or nothing with Eli's father, but all night long it was of him he was dreaming. The last thing he dreamed was, that Bard was sitting playing cards with Nils the tailor, who was very angry and pale in the face, whilst Bard was smiling and dragging all the cards over to him.

Arne remained there several days, during which little was spoken, but a great deal of work was done. Not only the family in their own room were silent, but even the servants, the workmen, and the women. There was an old dog in the yard, which was always barking whenever there came any stranger to the farm; but the people said "Hush!" and then he went away growling to lie down again. At home at Kampen there was a great weather-cock on the top of the house, that turned with the wind. Here there was a still larger one that Arne could not but take notice of, because it did not turn at all. When the wind was strong the weather-cock always worked hard to get loose, and Arne looked at this so long that he was induced to go up on the roof to loosen it. It was not frozen fast, as he thought, but a stick was put in to make it stand still. This Arne took out and threw down. The stick hit Bard, who was walking underneath. He looked up: "What are you doing there?"

"I am loosening the weather-cock."

"Do not do that, it creaks when it goes."

Arne was sitting astride on the ridge of the house. "I am sure that it is better than to let it be silent."

Bard looked up at Arne and Arne looked down on Bard. Then Bard smiled and called up to him, "If I must shriek when I am to talk then I had better be silent."

Now it may happen so that a word is remembered a long time after it has been said, and especially when it is the last word said. These words followed Arne when in the cold weather he crept down from the roof, and they were in his mind when he entered the room in the

evening. There stood Eli in the dusk of the evening near a window looking across the ice, which was lying as smooth as a mirror in the moonlight. He went to the other window and looked out as she did. Inside it was warm and quiet, outside cold; and a sharp evening breeze rushed through the valley, shaking the trees so much that the shadows which they threw in the moonlight did not lie still, but groped about and crept on the surface of the snow. In the parsonage a light could be seen that came ever opening and shutting itself, taking many shapes and colours as it always appears when one is looking too long at it. The dark mountain stood overhead, with many marvellous fairy stories in the bottom, but with moonlight on the snowy plains of its summit. In the sky could be seen the stars and some little flickering aurora borealis yonder in one corner; but it did not increase all over the sky. Some distance from the window down towards the water several trees were standing, and they seemed stealing over to each other through their shadows; but the great ash stood by itself writing on the snow.

It was quite silent everywhere; only occasionally there was something that gave a long and yelling shriek that sounded quite plaintive. "What is that?" asked Arne.

"It is the weather-cock," replied Eli, afterwards adding more slowly, as if to herself, "It must have been loosened." Arne had felt as if he had been wanting to talk and was not able; but now he said:

"Do you remember the story of the thrushes; that song?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, I remember it was you who told it us. That was a nice story."

She now said in so soft a voice that it seemed to him the first time he heard it, "I often think there is something that sings when it is quite still."

"That is what is good in us."

She looked towards him as if there was something too much in that answer. They were both silent afterwards. Then she asked him while she was writing with her finger on the glass-pane, "Have you lately made any song?"

He turned red, but she did not see it. She therefore asked again, "How do you manage to make songs?"

"Would you like to know?"

"Yes, I should."

"I take care of such thoughts as others allow to pass." She was now silent a long time. I dare say she was trying to compose a song of some sort or other, as if she had had some thoughts but allowed them to pass. "That was strange," said she, as if to herself, and began writing again on the glass-pane.

"I was making a song the first time I saw you."

"Where was that?"

"Near the parsonage that evening you left it. I saw you in the water."

She laughed, stood quiet a little, and said, "Let me hear that song."

Arne had never before done anything of the kind, but now he commenced saying the song:

My Thora jumped so light on her feet
  Her lover to meet.
He sang. It was heard over roof and way—
  Good day! good day!
And all little birds sang merry and gay:
  "Till midsummer-eve
  Laughter and dancing they never leave;
Later but little I know, if she does her garland weave."

Eli stood very attentive a long time after he had done. At last she burst out, "Well, how I do pity her!"

"It appears to me as if I had not made that song," said he, and remained standing as if looking after the song.

Then she said, "But I hope it will not go so with me."

"No, I thought more of myself."

"Will it go so with you then?"

"I do not know, but I have felt so at times."

"That is strange," and she wrote on the glass-pane again.

The next day when Arne came in to dine he went up to the window. Outside it was gray and thick, inside it was warm and comfortable. But on the window-pane was written with a finger: Arne, Arne, Arne, and continually Arne. It was near this window that Eli had been standing the preceding night.

[His mother dreads that Arne will go away, and is glad to discover that he has fallen in love; but, knowing his shyness, she schemes to bring about the match, and the kindly pastor of the village aids her.]

"Good-bye," said Margit, in the door up at the clergyman's. It was a Sunday evening later in the summer; he was come from church, and she had been sitting there till now—it was almost seven. "Good-bye, Margit," said the clergyman. She made haste down the stairs and out into the yard, for there she had just seen Eli Boen playing with the clergyman's son and her own brother.

"Good evening," said Margit, and remained standing. "God bless the party!" "Good evening," said Eli. She was burning red in the face, and would leave off, though the boys

pressed her to go on; but she begged to be excused, and was permitted to leave off for to-night.

"I almost think I should know you," said Margit.

"That may be so," said the other.

"It could not be Eli Boen?" Yes, it was she. "Why, to be sure, so you are Eli Boen? Yes, now I see how like you are to your mother."

Eli's tawny hair was torn out, so it hung long and loose down; she was as hot and red in the face as a berry; her breath came heavily, so much so that she could not talk and laugh. "Well, now, that belongs to youth, that does," said Margit, and looked at the girl till she grew quite fond of her. "I suppose you do not know me, do you?" Eli wished to ask, but did not do so on account of the other being elder, so she said that she did not recollect ever having seen her before. "Why, no, it could not be expected that you knew me; old people seldom get out. My son you know perhaps a little—Arne Kampen? I am his mother." She stole a glance at Eli, whose breath directly came slowly, and her face became serious, and eyes staring. "I almost think he has been at work once yonder at Boen." Yes, he had. "It is beautiful weather to-night. We threw about the hay during the day and took it in before I left, it is such blessed weather."

"It will certainly be a good hay harvest this year," said Eli.

"Yes, you may say so. At Boen I suppose it is beautiful?"

"They have done there now."

"I dare say they have; great help, active people. Are you going home to-night?" No, she should not do so. "Could not you go with me part of the road? It is so seldom I find any one to talk with, and I dare say it does not matter much for you." Eli excused herself that she had not her jacket on. "Why, yes. I am almost ashamed to ask such a thing the first time I see a person, but one must bear with old people." Eli said she might go with her; she would only run in for her jacket.

It was a very close jacket. When it was hooked, it looked as if it were a body of a dress that she had on; but now she only hooked the two lowest hooks, she was so hot. Her fine linen had a little collar, that was turned over and kept together in the front by a silver button in the form of a bird with wings spread out. Such a button Nils the tailor had worn the first time Margit Kampen danced with him.

"A nice button," said she, looking at it.

"I got it from mother," said Eli.

"Yes, I suppose you have," and she was helping her and putting her in order.

Now they walked on. The grass was mowed down, and was lying in little heaps, to which Margit went up, and found when smelling it that it was good hay. She asked about the cattle they had on this farm, and then got the opportunity to ask about the cattle they had at Boen and told how much cattle they had at Kampen. "Our farm has improved much in the later years, and it may be more than twice as large. There are now twelve milch cows, and there might be more, but Arne has so many books he reads in and manages after, therefore he will have them fed in such a grand style." Eli said nothing to all this, as might be expected, but Margit asked her how old she was. She was a little more than twenty years. "Have you tried your hand in house-keeping? You look such a lady I suppose it has not been much." Yes, she had helped somewhat, especially in the later time. "Well, it is good to be used to everything. When one gets a large house much may be wanted. But certainly that one who finds good help before her has no reason to complain." Eli would like to return, for now they were a long way past the parsonage. "It will be a couple of hours before the sun goes down; it would be kind of you to go on talking with me a little longer." And Eli went with her.

Margit now began to talk of Arne. "I do not know if you know much of him. He might be able to teach you something. Good Lord, what a deal he has read!" Eli confessed she knew he had read much. "But that is the least good in him, that is. So good as he has been towards his mother all his days, that is something more. If the old adage be true that the person who is kind to his mother is sure to make a good husband, then that one he chooses will not have much to complain of." Eli asked why they had painted the house yonder with gray colours. "I suppose they have not had any other," thought Margit. "I am sure I should wish with all my heart that my Arne got a reward for all the good he has been doing to his mother. The woman he ought to have for a wife ought to be well instructed and of good heart. What is it you are looking after, my child?"

"I only lost a little sprig I was carrying."

"Well, I have many thoughts, I can tell you, whilst I am sitting yonder in the forest by myself. If he should happen to carry one home who took a blessing with her both to the house and to her husband, then I know

that many a poor one would be glad on that day." They were both silent, and walked on without looking at each other. "He is so strange," began again the mother, "he has been so much frightened as a child, and therefore he has been used to keep all his thoughts quite to himself, and such people do not generally get on." Now Eli insisted on returning, but Margit said it was only about a mile to Kampen—not so much even—and therefore she must see Kampen as she had come so far. But Eli thought it was too late for her. "Oh! there are always those who will go home with you," said Margit.

"No, no!" answered Eli quickly, and wanted to return.

"Well, Arne is not at home," said Margit, "so it will not be he; but I dare say we shall find somebody else."

Eli had now no longer so great an objection. "If it only will not be too late," said she.

"Well, if we stand here long talking it may soon be too late;" and they walked on. "I suppose you have read much, you who have been educated at the clergyman's?" Yes, she had. "That will be of good service to you when you get one for your husband who knows somewhat less." No; such a one Eli said she would not have. "I dare say that would not be the best either; but here in the parish people generally know very little." Eli now asked if it was Kampen that she could see right before her. "No; that is Gransetren, the last farm before you come into the wood; when you come a little further up you will see Kampen. It is easy to live at Kampen I can tell you. It certainly seems to be a little aside, but happiness does not depend upon that." Eli now asked what it was she saw smoking yonder in the wood. "It is from the house of a tenant who has got a place under Kampen. There lives a man from Uplands whose name is Canute. He went about quite alone, and then Arne gave him this spot to clear. Poor Arne knows what it is to be alone." In a little while they came so high up that they could see the farm.

"Is that Kampen?" said Eli, stopping and pointing.

"It is," said Margit. She stopped also.

The sun now looked them right in the face; they put their hands up to shade their eyes and looked downwards. In the middle of the plain lay the farm-house, painted red, with white window-frames; round about, the grass was mowed down; some hay was standing in heaps; the corn-fields lay green beyond the pale meadow; yonder, near the cow-house, they were very busy—cows, sheep, and goats coming home, the dogs barking, the dairy-maids calling; but over it all the loud noise of the waterfall rose dreadfully from the bottom of the glen. The longer Eli looked the more she heard this sound, which at last grew so frightful that her heart began to palpitate. It kept on thundering and roaring through her head till she felt as if quite wild, but afterwards so timid, that without perceiving it she walked cautiously with small steps, so Margit asked her to go on a little faster. This quite frightened her. "I have never heard anything like that waterfall before," said she. "I am getting frightened."

"You will soon get used to it," said the mother.

"Dear me! Do you think so?" asked Eli.

"Well, that you will soon see," said Margit, smiling. "Come now, and let us first look at the cattle," continued she, turning away a little from the road. "These trees Nils planted on both sides, for Nils wanted to have it nice; and so does Arne also. Look, there is the garden he has laid out."

"Only look!" cried out Eli, running fast up to the fence.

"Yes; by-and-by we shall look at that also," said Margit. Eli now looked quickly through the windows as she passed them; nobody was inside.

Both halted on the bridge going up to the barn and looked at the cows as they passed them bellowing and going into the cow-house. Margit named them all by names, told Eli how much milk each of them had yielded, what time some should be calving, and which of them not. The sheep were counted and allowed to come in; they were all of a large foreign species, for Arne had been able to get hold of two lambs of that species from the southern parts of the country. "He is always applying himself to all such things, though we should not think it of him." They now went into the barn to have a look at the hay that was just taken in, and Eli must smell it, "for such hay is not found everywhere." Through an opening in the wall of the barn they looked out on the corn-fields, Margit telling Eli how much each field bore, and how much was sown of every sort. "Yes, I am sure she will be comfortable, that one who comes here." They went out of the barn and walked towards the house, but Eli, who had not answered anything to all the rest, when passing the garden now asked if she might be allowed to go in. And when she entered she asked if she might be allowed

to take a flower or two. There was a little bench in the corner on which she sat down only just to try it, for she immediately rose.

"We must make haste now, lest it should be too late," said Margit, standing at the door of the house, and they walked in. Margit asked if she should not treat her with anything as this was her first visit; but Eli blushed, answering shortly, "No." She looked about the room: it was not very large, but comfortable, and contained a clock and a stove. Here Nils's fiddle was hanging, now old and dark but with new strings. Here also a couple of guns that belonged to Arne, English fishing tackle, and other strange things that his mother took down and showed her. Eli looked, but did not touch anything. The room was not painted, for Arne liked it so. Nor was there need of any painting in the room, for the window overlooked the glen, that had the high mountain right opposite to it and the beautiful blue in the back-ground; this room was larger and nicer than the others; but in two smaller rooms in the wing the walls were painted, for there the mother was to live when she grew old, and when he had got a wife in the house. They went to the kitchen, to the pantry and larder, to the drying-houses, and it now only remained to go up to the second story.

Here, also, were rooms well fitted up and exactly corresponding to those downstairs, but they were new, and not taken into use with the exception of one overlooking the glen. In these rooms upstairs all sorts of furniture was placed, that was not used every day. Here were hanging a great many fur-coverlets and other bed-clothes. The mother took hold of them, lifting them; Eli did the same. All these things she was very fond of looking at; returned to some of them, asked many questions, and was more and more amused. Then said the mother, "Now we shall find the key to Arne's own room." They found it under a chest, and went into the room that overlooked the glen. The dreadful noise of the waterfall was again close to them, for the window was open. Here they could see the water lashing up between the rocks, but not the waterfall itself except higher up where a piece of rock had fallen into it, just as it came with all its might to its last plunge down into the deep. On the upper part of this rock fresh turf was lying; a couple of fir-cones had found place here, and were growing up again with the roots in the crevices of the rock. The wind had been wearing and tearing these trees, the waterfall continually washed them, so there was not a twig four ells from the root; on their knees they seemed bent, their branches crooked, but yet they stood there rising high between the rocks. These were the first things Eli saw from the window, then the white snowy mountain higher up than the green. She looked back; over the fields there was peace and fertility; she then looked about in the room, and the first object she saw was a great book-shelf. There were so many books that she did not think the clergyman had more. A cupboard was standing near to the shelf, and down here he had his money. Twice they had inherited, said the mother, and they ought also to take a third inheritance if everything went on as it ought to do. "But money is not the best thing in the world. He might get what was much better." There were many little things interesting to look at in this cupboard, and Eli looked at them all as joyfully as a child. Then the mother showed her a big chest where all his gear was lying. This chest they also opened and looked at. Margit patted her on her shoulder, saying, "I have not seen you before to-day, but I love you already so much, my child," and she looked kindly into her eyes. Before Eli had time to be a little abashed Margit pulled her dress, saying quite slowly, "There you see a little red-painted box; you may be sure there is something strange in it." Eli looked at it: it was a little square box, that she should like very much to have. "He does not want me to know what is in it," whispered the mother, "and he hides away the key every time." She went to some clothes that were hanging on the wall, took down a velvet waistcoat, looked in the watch-pocket, and there was the key lying. "Come now, and you shall see," whispered she. They went quite slowly and placed themselves on their knees before the box. At the same time as the mother opened the lid a delightful perfume arose out of it, so Eli beat her hands together before she had yet seen anything. Uppermost there lay a handkerchief spread out, which the mother took aside. "Look here," whispered she, taking up a fine black silk handkerchief, not such a one as men wear. "It looks just as if it were for a girl," said the mother. Eli spread it out over her lap, looking at it, but did not say a word. "Here is one more," said the mother. Eli took it,—she could not help herself; but the mother must try it on her, though Eli did not like it, and bent her head. She did not know what she would give for such a handkerchief, but yet it was not this she was thinking of. They put them together again, but slowly. "Here you shall see," said the mother, taking up some

nice silk ribbands. "It all looks as if it were for a girl." Eli turned fiery red, but was silent. "Here is something more;" the mother now took up a nice black dress. "I'm sure that's fine," said she, holding it up towards daylight. Eli's hands trembled a little, her chest was rising, she felt the blood rushing up to her head, she would like to turn away, but that would not do. "He has bought something every time he has been to town," said the mother. Eli was scarcely able to stand it any longer, her eyes ran from one thing to another in the box and turned again to the dress. She was burning hot in the face. The last thing the mother took up was lying in a paper, which they removed; it was a pair of small shoes. They had never seen anything like these shoes, any of them. The mother said she did not think they could be worked. Eli did not say a word, but when she took the shoes in her hand all her five fingers were seen marked on them. "I am in a perspiration, I see," whispered she, drying herself. The mother laid the things to rights again. "Does it not look quite as if he had bought these all little by little for one he dared not give them to?" said she, looking at Eli; "in the meantime he seems to have put them here in the box." She replaced everything carefully. "Now we shall see what there is here in this small compartment at the end of the box." She opened it very slowly, as if she should see something very nice. There was lying a buckle wide and broad as if for a waistband. This was the first thing Eli saw; then she saw a couple of gold rings tied together, and then a psalm-book bound in velvet with silver clasps, but she could not see any more, for she had seen pricked in on the silver of the psalm-book with very fine letters, "Eli Boen." The mother wanted her to look again, but got no answer, and presently saw tears rolling down her cheeks. Then the mother laid down the buckle she had been keeping in her hand, shut again this little compartment, turned to Eli, and took her to her bosom. Then the daughter wept, and the mother cried over her without any of them saying anything more.

Some while after this Eli walked by herself in the garden; the mother was busy in the kitchen, as she had something nice to prepare, for now Arne would be coming. Afterwards she went out to look at Eli in the garden; she was sitting cowering down there writing names in the sand with a stick. She was sweeping it out when Margit came; she looked up and smiled; she had been crying. "Nothing to cry for, my child," said Margit, patting her cheek. "Now supper is ready, and Arne will be coming." They saw something black between the bushes up on the road. Eli stole in, the mother following her. Here was a great laying out of the table with cream pudding, smoked bacon, and fancy bread, but Eli did not look at it; she sat down on a chair yonder near the clock, trembling if she only heard a cat move. The mother stood at the table. Quick and manly steps were heard outside on the stone-flags, a short and easy step in the passage, the door opened, and Arne entered. The first thing he saw was Eli yonder near the clock. He let go the handle of the door and stood still. This made Eli still more embarrassed. She rose, repented it immediately, and turned towards the wall. "Are you here?" said Arne, and became fiery red as soon as he had said these words. She lifted up one of her hands, as when the sun shines too strong in the eyes. "How are you come here?" said he, making a step or two. She dropped the hand, turned a little towards him, but bent her head, and burst into violent tears. "Why do you cry, Eli?" asked he, going up to her. She did not answer, but cried more. "God bless you, Eli!" said he, putting his hand round her waist. She leaned upon him. He whispered something into her ear; she did not answer, but took him round his neck with both her hands.

A long time did they remain thus; not a sound was heard save from the waterfall, that sang its eternal song, distant and quiet. Then there was somebody who cried near the table. Arne looked up; it was his mother, whom he had not seen before. "Now I am sure you will not leave me, Arne!" said she, going towards him; she cried much, but it did her good, she said.

UTOPIA.

BY F. T. PALGRAVE.

There is a garden where lilies
And roses are side by side;
And all day between them in silence
The silken butterflies glide.

I may not enter the garden,
Though I know the road thereto:
And morn by morn to the gateway
I see the children go.

They bring back light on their faces;
But they cannot bring back to me
What the lilies say to the roses,
Or the songs of the butterflies be.

—*Lyrical Poems.*

WATCHING.

Sleep, love, sleep!
The dusty day is done.
Lo! from afar the freshening breezes sweep
Wide over groves of balm,
Down from the towering palm,
In at the open casement cooling run,
And round thy lowly bed,
Thy bed of pain,
Bathing thy patient head,
Like grateful showers of rain,
They come;
While the white curtains, waving to and fro,
Fan the sick air;
And pityingly the shadows come and go,
With gentle human care,
Compassionate and dumb.

The dusty day is done,
The night begun;
While prayerful watch I keep,
Sleep, love, sleep!
Is there no magic in the touch
Of fingers thou dost love so much?
Fain would they scatter poppies o'er thee now;
Or, with its mute caress,
The tremulous lip some soft nepenthe press
Upon thy weary lid and aching brow;
While prayerful watch I keep,
Sleep, love, sleep!

On the pagoda spire
The bells are swinging,
Their little golden circlet in a flutter
With tales the wooing winds have dared to utter,
Till all are ringing,
As if a choir
Of golden-nested birds in heaven were singing;
And with a lulling sound
The music floats around,
And drops like balm into the drowsy ear;
Commingling with the hum
Of the Sepoy's distant drum,
And lazy beetle ever droning near.
Sounds these of deepest silence born,
Like night made visible by morn;
So silent that I sometimes start
To hear the throbbings of my heart,
And watch, with shivering sense of pain,
To see thy pale lips lift again.

The lizard, with his mouse-like eyes,
Peeps from the mortise in surprise
At such strange quiet after day's harsh din;
Then boldly ventures out,
And looks about,
And with his hollow feet
Treads his small evening beat,
Darting upon his prey
In such a tricky, winsome sort of way,
His delicate marauding seems no sin.
And still the curtains swing,
But noiselessly;
The bells a melancholy murmur ring,
As tears were in the sky:
More heavily the shadows fall,
Like the black foldings of a pall,
Where juts the rough beam from the wall;
The candles flare
With fresher gusts of air;
The beetle's drone
Turns to a dirge-like, solitary moan;
Night deepens, and I sit, in cheerless doubt,
alone.

EMILY C. JUDSON.

"AD AMICOS"—1829–1876.

Behold this cup; its mystic wine
No alien's lip has ever tasted;
The blood of friendship's clinging vine,
Still flowing, flowing, yet unwasted.
Old Time forgot his running sand,
And laid his hour-glass down to fill it,
And Death himself, with gentle hand,
Has touched the chalice, not to spill it.

Each bubble rounding at the brim
Is rainbowed with its magic story;
The shining days, with age grown dim,
Are dressed again in robes of glory.
In all its freshness spring returns,
With song of birds and blossoms tender;
Once more the torch of passion burns,
And youth is here in all its splendour!

Hope swings her anchor like a toy,
Love laughs and shows the silver arrow
We knew so well as man and boy,—
The shaft that stings through bone and marrow.
Again our kindling pulses beat,
With tangled curls our fingers dally,
And bygone beauties smile as sweet
As fresh-blown lilies of the valley.

O blessed hour! We may forget
Its wreaths, its rhymes, its songs, its laughter
But not the loving eyes we met,
Whose light shall gild the dim hereafter.
How every heart to each grows warm!
Is one in sunshine's ray? We share it.
Is one in sorrow's blinding storm?
A look, a word, shall help him bear it.

"The boys" we were, "the boys" we'll be
As long as three, as two, are creeping;
Then here's to him—ah! which is he?—
Who lives till all the rest are sleeping;
A life with tranquil comfort blest,
The young man's health, the rich man's plenty.
All earth can give that earth has best,
And heaven at fourscore years and twenty.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE DUKE'S PLOT.

[John Lothrop Motley, LL.D., D.C.L., born at Dorchester, Massachusetts, 15th April, 1814. Educated at the Harvard University, and in Germany. He has been minister for the United States at the courts of Austria and England. His *Rise of the Dutch Republic*—from which we take the following extract—is esteemed one of the most important of modern historical works. He also wrote: *The United Netherlands;* and two novels entitled *Morton's Hope* and *Merry Mount*. Died 1877.]

Early in January, 1583, he [the Duke of Anjou] sent one night for several of his intimate associates, to consult with him after he had retired to bed. He complained of the insolence of the states, of the importunity of the council which they had forced upon him, of the insufficient sums which they furnished both for him and his troops, of the daily insults offered to the Catholic religion. He protested that he should consider himself disgraced in the eyes of all Christendom, should he longer consent to occupy his present ignoble position. But two ways were open to him, he observed; either to retire altogether from the Netherlands, or to maintain his authority with the strong hand, as became a prince. The first course would cover him with disgrace. It was therefore necessary for him to adopt the other. He then unfolded his plan to his confidential friends La Fougère, De Fazy, Valette, the sons of Maréchal Biron, and others. Upon the same day, if possible, he was determined to take possession, with his own troops, of the principal cities in Flanders. Dunkirk, Dixmuyde, Denremonde, Bruges, Ghent, Vilvoorde, Alost, and other important places, were to be simultaneously invaded, under pretext of quieting tumults artfully created and encouraged between the burghers and the garrisons, while Antwerp was reserved for his own especial enterprise. That important capital he would carry by surprise at the same moment in which the other cities were to be secured by his lieutenants.

The plot was pronounced an excellent one by the friends around his bed—all of them eager for Catholic supremacy, for the establishment of the right divine on the part of France to the Netherlands, and for their share in the sacking of so many wealthy cities at once. These worthless *mignons* applauded their weak master to the echo; whereupon the duke leaped from his bed, and, kneeling on the floor in his night-gown, raised his eyes and his clasped hands to heaven, and piously invoked the blessing of the Almighty upon the project which he had thus announced. He added the solemn assurance that, if favoured with success in his undertaking, he would abstain in future from all unchastity, and forego the irregular habits by which his youth had been stained. Having thus bribed the Deity, and received the encouragement of his flatterers, the duke got into bed again. His next care was to remove the Seigneur du Plessis, whom he had observed to be often in colloquy with the Prince of Orange, his suspicious and guilty imagination finding nothing but mischief to himself in the conjunction of two such natures. He therefore dismissed Du Plessis, under pretext of a special mission to his sister, Margaret of Navarre; but in reality, that he might rid himself of the presence of an intelligent and honourable countryman.

On the 15th January, 1583, the day fixed for the execution of the plot, the French commandant of Dunkirk, Captain Chamois, skilfully took advantage of a slight quarrel between the citizens and the garrison, to secure that important frontier town. The same means were employed simultaneously, with similar results, at Ostend, Dixmuyde, Denremonde, Alost, and Vilvoorde, but there was a fatal delay at one important city. La Fougère, who had been with Chamois at Dunkirk, was arrested on his way to Bruges by some patriotic citizens who had got wind of what had just been occurring in the other cities, so that when Valette, the provost of Anjou, and Colonel la Rebours, at the head of fifteen hundred French troops, appeared before the gates, entrance was flatly refused. De Grijse, burgomaster of Bruges, encouraged his fellow-townsmen by words and stout action to resist the nefarious project then on foot against religious liberty and free government, in favour of a new foreign tyranny. He spoke to men who could sympathize with and second his courageous resolution, and the delay of twenty-four hours, during which the burghers had time to take the alarm, saved the city. The whole population was on the alert, and the baffled Frenchmen were forced to retire from the gates, to avoid being torn to pieces by the citizens whom they had intended to surprise.

At Antwerp, meanwhile, the Duke of Anjou had been rapidly maturing his plan, under pretext of a contemplated enterprise against the city of Endhoven, having concentrated what he esteemed a sufficient number of French troops at Borgerhout, a village close to the walls of Antwerp.

On the 16th of January, suspicion was aroused in the city. A man in a mask entered the mainguard-house in the night, mysteriously gave warning that a great crime was in contemplation, and vanished before he could be arrested. His accent proved him to be a Frenchman. Strange rumours flew about the streets. A vague uneasiness pervaded the whole population as to the intention of their new master, but nothing was definitely known, for of course there was entire ignorance of the events which were just occurring in other cities. The colonels and captains of the burgher guard came to consult the Prince of Orange. He avowed the most entire confidence in the Duke of Anjou, but, at the same time, recommended that the chains should be drawn, the lanterns hung out, and the drawbridge raised an hour earlier than usual, and that other precautions, customary in the expectation of an attack, should be duly taken. He likewise sent the burgomaster of the interior, Dr. Alostanus, to the Duke of Anjou, in order to communicate the suspicions created in the minds of the city authorities by the recent movements of troops.

Anjou, thus addressed, protested in the most solemn manner that nothing was farther from his thoughts than any secret enterprise against Antwerp. He was willing, according to the figure of speech which he had always ready upon every emergency, "to shed every drop of his blood in her defence." He swore that he would signally punish all those who had dared to invent such calumnies against himself and his faithful Frenchman, declaring earnestly, at the same time, that the troops had only been assembled in the regular course of their duty. As the duke was so loud and so fervent; as he, moreover, made no objections to the precautionary measures which had been taken; as the burgomaster thought, moreover, that the public attention thus aroused would render all evil designs futile, even if any had been entertained; it was thought that the city might sleep in security for that night at least.

On the following morning, as vague suspicions were still entertained by many influential persons, a deputation of magistrates and militia officers waited upon the duke, the Prince of Orange—although himself still feeling a confidence which seems now almost inexplicable—consenting to accompany them. The duke was more vehement than ever in his protestations of loyalty to his recent oaths, as well as of deep affection for the Netherlands—for Brabant in particular, and for Antwerp most of all, and he made use of all his vivacity to persuade the prince, the burgomasters, and the colonels, that they had deeply wronged him by such unjust suspicions. His assertions were accepted as sincere, and the deputation withdrew, Anjou having first solemnly promised—at the suggestion of Orange—not to leave the city during the whole day, in order that unnecessary suspicion might be prevented.

This pledge the duke proceeded to violate almost as soon as made. Orange returned with confidence to his own house, which was close to the citadel, and therefore far removed from the proposed point of attack, but he had hardly arrived there when he received a visit from the duke's private secretary, Quinsay, who invited him to accompany his highness on a visit to the camp. Orange declined the request, and sent an earnest prayer to the duke not to leave the city that morning. The duke dined as usual at noon. While at dinner he received a letter, was observed to turn pale on reading it, and to conceal it hastily in a muff which he wore on his left arm. The repast finished, the duke ordered his horse. The animal was restive, and so strenuously resisted being mounted that, although it was his usual charger, it was exchanged for another. This second horse started in such a flurry that the duke lost his cloak, and almost his seat. He maintained his self-possession, however, and placing himself at the head of his body-guard and some troopers, numbering in all three hundred mounted men, rode out of the palace-yard towards the Kipdorp gate.

This portal opened on the road towards Borgerhout, where his troops were stationed, and at the present day bears the name of that village. It is on the side of the city farthest removed from and exactly opposite the river. The town was very quiet, the streets almost deserted, for it was one o'clock, the universal dinner-hour, and all suspicion had been disarmed by the energetic protestations of the duke. The guard at the gate looked listlessly upon the cavalcade as it approached, but as soon as Anjou had crossed the first drawbridge, he rose in his stirrups and waved his hand. "There is your city, my lads," said he to the troopers behind him; "go and take possession of it!"

At the same time he set spurs to his horse, and galloped off towards the camp at Borger-

hout. Instantly afterwards, a gentleman of his suite, Count Rochepot, affected to have broken his leg through the plunging of his horse, a circumstance by which he had been violently pressed against the wall as he entered the gate. Kaiser, the commanding officer at the guard-house, stepped kindly forward to render him assistance, and his reward was a desperate thrust from the Frenchman's rapier. As he wore a steel cuirass, he fortunately escaped with a slight wound.

The expression "broken leg," was the watch-word, for at one and the same instant, the troopers and guards-men of Anjou set upon the burgher watch at the gate, and butchered every man. A sufficient force was left to protect the entrance thus easily mastered, while the rest of the Frenchmen entered the town at full gallop, shrieking "*Ville gaignée, ville gaignée! vive la messe! vive le Duc d'Anjou!*" They were followed by their comrades from the camp outside, who now poured into the town at the preconcerted signal, at least six hundred cavalry and three thousand musketeers, all perfectly appointed, entering Antwerp at once. From the Kipdorp gate two main arteries—the streets called the Kipdorp and the Meer—led quite through the heart of the city, towards the town-house and the river beyond. Along these great thoroughfares the French soldiers advanced at a rapid pace; the cavalry clattering furiously in the van, shouting "*Ville gaignée, ville gaignée! vive la messe, vive la messe! tue, tue, tue!*"

The burghers coming to door and window to look for the cause of all this disturbance, were saluted with volleys of musketry. They were for a moment astonished, but not appalled, for at first they believed it to be merely an accidental tumult. Observing, however, that the soldiers, meeting with but little effective resistance, were dispersing into dwellings and warehouses, particularly into the shops of the goldsmiths and lapidaries, the citizens remembered the dark suspicions which had been so rife, and many recalled to mind that distinguished French officers had during the last few days been carefully examining the treasures of the jewellers, under pretext of purchasing, but, as it now appeared, with intent to rob intelligently.

The burghers, taking this rapid view of their position, flew instantly to arms. Chains and barricades were stretched across the streets; the trumpets sounded through the city; the municipal guards swarmed to the rescue. An effective rally was made, as usual, at the Bourse, whither a large detachment of the invaders had forced their way. Inhabitants of all classes and conditions, noble and simple, Catholic and Protestant, gave each other the hand, and swore to die at each other's side in defence of the city against the treacherous strangers. The gathering was rapid and enthusiastic. Gentlemen came with lance and cuirass, burghers with musket and bandoleer, artisans with axe, mallet, and other implements of their trade. A bold baker, standing by his oven—stark naked, according to the custom of bakers at that day—rushed to the street as the sound of the tumult reached his ear. With his heavy bread shovel, which he still held in his hand, he dealt a French cavalry officer, just riding and screaming by, such a hearty blow that he fell dead from his horse. The baker seized the officer's sword, sprang all unattired as he was upon his steed, and careered furiously through the streets, encouraging his countrymen everywhere to the attack, and dealing dismay through the ranks of the enemy. His services in that eventful hour were so signal that he was publicly thanked afterwards by the magistrates for his services, and rewarded with a pension of three hundred florins for life.

The invaders had been forced from the Bourse, while another portion of them had penetrated as far as the market-place. The resistance which they encountered became every instant more formidable, and Fervacques, a leading French officer, who was captured on the occasion, acknowledged that no regular troops could have fought more bravely than did these stalwart burghers. Women and children mounted to roof and window, whence they hurled, not only tiles and chimney-pots, but tables, ponderous chairs, and other bulky articles, upon the heads of the assailants, while such citizens as had used all their bullets, loaded their pieces with the silver buttons from their doublets, or twisted gold and silver coins with their teeth into ammunition. With a population so resolute, the four thousand invaders, however audacious, soon found themselves swallowed up. The city had closed over them like water, and within an hour nearly a third of their whole number had been slain. Very few of the burghers had perished, and fresh numbers were constantly advancing to the attack. The Frenchmen, blinded, staggering, beaten, attempted to retreat. Many threw themselves from the fortifications into the moat. The rest of the survivors struggled through the streets, falling in large numbers at every step—towards the point at which they had so lately entered the city. Here at the Kipdorp gate was a ghastly spectacle, the slain being piled up in the narrow passage full ten

feet high, while some of the heap, not yet quite dead, were striving to extricate a hand or foot, and others feebly thrust forth their heads to gain a mouthful of air.

From the outside, some of Anjou's officers were attempting to climb over this mass of bodies in order to enter the city; from the interior, the baffled and fugitive remnant of their comrades were attempting to force their passage through the same horrible barrier; while many dropped at every instant upon the heap of slain, under the blows of the unrelenting burghers. On the other hand, Count Rochepot himself, to whom the principal command of the enterprise had been intrusted by Anjou, stood directly in the path of his fugitive soldiers, not only bitterly upbraiding them with their cowardice, but actually slaying ten or twelve of them with his own hands, as the most effectual mode of preventing their retreat. Hardly an hour had elapsed from the time when the Duke of Anjou first rode out of the Kipdorp gate, before nearly the whole of the force which he had sent to accomplish his base design was either dead or captive. Two hundred and fifty nobles of high rank and illustrious name were killed; recognized at once as they lay in the streets by their magnificent costume. A larger number of the gallant chivalry of France had been sacrificed —as Anjou confessed—in this treacherous and most shameful enterprise, than had often fallen upon noble and honourable fields. Nearly two thousand of the rank and file had perished, and the rest were prisoners. It was at first asserted that exactly fifteen hundred and eighty-three Frenchmen had fallen, but this was only because this number happened to be the date of the year, to which the lovers of marvellous coincidences struggled very hard to make the returns of the dead correspond. Less than one hundred burghers lost their lives.

Anjou, as he looked on at a distance, was bitterly reproached for his treason by several of the high-minded gentlemen about his person, to whom he had not dared to confide his plot. The Duke of Montpensier protested vehemently that he washed his hands of the whole transaction, whatever might be the issue. He was responsible for the honour of an illustrious house, which should never be stained, he said, if he could prevent it, with such foul deeds. The same language was held by Laval, by Rochefoucauld, and by the Maréchal de Biron, the last gentleman, whose two sons were engaged in the vile enterprise, bitterly cursing the duke to his face, as he rode through the gate after revealing his secret undertaking.

Meanwhile, Anjou, in addition to the punishment of hearing these reproaches from men of honour, was the victim of a rapid and violent fluctuation of feeling. Hope, fear, triumph, doubt, remorse, alternately swayed him. As he saw the fugitives leaping from the walls, he shouted exultingly, without accurately discerning what manner of men they were, that the city was his, that four thousand of his brave soldiers were there, and were hurling the burghers from the battlements. On being made afterwards aware of his error, he was proportionably depressed; and when it was obvious at last that the result of the enterprise was an absolute and disgraceful failure, together with a complete exposure of his treachery, he fairly mounted his horse, and fled conscience-stricken from the scene.

A BAIRNIE'S SONG.

AIR—"*A Highland Lad my Love was born.*"

Oh, I'll sing a songie-pongie to my bairnie to-day,
Before its daddie-paddie goesie-oesie away;
A roudle dum, a doudle dum, a roudle dum a day,
So it must be goodie-poodie and at homeie-omeie stay.

A roudle dum, a doudle dum, a roudle dum a dee,
Did you ever such a bonnie wee bit bairnie see.
A roudle dum, a doudle dum, a roudle dum a day
A rideie-pideie horseie-porseie gallopie away.

Such a bonnie-onnie bairnie-pairnie noneie-oneie see,
A rideie-pideie horseie-porseie daddy-addy's knee;
With merry-perry, laughie-paughie, happy-appy glee,
A roudle dum, a doudle dum, a roudle dum a dee.

Its littie-ittie legie-pegies kickie ickie high,
Its bonnie-onnie eenie-peenies lookie ookie sly,
Its pittie-ittie mouthie-pouthie nevie-evie cry.
A roudle dum, a doudle dum, a doudle dum a di.

Now thisie-isie stepie-pepie horseie-porseie go,
A trotie-otie fastie-pastie, a walkie-palkie slow,
And stopie-opie soonie-poonie hearie-earie "Wo."
A roudle dum, a doudle dum, a roudle dum a do.

Now a niceie-piceie hattie-attie getie-etie you,
A littie-ittie coatie-poatie pittie-ittie blue,
And niceie-piceie shoesie-poesie goodie-oodie new.
A roudle dum, a doudle dum, a roudle dum a du.

Now kissie-issie daddie paddie goodie-oodie bye,
And sleepie-peepie bedie-pedie shutie-utie eye,
And cuddie-wuddie cosie-osie pussie-ussie lie,
A roudle dum, a doudle dum, a roudle dum a dy

A roudle dum, a doudle dum, a roudle dum a dee,
Did you ever such a bonnie wee bit bairnie see.
A roudle dum, a doudle dum, a roudle dum a day,
A rideie-pideie horseie-porseie gallopie away.

BEAUTY.

BY SYDNEY DOBELL.

[This extract is from *Balder*, a poem which, on its first appearance, excited profound attention. In his preface to the second edition of the work, the poet explained that his object was to illustrate "the Progress of a Human Being from Doubt to Faith, from Chaos to Order."]

SCENE.—*A meadow of flowers. Balder and his wife Amy, who has been long an invalid, are the speakers.*

Balder. My beautiful!

Amy. Am I? Then give me now
The long long promised lesson; teach me what
Is beauty. I am very well to-day,
My brain is like that sea of glass and fire
Whereof we read together, whereupon
The angels walked. Let them walk thro' my soul.
Dost thou remember idle days when we
Lay here, and thou didst roll the broken rocks
That spun into the valley round as stars?
So take the worlds and bowl them round about me,
For well I think thou canst; and I'll not flinch;
Nay try me!

Balder. And thou liest among the bells
And blossoms, and lookest up to any star,
And thinkest in some Angel's face to read
The mystery of beauty! Loveliness
Is precious for its essence; time and space
Make it nor near nor far nor old nor new,
Celestial nor terrestrial. Seven snowdrops
Sister the Pleiads, the primrose is kin
To Hesper, Hesper to the world to come!
For sovereign Beauty as divine is free;
Herself perfection, in herself complete,
Or in the flowers of earth or stars of heaven.
Merely contained in the seven-coloured bow
Arching the globe, and still contained in each
Of all its rain-drops. This, my thought, I give
To thee, and am no poorer; no, nor thou
Still giving, nor a singular of all
Whoever shall possess it, tho' my thought
Become the equal birthright of unborn
Nations of men, in every heart a whole.
There cannot be a dimple on the cheek
But all an everlasting soul hath smiled;
Day is but day to all the eyes on earth,
No less than day to mine. Love strong as death
Measures eternity and fills a tear;
And beauty universal may be touched
As at the lips in any single rose.
See how I turn toward the turf, as he
Who after a long pilgrimage once more
Beholds the face that was his desert dream.
Turning from heaven and earth bends over it,
And parts the happy tresses from her brow,
Counting her ringlets, and discoursing bliss
On every hint of beauty in the dear
Regained possession, oft and oft retraced,
So could I lie down in the summer grass
Content, and in the round of my fond arm
Enclose enough dominion, and all day
Do tender descant, owning one by one
Floweret and flower, and telling o'er and o'er
The changing sum of beauty still repaid
In the unending task for ever new,
And in a love which first sees but the whole,
But when the whole is partially beloved
Doth feast the multitude upon the bread
Of one, endow the units with no less
Than all, and make each meanest integer
The total of my joy. Yet I have stood
And clasped the earth as if she were a maid;
And held her, bearing all her sparkling stars
Upon her like a vase of Castalie
Upon a Greek girl's head, and made my boast
Of her, and as a lover let her fill
My feeding eyes! Or I have hovered far
Upon the verge of all things, and beheld
The round globe as a fruit upon a tree,
The spangled tree that night by starry night
Stands o'er us, and have seen an angel pass,
Pluck it and cool his lips, and drop the hull
To chaos, and this earth, that I have loved
And worshipped, fall out of the universe
As unrespected as a dead leaf falls
From summer aspen, while the innumerous stars
Twinkled and quivered in the wind of God
Walking between the shade of fruited heavens
Untold as once between the river-trees
Of Eden. But wherever I beheld
Or one or every one, the whole or part,
Some better thing that is not either or all
For ever putteth forth from all and each
A hand, and toucheth me, as he of old
Was touched in sleep; and I as one in sleep
Know not or how or where, but, having felt,
Believe, and serve the Invisible Unknown,
Calling it Beauty. Therefore in sweet awe
Tread the bright mystery of the sod beneath
Thy feet, thou priest of Beauty! who dost stand
Bareheaded 'neath the stars, nor dare to slight
Her presence in the floweret of the field!
Beware, for beauty, as a maid, delights
In summer ambush. Often the mere hem
And flutter of her garment doth betray
Her covert; or low murmurings of the leaves
O'er-fond about her naked loveliness,
Or jealous whisperings of envious winds,
Or voice of birds when her unwonted smile
Makes sudden sunshine in the dusky dell,
Or stir of showers that fall like kisses on her,
Or song of streams made happy by her limbs,
Is all her bruit. And oft she buried is
—Rapt from her upper realm by gnomes and ghouls,
A moment powerful in the pause of Fate.
And her immortal body thrust in haste
Below the earth some lingering tress reveals
That floateth like a floweret in the wind.

SELF-CULTURE.

[William Ellery Channing, D.D., born at Newport, U.S., 7th April, 1780; died at Bennington, 2d October, 1842. He was a Unitarian minister, and earned universal esteem by his discourses, essays, and miscellaneous writings. His critical estimates of *Milton* and *The First Napoleon* are two of his most popular essays. *Self-culture*—from which we quote—was one of his most successful lectures. His works were published in six volumes, and another edition in one volume was issued in London, 1872. Coleridge said of him: "He has the love of wisdom and the wisdom of love."]

Self-culture is practical, or it proposes as one of its chief ends to fit us for action, to make us efficient in whatever we undertake, to train us to firmness of purpose and to fruitfulness of resource in common life, and especially in emergencies, in times of difficulty, danger and trial. But passing over this and other topics for which I have no time, I shall confine myself to two branches of self-culture which have been almost wholly overlooked in the education of the people, and which ought not to be so slighted.

In looking at our nature, we discover, among its admirable endowments, the sense or perception of Beauty. We see the germ of this in every human being, and there is no power which admits greater cultivation; and why should it not be cherished in all? It deserves remark, that the provision for this principle is infinite in the universe. There is but a very minute portion of the creation which we can turn into food and clothes, or gratification for the body; but the whole creation may be used to minister to the sense of beauty. Beauty is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds in the numberless flowers of the spring. it waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass. It haunts the depths of the earth and sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone. And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple; and those men who are alive to it cannot lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side. Now this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial with our tenderest and noble feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it as if, instead of this fair earth and glorious sky, they were tenants of a dungeon. An infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment. Suppose that I were to visit a cottage, and to see its walls lined with the choicest pictures of Raphael, and every spare nook filled with statues of the most exquisite workmanship, and that I were to learn that neither man, woman nor child ever cast an eye at these miracles of art, how should I feel their privation; how should I want to open their eyes, and to help them to comprehend and feel the loveliness and grandeur which in vain courted their notice! But every husbandman is living in sight of the works of a diviner artist; and how much would his existence be elevated, could he see the glory which shines forth in their forms, hues, proportions and moral expression! I have spoken only of the beauty of nature, but how much of this mysterious charm is found in the elegant arts, and especially in literature? The best books have most beauty. The greatest truths are wronged if not linked with beauty, and they win their way most surely and deeply into the soul when arrayed in this their natural and fit attire. Now no man receives the true culture of a man, in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished; and I know of no condition in life from which it should be excluded. Of all luxuries this is the cheapest and most at hand; and it seems to me to be most important to those conditions where coarse labour tends to give a grossness to the mind. From the diffusion of the sense of beauty in ancient Greece, and of the taste for music in modern Germany, we learn that the people at large may partake of refined gratifications, which have hitherto been thought to be necessarily restricted to a few.

What beauty is, is a question which the most penetrating minds have not satisfactorily answered; nor, were I able, is this the place for discussing it. But one thing I would say; the beauty of the outward creation is intimately related to the lovely, grand, interesting attributes of the soul. It is the emblem or expression of these. Matter becomes beautiful to us when it seems to lose its material aspect, its inertness, finiteness and grossness, and by the ethereal lightness of its forms and motions seems to approach spirit; when it images to us pure and gentle affections; when it spreads out into a vastness which is a shadow of the Infinite: or when in more awful shapes and movements it speaks of the Omnipotent. Thus outward beauty is akin to something deeper and unseen, is the reflection of spiritual attributes; and of consequence, the way to see and

feel it more and more keenly is to cultivate those moral, religious, intellectual and social principles of which I have already spoken, and which are the glory of the spiritual nature; and I name this, that you may see, what I am anxious to show, the harmony which subsists among all branches of human culture, or how each forwards and is aided by all.

There is another power, which each man should cultivate according to his ability, but which is very much neglected in the mass of the people, and that is the power of Utterance. A man was not made to shut up his mind in itself, but to give it voice, and to exchange it for other minds. Speech is one of our grand distinctions from the brute. Our power over others lies not so much in the amount of thought within us, as in the power of bringing it out. A man of more than ordinary intellectual vigour may, for want of expression, be a cipher, without significance, in society. And not only does a man influence others, but he greatly aids his own intellect, by giving distinct and forcible utterance to his thoughts. We understand ourselves better, our conceptions grow clearer, by the very effort to make them clearer to another. Our social rank too depends a good deal on our power of utterance. The principal distinction between what are called gentlemen and the vulgar lies in this, that the latter are awkward in manners, and are essentially wanting in propriety, clearness, grace, and force of utterance. A man who cannot open his lips without breaking a rule of grammar, without showing in his dialect or brogue or uncouth tones his want of cultivation, or without darkening his meaning by a confused, unskilful mode of communication, cannot take the place to which perhaps his native good sense entitles him. To have intercourse with respectable people, we must speak their language. On this account, I am glad that grammar and a correct pronunciation are taught in the common schools of this city. These are not trifles; nor are they superfluous to any class of people. They give a man access to social advantages, on which his improvement very much depends. The power of utterance should be included by all in their plans of self-culture.

END OF VOLUME FOURTH.